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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY BOBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street and Fetter Lane.

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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEXT REVISED

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

LONDON:
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.
1857.

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared emperor.

BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, general against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS,
} sons to Titus Andronicus.

YOUNG LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the tribune.

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS,
DEMETRIUS,
CHIRON,
} sons to Tamora.

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.

Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Rome, and the country near it.*

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

The Tomb of the ANDRONICI *appearing; the* Tribunes *and* Senators *aloft. Enter, below, from one side,* SATURNINUS *and his* Followers; *and, from the other side,* BASSIANUS *and his* Followers; *with drum and colours.*

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep, then, this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence,(1) and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the crown.*

Marc. Princes,—that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand

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A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamèd Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastisèd with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renownèd Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country

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Commit myself, my person, and the cause.
[*Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.*
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates,(2) and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.
[*Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus go up into the Capitol.*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribèd with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter MARTIUS *and* MUTIUS; *after them, two* Men *bearing a coffin covered with black; then* LUCIUS *and* QUINTUS. *After them,* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *with* ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, AARON, *and other* Goths, *prisoners;* Soldiers *and* People *following. The* Bearers *set down the coffin, and* TITUS *speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her(3) fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,—
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,

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Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.—
[*The tomb is opened.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you,—the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressèd queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

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To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with Alarbus.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his(4) tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen),
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with their swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth naught, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin*(5) *laid in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damnèd grudges; here are(6) no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

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Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy,
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS *and* Tribunes; *re-enter* SATURNINUS *and* BASSIANUS, *attended.*

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my belovèd brother,
Gracious triúmpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceasèd emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus*, then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
What should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations (7) to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad (8) new business for you all?

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Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.(9)

Sat. Romans, do me right;—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,(10)
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, "Long live our emperor!"

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,

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Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say, "Long live our Emperor Saturnine!"
[*A long flourish.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,(11)
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon(12) her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
[*To Tamora.*
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent

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Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?
Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.
Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
[*Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb show.*
Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing Lavinia.*
Tit. How, sir! are you in earnest, then, my lord?
Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.
Marc. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.
Tit. Traitors, avaunt!—Where is the emperor's guard?—
Treason, my lord,—Lavinia is surpris'd!
Sat. Surpris'd! by whom?
Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.*
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.
[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*
Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you pass not here.
Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [*Stabbing Mutius.*
Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [*Dies.*

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,

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That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,(13)
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale,(14)
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress(15) of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,

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Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquerèd:
There shall we cônsummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt Saturninus attended, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, Aaron, and Goths.*

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride:—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challengèd of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Marc. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:—
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! what villain was it spake that word?

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*Marcus and the Sons of Titus kneel.*

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Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—
Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
Marc. Renownèd Titus, more than half my soul,—
Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—
Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman,—be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*
Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.
All. [*kneeling*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.(16)
Marc. My lord,—to step out of these dreary(17) dumps,—
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?
Tit. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is,—
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not, then, beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Marc. Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.(18)

Flourish. Re-enter, from one side, SATURNINUS *attended,* TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* AARON; *from the other,* BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, *and others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!
Bas. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so, I take my leave.

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Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.
Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothèd love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.
Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know,—
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.
Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'Tis thou and those that have dishonour'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!
Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.
Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

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My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last; [*Aside to Sat.*
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin),
Yield at entreats; and then let me alone:
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I suèd for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour and our own.

Marc. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;

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I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults:
Stand up.—(20)
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace *bonjour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora:
Upon her wit (21) doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

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Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.—
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *braving.*

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.
[*Aside.*

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glu'd within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. [*coming forward*] Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.

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For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say!—
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia, then, become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love.(22)

Aar. To achieve her!—how?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,

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Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*

Dem. Then why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too!
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you, then,
That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me,—Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than (23) lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest-walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,

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But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these[24] fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A forest near Rome. Horns and cry of hounds heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* Hunters, &c., MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,[25]
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Horns wind a peal. *Enter* SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* Attendants.

Many good morrows to your majesty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good:—
I promisèd your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lord;[26]
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

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Sat. Come on, then; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [*To Tamora.*

Marc. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A lonely part of the forest.*

Enter AARON, *with a bag of gold.*

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest [*Hides the gold.*
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rollèd in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise;
And,—after conflict such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,

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When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathèd in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—
This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
Now question me no more,—we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress,—Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels,(27) whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandonèd her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?

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Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive(28) upon thy new-transformèd limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king my brother shall have note(29) of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I(30) patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have tic'd me hither to this place:—
A barren detested vale, you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:

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Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:—
And when they show'd me this abhorrèd pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confusèd cries,
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect:
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.
[*Stabs Bassianus.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.
[*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard;—you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:(31)
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye(32) desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

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Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preservèd honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath,—she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [*To Chiron.*

Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true,—the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means:—away with her!

Lav. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;

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Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou, then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her husband:
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure:—
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

Re-enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*Falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fall'n?—What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.—

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Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mart. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!
Aar. [*aside*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may give a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother. [*Exit.*
Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stainèd hole?
Quin. I am surprisèd with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how(38) it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.
Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewèd here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the raggèd entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

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Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me,—I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS *with* AARON.

Sat. Along with me: I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.
Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.
Mart. We know not where you left him all alive;
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Re-enter TAMORA, *with* Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?
Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murderèd.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a letter.*
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.
Sat. [*reads*] "An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.

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Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."—
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?—
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:—
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Showing it.*

Sat. [*to Titus*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discoverèd!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursèd sons,—
Accursèd, if the fault(84) be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.—
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word,—the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt Saturninus, Tamora, Aaron, and Attendants, with Quintus, Martius, and the body of Bassianus; then Andronicus and Lucius.*

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SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.
Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowl.
Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.
Chi. An 'twere my case,(35) I should go hang myself.
Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who is this,—my niece,—that flies away so fast?—
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?—
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece,—what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches,—those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness
As have(36) thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosèd lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflourèd thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him,(37) cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three(38) issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face

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Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealèd, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not, then, have touch'd them for his life!
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,(39)
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, *and* Officers of Justice, *with* MARTIUS *and* QUINTUS, *bound, passing on to the place of execution;* TITUS *going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;

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For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemnèd sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
For these, tribunes, in the dust I write(40)
[*Throwing himself on the ground.*
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the Prisoners.*
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,(41)
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, *with his sword drawn.*

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.
Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.
Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—
Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.
Tit.(42) Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,

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For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attirèd in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax,—tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,—
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.— [*Rises.*
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banishèd!—
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ay me, this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—
Speak, Lavinia,(43) what accursèd hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st;
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,

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And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.—
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Marc. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband;

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Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, as (44) meadows, yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his (45) true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,—
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,

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Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand:
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle? (46)
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go!

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And, for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

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Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*

Re-enter LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Now stay your strife: what shall be is dispatch'd.—
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited,—that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—
Their heads, I mean. O, how this villany [*Aside.*
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call!—What, wilt thou kneel with me? [*To Lav.*
Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?

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And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow! (47)
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be movèd with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why (48) my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, *with two heads and a hand.*

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,—
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal;
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!
[*Lavinia kisses him.*

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starvèd snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Marc. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy (49) griefs:

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Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears:
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear.—
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;(50)
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.—
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.*

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,—
The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He leaves(51) his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturnine and his empress(52)

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Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A room in* TITUS's *house. A banquet set out.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and young* LUCIUS, *a* Boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
Who,(58) when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs! [*To Lavinia.*
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk,—

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As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink!—Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—
[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy(54) knife?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are(55) cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;
I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But(56) how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

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For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!
Yet, I think,(57) we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories chancèd in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begins(58) to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before* TITUS's *house.*

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter young* LUCIUS, *running, with books under his arm, and* LAVINIA *running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.—
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—somewhat doth she mean:—
See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

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Marc.(59) Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,—
Causeless, perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will. [*Lavinia turns over with her stumps the books which Lucius has let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia!—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—(60)
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact;—ay, more there was;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses;
My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! so(61) busily she turns the leaves!
Help her:
What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

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Marc. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt
(O, had we never, never hunted there!),
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here:—look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when(82) I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all. [*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*

Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?—
"*Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.*"

Marc. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth

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To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as, with the woful fere
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hunt(63) these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson, then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armory;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy,
Shalt(64) carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.—
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and Boy.*

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Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?—
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just that he will not revenge:—
Revenge, ye (65) heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter, from one side, AARON, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON; *from the other side, young* LUCIUS, *and an* Attendant, *with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.
Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus,—
And pray the Roman gods confound you both! [*Aside.*
Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what's the news?
Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape [*aside*].—May it please you,
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armory
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, (66) whenever you have need,
You may be armèd and appointed well:
And so I leave you both,—like bloody villains [*aside*].
[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*
Dem. What's here? A scroll; and written round about?
Let's see:—
[*Reads*] "*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,*
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu."
Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.
Aar. Ay, just,—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.—

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Now, what a thing it is to be an ass! [*Aside.*
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt;
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—
And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advancèd to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our belovèd mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.
[*Aside.—Flourish within.*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, *with a blackamoor* Child *in her arms.*

Nur. Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,

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Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace!—
She is deliver'd, lords,—she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought a-bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathèd choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:—
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

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Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own,—excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself,—
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer;
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."
He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And from that womb where you imprison'd were
He is enfranchisèd and come to light:
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stampèd in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:

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Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit.*

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords! when we(67) join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafèd boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say, again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself;
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:—
Two may keep counsel when the third's away:—
Go to the empress, tell her this I said:—

[*He stabs her, and she dies.*

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?

Aar. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,—
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus,(68) my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be receivèd for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physic,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

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Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.
Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt Dem. and Chi. bearing off the dead Nurse.*
Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed[69] on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A public place.*

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them; with him,* MARCUS, *young* LUCIUS, *and other* Gentlemen, *with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come:—kinsmen, this is the way.—
Sir boy,[70] let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.—
Terras Astræa reliquit:
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.—
Sirs, take you to your tools.—You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily[71] you may catch her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages

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On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord,(72) it highly us concerns
By day and night to attend him carefully,
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters!
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear:
And, sith there's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.—
Come, to this gear.—You are a good archer, Marcus;

[*He gives them the arrows.*

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—here, *ad Apollinem*:—
Ad Martem, that's for myself:—
Here, boy, to Pallas:—here, to Mercury:—
To Saturn, Caius,(73) not to Saturnine;
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

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To it, boy.—Marcus, loose when I bid.—
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha!
Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, *with a basket, and two pigeons in it.*

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.—
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho, the gibbet-maker? he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

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Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy charges.—
Give me pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.—
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, Lords, *and others;* SATURNINUS *with the arrows in his hand that* TITUS *shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,(74)
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there naught hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if

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His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,—
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,(75)
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war;—
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feignèd ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she(76) sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressèd plight
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts.—Why, thus it shall become [*Aside.*
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: (77) if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be emperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God and Saint Stephen give you good den: I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here. [*Saturninus reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

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Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

Clo. Hanged! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be borne,—as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age nor honour shall shape privilege:—
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lord,(78)—Rome never had more cause!
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolvèd men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under condúct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms:
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often heard(79) them say
(When I have walkèd like a private man)
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

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And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing(80)
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our ambassador:(81) [*To Æmilius.*
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on(82) hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly,(83) and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Plains near Rome.*

Enter LUCIUS *and* Goths, *with drum and colours.*

Luc. Approvèd warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have receivèd letters from great Rome,

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Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

First Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowerèd fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursèd Tamora.

Goths.(84) And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.—
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, *leading* AARON *with his Child in his arms.*

Sec. Goth. Renownèd Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:—
"Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!"—even thus he rates the babe,—
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

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Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?—(85)
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy,—he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,—
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.—
Get me a ladder.(86)

[*A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.*

Aar. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more but—vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on: an if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee callèd conscience;
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,

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Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him:—therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover naught to thee.

Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O détestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall

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When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swoonèd[87] almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

First Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As, kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;[88]
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,[89]
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carvèd in Roman letters,
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

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Enter a Goth.

Third Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius: what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

First Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Rome. Before* TITUS's *house.*

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON, *disguised.*

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

Enter TITUS, *above.*(90)

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

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Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.(91)

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,—
Revenge,—which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,—
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe.(92)
Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,(93)
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:(94)
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel

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Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,
Even from Hyperion's(95) rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are these(96) thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore callèd so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you, the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.—
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS *below.*

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house:—
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

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Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revengèd on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he 's a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee:
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.

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This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys? will you bide with him,(97)
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again. [*Aside to them.*

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,—
A pair of cursèd hell-hounds and their dam. [*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.
[*Exit Tamora.*

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS *and others.*

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and (98) Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd,—
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:—
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them:—
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry. [*Exit.*

[*Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.*

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

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Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS, *with* LAVINIA; *he bearing a knife, and she a basin.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:—
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their throats.*(99)
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,

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Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,(100)
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

SCENE III. *Gardens of* TITUS's *house. A pavilion, with tables, &c.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and* Goths, *with* AARON *prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

First Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursèd devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.*

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with* ÆMILIUS, Tribunes, Senators, *and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.

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The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.*

Enter TITUS *dressed like a Cook,* LAVINIA *veiled, young* LUCIUS, *and others.* TITUS *places the dishes on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.—
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee; [*Kills Lavinia.*
And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.

Tit. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your highness feed?

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Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?([101])

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, bakèd in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.
[*Kills Tamora.*

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursèd deed!
[*Kills Titus.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!
[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus, and their Partisans, ascend the steps of Titus's house.*

Marc. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar([102]) sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest([103]) Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
Speak, Rome's dear friend [*to Lucius*]: as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy,—
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;

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Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursèd Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murderèd our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravishèd our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banishèd,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the turn'd-forth,(104) be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child,—

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*

Of this was Tamora deliverèd;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd(105) as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause(106) had Titus to revenge

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These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss,—show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,(107)
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so.(108)

Romans. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!

Marc. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
[*To Attendants, who go into the house.*
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

LUCIUS, MARCUS, *&c. descend.*

Romans. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips, [*Kissing Titus.*
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd(109) face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers: thy grandsire lov'd thee well:

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Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants *with* AARON.

First Rom.(110) You sad Andronici, have done with woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closèd in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:

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Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*

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P. 3. (1) "*To justice, continence, and nobility.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*To justice*, conscience, *and*," &c.

P. 5. (2) "*Open the gates, and let me in.*
Bas. *Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Open the* brazen *gates*," &c.,—Mr. Collier observing that "the epithet was, doubtless, accidentally omitted." But, if any thing has dropped out, it was quite as likely to have been what Capell inserts,—"*Open the gates*, tribunes, *and let me in.*"

P. 5. (3) "*her fraught*," &c.

So the fourth folio.—The earlier eds. have "his *fraught*," &c.

P. 7. (4) "*in his tent*," &c.

Theobald printed "*in* her *tent*," &c., on the strength of the account of Polymnestor's death in the *Hecuba* of Euripides.

P. 7. (5) "the coffin laid in the tomb."

So the quartos ("*lay the coffin in the tombe*").—The folio has "*the* coffins;" which most of the modern editors have adopted, though the words of the earlier stage-direction, p. 5,—"*two men bearing* a coffin" . . . "*set down the* coffin,"—distinctly prove that the author intended only a single coffin to be exhibited in this scene. (We are not told how many dead sons Titus now brings home: but we may suppose that they are not more than four or five; for it appears (see p. 4) that he had before returned *five times to Rome* with some of his numerous family in coffins.)

P. 7. (6) "*here are no storms*," &c.

The editor of the second folio omits "*are.*"

P. 8. (7) "*Be chosen with proclamations*," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector changes "*proclamations*" to "acclamations:" but compare, in p. 11, the words of Saturninus, on his being chosen emperor, "*Proclaim* our honours, lords, with trump and drum."

P. 8. (8) "*And set abroad new business*," &c.

The third folio alters "*set abroad*" to the more usual expression, "*set* abroach;" and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

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P. 9. (9) "*Prince Saturninus.*"

Has been altered to "*Prince* Saturnine;" and rightly, it would seem.

P. 9. (10) "*thy friends,*" &c.

So the third folio.—The earlier eds. have "*thy* friend," &c.

P. 10. (11) "*Lavinia will I make my empress,*" &c.

Here, as in some other passages of this drama, "*empress*" is to be pronounced as a trisyllable. (Several of the modern editors print "*emperess,*"—and inconsistently, for in the present play where "*brethren*" must be read as a trisyllable, they do *not* print "*bretheren.*")

P. 10. (12) "*And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. "—— *the sacred* Pathan," &c.

P. 12. (13)

"Sat. *No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,*" &c.

In the old eds. this is preceded by a stage-direction, "*Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two sonnes, and Aaron the Moore.*"—Mr. Collier is justified in remarking that "the stage-arrangements in this scene are not easily understood."

P. 12. (14) "*Was none in Rome to make a stale,*
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds," &c.

So the three earliest eds.,—something having dropped out from the fourth line.—The editor of the second folio supplied the deficiency thus,

"*Was* there *none* els *in Rome to make a stale* of
But," &c.,—

which most probably comes very near to the true reading, if we except the "of."—Mr. Knight thinks that he has set all right by a new arrangement (which the author evidently did not intend),—

"*Was none in Rome to make a stale but Saturnine?*
Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds," &c.

P. 12. (15) "*And will create thee empress of Rome.*"

See note (11).

P. 14. (16) "*He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.*"

The stage-arrangements in this scene are (as already noticed) sufficiently puzzling.—After the present line the quartos have "*Exit all but Marcus and*

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Titus;" while the folio has merely "*Exit.*" The sons of Titus are on the stage towards the close of this scene: and we can hardly suppose that they go out here, to return, only eight lines after, with Bassianus and Lavinia.

P. 14. (17) "*these dreary dumps,*" &c.

So the quartos.—The folio has "*these* sudden *dumps,*" &c.; which Mr. Collier *ad l.* says "is evidently wrong;" and which I formerly (in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare,* &c. p. 116) pronounced to be a misprint for "*these* sullen *dumps,*" &c.:—I have since found, however, the same expression in Spenser's 52d Sonnet,—

"There let no thought of ioy, or pleasure vaine,
Dare to approch, that may my solace breed;
But *sudden dumps,* and drery sad disdayne
Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment feed."—

At all events, the reading of the quartos is preferable here on account of the word "*sudden*" in the next line but one.

P. 14. (18) "Marc. *Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.*"

This line, which is wanting in the quartos, forms a portion of the preceding speech in the folio: but it clearly belongs to Marcus. ("I suspect," observes Malone, "when it was added by the editor of the folio, he inadvertently omitted to prefix the name of the speaker.") There are other passages of this play where prefixes are wrongly omitted in the old eds.; see notes (59), (34), (168).

P. 17. (20) "*Stand up.*"

These words (which Pope threw out) are, in all probability, a stage-direction crept into the text (and meaning that Marcus and the sons of Titus, who have been kneeling to Saturninus, should now stand up): in a later passage of this play (see note (61)), I suspect that the same confusion exists.

P. 17. (21) "*Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,*
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown."

Though Tamora (as Johnson observes) is eminent throughout this play for her "*wit,*" yet in the present passage Warburton's alteration of "*wit*" to "will" (which is also made by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector) seems to suit the context better.

P. 19. (22) "*whom I love.*"

So the quarto of 1600,—as I am informed by Mr. D. Laing, who kindly examined for me in this passage the copy belonging to the University Library, Edinburgh.—The later eds. have "*whom I* do *loue.*"

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P. 20. (22) "*A speedier course than lingering languishment*
Must we pursue," &c.

The old eds. have "*A speedier course* this *lingring*," &c.; "which," says Steevens, "may mean, 'we must pursue by a speedier course *this coy languishing dame*, this *piece of reluctant softness*.'" It could not possibly mean so.

P. 21. (24) "*these fits*," &c.

Mr. Collier *ad l.* states that this reading (obviously the right one) is that of "the quartos." But the quarto of 1611 has, like the folios, "*their* fits," &c.: the earlier quarto I have not seen.

P. 21. (25) "*the morn is bright and grey*," &c.

Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "—— *bright and* gay," &c.: but see the notes *ad l.* in the *Varior. Shakespeare.*

P. 21. (26) "*I promisèd your grace a hunter's peal.*
Sat. *And you have rung it lustily, my lord*," &c.

The old eds. have "—— *lustily, my* Lords," &c.: but Saturninus is evidently addressing Titus alone.—See notes (72), (76).

P. 23. (27) "*thy quarrels*," &c.

All the old eds., I believe, have "*thy* quarrell," &c.

P. 24. (28) "*and the hounds*
Should drive upon thy new-transformèd limbs," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads, very speciously, "*Should* dine *upon*," &c.: but see Johnson's *Dict.* for examples of "Drive, *v.n.*" used in the sense of "to rush with violence."

P. 24. (29)
"Bas. *The king my brother shall have note of this.*
Lav. *Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.*"

The old eds. read "—— *shall haue* notice *of this*;" which, though the next line proves it to be wrong, has been brought back into the text by Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight.

P. 24. (30) "*Why have I patience to endure all this?*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "*Why* I haue *patience*," &c.

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P. 25. (31)
"*And with that painted hope braves your mightiness.*"

A corrupted line, doubtless.

P. 25. (32) "*But when ye have the honey ye desire,*
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting."

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "—— *the honey* we *desire*," &c.—Qy. Ought we to read "*Let not this wasp outlive* ye, *both to sting*"?

P. 28. (33) "*how it is*," &c.

So the second quarto and the folio.—The first quarto has "who *it is*," &c.; which, strangely enough, Malone preferred.

P. 30. (34) "*if the fault*," &c.

All the old eds., as far as I know, have "*if the* faults," &c.

P. 31. (35) "*my case*," &c.

All the old eds., I believe, have "*my* cause," &c. (The words are very often confounded by transcribers and printers.)

P. 31. (36) "*And might not gain so great a happiness*
As have thy love."

The old eds. have "*As* halfe *thy loue.*"—When I, long ago, corrected the obvious error in this passage, I was not aware that Theobald had anticipated me; for the *Varior. Shakespeare* gives the old reading without any comment: nor could I know that Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector had also changed "halfe" to "*have*;" see Mr. Collier's one-volume ed. of Shakespeare. (On looking into Capell's *Notes*, &c., I find that he thus defends the old reading: "Where had been the unfitness, had Marcus said in this place—*As any part of thy love*? yet this *is* said by him; only a certain term is made use of in room of an uncertain, after the usage of poets." Vol. ii. 103. "ANY PART *of thy love*"!!—could the "unfitness" of "half *thy love*" be more clearly shown?)

P. 31. (37) "*detect him*," &c.

The old eds. have "*detect* them," &c.

P. 31. (38) "*with three issuing spouts*," &c.

Hanmer's correction.—The old eds. have "*with* their *issuing*," &c.

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P. 32. (39) "*Which that sweet tongue hath made,*" &c.

It is very unlikely that the author intended an imperfect line here: Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector fills it up in one way,—and the reader, if "the gods have made him poetical," can complete it in some other.

P. 33. (40) "*For these, tribunes, in the dust I write,*" &c.

The editor of the second folio gave, to assist the metre, "*For these,* these, *Tribunes,*" &c.—Malone prints "*For these,* good *tribunes,*" &c.

P. 33. (41) "*these two ancient urns,*" &c.

Hanmer's correction.—The old eds. have "*these two ancient* ruines," &c.

P. 33. (42)

"Tit. *Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,*
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them.
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones," &c.

In this passage, which suffered new corruptions in each successive edition, I adhere (with Mr. Collier) to the earliest quarto. But I cannot believe even the reading of that quarto to be the genuine one: something seems to have dropped out; and I apprehend that the author must have written to the following effect (though not exactly in the following words):

"Tit. *Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,*
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me. Yet plead I must:
And bootless unto them since I complain,
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones," &c.—

The quarto of 1611 has,

"Titus. *Why tis no matter man, if they did heare*
They would not marke me, or if they did marke,
All *bootlesse vnto them.*
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles *to the stones,*" &c.

The folio has,

"Ti. *Why tis no matter man, if they did heare*
They would not marke me: oh *if they did* heare
They would not pitty me.
Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles *to the stones,*" &c.

P. 34. (43) "*Speak, Lavinia,*" &c.

The editor of the second folio prints "*Speak* my *Lavinia,*" &c.

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P. 36. (44) "*as meadowes*," &c.

The old eds. have "in *meadowes*," &c.

P. 36. (45) "*with his true tears*," &c.

A correction made in the fourth folio.—The earlier eds. have "*with* her *true teares*," &c.

P. 37. (46) "*on the enemy's castle?*"

Here Theobald altered "*castle*" to "casque:" but see notes in the *Varior. Shakespeare.*

P. 39. (47) "*do blow?*"

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "*doe* flow."

P. 39. (48) "*For why my bowels cannot*," &c.

Here the modern editors erroneously follow the old eds. in putting an interrogation-point after "*For why*" (which means—because, for this reason that: see my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 29).

P. 39. (49) "*thy griefs*," &c.

The old eds. have "my *griefs*," &c.

P. 40. (50) "*Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;*
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth."

The quartos have,

"And *Lauinia thou shalt be imployd in these* armes," &c.

The folio has,

"And *Lauinia thou shalt be employd in these things*," &c.—

With the editor of the second folio, I omit the "And," which, in all probability, was repeated here from the commencement of the preceding line by the transcriber's or compositor's mistake.—The reading of the quartos, "armes," would seem to be an error for "aims:" and yet "*employ'd in* aims" is a very questionable expression. (Capell prints,

"*Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things,*
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy arms;"

and in his *Notes*, &c., vol. ii. 105, he calls "*between thy teeth*"—"a reading of the greatest absurdity." But compare what Titus, in the next page, says to Lavinia,—

"Or get some little knife *between thy teeth*,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole," &c.,—

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an operation, by the by, which she would have found more difficult than the "employment" now assigned to her.)

P. 40. (51) "*He leaves*," &c.

The old eds. have "*He* loues," &c.

P. 40. (52)

"*And make proud Saturnine and his empress*," &c.

Here in the second folio "*Saturnine*" is altered to "Saturninus," because the editor did not perceive that the words "*and his empress*" were to be read "and's emperess." (See Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 56.)

P. 41. (53) "*Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,*
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down."

Here the modern editors agree in altering "*Who*" to a word which bears no resemblance to it,—"And." But qy. if the ἀνακολουθία in this passage is not to be referred to the author's ungrammatical use of the relative?

P. 42. (54) "*with thy knife?*"

So the second folio.—The first folio omits "*thy.*"—This scene is not in the quartos.

P. 42. (55) "*Mine eyes are cloy'd*," &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio omits "*are.*"

P. 42. (56) "*But how, if that fly had a father and mother?*
How would he hang his slender gilded wings," &c.

The punctuation of the folio is "But? How: if that Flie had," &c.; and it has been understood as if Titus were echoing the "*But*" of Marcus; which I do not believe that the author intended. As to,—"How would he hang his slender gilded wings,"—if what precedes be right, the sense would certainly seem to require "—— they *hang* their," &c.:—but there is little *sense* throughout this scene.

P. 43. (57) "*Yet, I think, we*," &c.

Has been amended variously—"*Yet* still *I think*," &c., "Why, *yet, I think*," &c., "*Yet I* do *think*," &c.

P. 43. (58) "*begins to dazzle.*"

The folio has "begin *to dazell*;" and so perhaps the author wrote, considering the preceding "*sight*" as equivalent to "eyes."

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P. 44. (59)

"Marc. *Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?*"

The old eds. make this a portion of the preceding speech; but the third line of Lucius's reply proves, as Capell saw, that it belongs to Marcus. For other instances of prefixes wrongly omitted in the present play, see notes (18), (84), (106).

P. 44. (60)

"*Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—*
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?"

So the quartos.—The folio has,

"*Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deed.*
What booke?
Why lifts she vp her armes in sequence thus?"—

a strange addition! (Perhaps the transcriber had inadvertently passed on to "Lucius, *what book* is that she tosseth so?"; and when he afterwards perceived his mistake, and drew his pen through the misplaced line, he may have left two words of it not fully blotted out.)

P. 44. (61) "*Soft! so busily she turns the leaves!*
Help her."

This is usually altered to "*Soft!* see how *busily she*," &c.—Theobald omitted the words "*Help her;*" and I suspect that they are a stage-direction crept into the text: see note (30).

P. 45. (62) "*guide, if thou canst,*
This after me, when I have writ my name," &c.

The "*when*" was added by the editor of the second folio, a word having evidently dropped out.

P. 46. (63) "'*Tis sure enough, an you knew how.*
But if you hunt these bear-whelps," &c.

The usual modern reading is, "*But if you* hurt *these*," &c.—The preceding line, I conceive, is mutilated.

P. 46. (64) "*and withal, my boy,*
Shalt carry," &c.

The old eds. have,

"*and withall, my boy*
Shall *carry*," &c.

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P. 47. (66) "*Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus!*"

The old eds. have "*Reuenge* the *heauens*," &c.—Johnson saw that "*ye* was by the transcriber taken for *y^e*, *the*."—"I believe," says Steevens, "the old reading is right, and signifies—'may the heavens revenge,' &c." But it is proved to be wrong by what precedes,—"*O heavens*, can *you* hear," &c.

P. 47. (67) "*Your lordships, that, whenever you have need*," &c.

In this line the old eds., by mistake, omit "*that*."

P. 51. (67) "*Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league*," &c.

The editor of the second folio printed "—— *when we* all *joyne in league*," &c. But see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 32. See too note (76).

P. 51. (68) "*Not far, one Muliteus, my countryman,*
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed," &c.

Rowe printed "*Not far, one Muliteus* lives, *my countryman*," &c.; Steevens proposed "*Not far, one* Muli lives, *my countryman*," &c.; and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*Not far* hence, Muli lives, *my countryman*," &c.—That there is no corruption here, I do not venture to assert: but the old text admits of explanation; "*Muliteus his wife*" may be equivalent to "Muliteus's wife," though the words, "*my countryman*," intervene rather awkwardly.

P. 52. (69) "*I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,*
And feed on," &c.

Hanmer printed "*And* feast *on*," &c. In the preceding line Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "thrive" for "*feed*."

P. 52. (70) "*Sir boy, let me see your archery.*"

Here the editor of the second folio printed "*Sir Boy* now *let me*," &c. (yet he made no alteration in a similar line, p. 67; "What say you, *boys?* will you bide with him," &c.,—where most of the modern editors have changed "*bide*" to "abide").

P. 52. (71) "*Happily you*," &c.

So the quarto of 1611 (and so, I suppose, that of 1600).—The folio has "haply, *you*," &c.

P. 53. (72) "*my lord*," &c.

So the second folio.—All the earlier eds., I believe, have "*my* Lords," &c. See notes (26), (78).

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P. 53. (74) "*To Saturn, Caius,*" &c.

The old eds. have "*To* Saturnine, to *Caius,*" &c.

P. 55. (75)

"*My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,*" &c.

The words "*as do*" were added by Rowe to complete the sense.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes *his* addition at the end of the line, "—— the mightful gods *no less,*" &c.

P. 56. (76) "*Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,*" &c.

Here Capell and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, taking "*wreaks*" for a misprint, alter it to what has much the same meaning—"freaks." (The word, with a different spelling, is frequently used by early writers in the phrase "to play *reaks.*")

P. 56. (76) "*whom, if she sleep,*
He'll so awake, as she in fury," &c.

In both these lines the old eds. have "he" instead of "*she.*"

P. 56. (77) "*Thy life-blood out.*"

Can this be right? (I find in Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare,* on the authority of his Ms. Corrector, "The *life-blood* on't.")

P. 57. (78)

"*What news with thee, Æmilius?*
Æmil. *Arm, my lord,—Rome never had more cause!*" &c.

The old eds. have "*Arme my* Lords," &c.: but Æmilius is replying to the question of the emperor; and see notes (36), (72).—Here the editor of the second folio did not quarrel with the metre, though in an earlier line where "*lords*" is a dissyllable (see note (67)) he inserted a word.

P. 57. (79) "*Myself hath often heard them say,*" &c.

Something has dropped out from this line.—Theobald reads "*Myself have often* over*heard,*" &c.

P. 58. (80) "*of his wing,*" &c.

The old eds. have "*of his* wings," &c.: but, as Mr. Knight saw, the lines are meant to rhyme alternately.

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P. 58. (81) "*Go thou before, be our ambassador,*" &c.

The quarto of 1611 has (and so, I presume, the earlier quarto),

"*Goe thou before to be our Embassadour,*" &c.;

which is thus *corrected* in the folio,

"*Goe thou before to our Embassadour,*" &c.

P. 58. (82) "*And if he stand on hostage for his safety,*" &c.

The old eds. have "—— *stand* in *hostage,*" &c.; but, though *in* was formerly often used for *on*, it could hardly have been so employed in a passage like this.

P. 58. (83) "*successantly,*" &c.

Altered by Rowe to "successfully;" by Capell and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "incessantly."

P. 59. (84) "Goths. *And as he saith,*" &c.

So the second folio ("*Omn.* And as he saith," &c.).—The earlier eds. omit the prefix.

P. 60. (85) "*not a word?*"

The second folio has "no! *Not a word?*"

P. 60. (86) "*A sight to vex the father's soul withal.—*
Get me a ladder.
[A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.
Aar. *Lucius, save the child,*" &c.

Theobald's arrangement.—The old eds. have,

"*A sight to vexe the fathers soule withall.*
Aron. *Get me a ladder, Lucius saue the childe,*" &c.

P. 62. (87) "*She swoonèd almost,*" &c.

So the third folio.—The earlier eds. have "*She* sounded *almost,*" &c.—Here Malone, who prints "swounded," remarks, "When this play was written, the verb to *swound*, which we now write *swoon*, was in common use." In a note on *The Winter's Tale* he went further, boldly asserting that "*swoon* in the old copies of these plays is ALWAYS written *sound* or *swound.*" But I have already (vol. iii. p. 178) adduced one passage from the first folio where the spelling "*swoon*" occurs; and I now cite from the same folio:—"What? doth shee *swowne?* vse meanes for her recouerie," *Third Part of Henry VI.* act v. sc. 5; "Or else I *swoone* with this dead-killing newes," *Richard III.* act iv. sc. 1.

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P. 62. (88) "*Make poor men's cattle break their necks*," &c.

"Two syllables have been inadvertently omitted; perhaps—*and die*." MALONE.—Qy. "—— stray and *break their necks*"?

P. 62. (89) "*doors*," &c.

So the second folio.—The earlier eds., as far as I know, have "doore," &c.

P. 63. (90) "[They knock.

Enter TITUS, above."

The old eds. have "They knocke and Titus opens his studie dore."—Mr. Collier observes *ad l.*; "From what follows, it appears that Titus, in fact, came out into the balcony at the back of the stage."

P. 64. (91) "*Titus, I am come to talk with thee*."

A word, it would seem, has dropped out here.

P. 64. (92) "*about the globe*."

The old eds. have "*about the* globes." But Titus is certainly speaking of the globe of our earth.

P. 64. (93) "*Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet*," &c.

This, as I learn from Mr. Collier's note *ad l.*, is the reading of the first quarto: the second quarto and the folio have "—— as *blacke as iet*," &c.

P. 64. (94) "*And find out murderers in their guilty caves*," &c.

Instead of "*murderers*" all the old eds. have "murder;" and, instead of "*caves*," all before the second folio "cares."

P. 65. (95) "*Hyperion's*," &c.

So the second folio.—The earlier eds. have "Epeons," &c., and "Eptons," &c.

P. 65. (96) "Tit. *Are these thy ministers*, &c.
Tam. *Rapine and Murder*," &c.

The quarto of 1611 and the folio have "*Are* them *thy*," &c. (qy. as to the first quarto?).—In the next line the second folio rightly substitutes "*Rapine*" for "Rape" of the earlier eds.: before, we find, "So thou destroy *Rapine* and Murder there;" and afterwards, "*Rapine* and Murder, you are welcome too," —"Good *Rapine*, stab him," &c.

P. 67. (97) "*What say you, boys? will you bide with him*," &c.

Here in the modern editions "*bide*" is usually altered to "abide." See note (70).

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P. 67. (98) "*I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.*"

The old eds. omit "*and*,"—erroneously, no doubt. Three times, afterwards, we have "Chiron *and* Demetrius," pp. 68, 71, 72.

P. 68. (99) "[He cuts their throats."

The old eds. place this stage-direction after the last line but two of the speech ("More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast"); and they are followed by Mr. Knight—who ought to have seen that when Titus says, "And with THIS hateful liquor temper it," he had already "cut their throats."

P. 69. (100)

"*So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook*," &c.

Ought perhaps to stand thus,—

"*So*:—
Now bring them in, for I will *play the cook*," &c.

P. 71. (101) "*Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?*"

So the quarto of 1600,—as I learn from Mr. D. Laing: see note (22).—The later eds. omit "*thus*."

P. 71. (102) "*By uproar*," &c.

So the third folio.—The second quarto and the folio have "*By* vprores," &c. (qy. as to the first quarto?).—The second folio has "*By* uproree," &c.

P. 71. (103) "*Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself*," &c.

The old eds. have "Let *Rome*," &c.—To this line the quartos prefix "*Roman Lord*;" the folio "*Goth.*": and to the fourth line after this ("But if my frosty signs," &c.) the fourth folio prefixes "*Mar.*"—"I believe the whole belongs to Marcus; who, when Lucius has gone through such a part of the narrative as concerns his own exile, claims his turn to speak again, and recommends Lucius to the empire." STEEVENS.—"As this speech proceeds in an uniform tenor with the foregoing, the whole (as Mr. Steevens has observed) probably belongs to Marcus." MALONE.—Capell and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector assign the whole to Marcus,—and no doubt rightly.

P. 72. (104) "*And I am the turn'd-forth*," &c.

So the quartos.—The folio has "*And I am turned forth*," &c. Both readings are very suspicious. Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 39) proposes, "*And I'm* thus turnèd *forth*," &c. (but a little before we have "*turn'd* weeping out," &c.)

P. 72. (105) "*Damn'd as he is*," &c.

"The old copies read—'*And* as he is.' The emendation was made by Mr.

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Theobald. The same expression (as he observed) is used in *Othello* [act i. sc. 3];

'O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast inchanted her.'

In the play before us the same epithet is applied to Aaron [p. 75]:

'See justice done on Aaron, that *damn'd* Moor.'"

MALONE.

Theobald's emendation has been adopted by all subsequent editors, except Mr. Collier, who thinks it unnecessary: but I do not well see how we can reject it. (The old reading receives no support from what occurs in p. 65, "But welcome, *as you are;*" which means—But welcome, *even though you are unaccompanied by the Moor.*)

P. 72. (106) "*what cause,*" &c.

So the fourth folio.—The earlier eds. have "*what* course," &c.

P. 73. (107) "*Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,*" &c.

A doubtful line: Capell, always ready with interpolations, printed "*Come* down, *come* down, *thou,*" &c.

P. 73. (108)

"*The common voice do cry it shall be so.*
Romans. *Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!*
Mar. *Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,* [To Attendants.
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

LUCIUS, MARCUS, &c. descend.

Romans. *Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!*
Luc. *Thanks, gentle Romans,*" &c.

The old eds. have

"*The common voyce doe cry it shall be so.*
Marcus. *Lucius, all haile Romes royall Emperour,*
Goe goe into old Titus sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbelieuing Moore,
To be adjudgd some direfull slaughtering death
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour.
Lucius. *Thankes gentle Romaines,*" &c.;—

and Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier see no necessity for any alteration. (In following the old copies here Mr. Knight at least is consistent; for at the com-

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mencement of this act (see p. 59) he adheres to the three earliest eds. in making the speech of the First Goth conclude with,—

"we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora:
And, as he saith, so say we all with him,"—

the prefix to the last line having been accidentally omitted in those eds.)

P. 73. (169) "*thy blood-stain'd face*," &c.

So the third folio.—The earlier eds. have "*thy bloud*-slaine *face*," &c.

P. 74. (170) "First Rom. *You sad Andronici*," &c.

To this speech the old eds. prefix "Romaine" and "Romans:"—perhaps it should be given to *Æmilius*.

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, prince of Verona.
PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.
MONTAGUE, } heads of two houses at variance with each other.
CAPULET, }
An old man, of the Capulet family.
ROMEO, son to Montague.
MERCUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.
BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.
TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.
Friar LAWRENCE, a Franciscan.
Friar JOHN, of the same order.
BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.
SAMPSON, } servants to Capulet.
GREGORY, }
PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.
ABRAHAM, servant to Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.

Lady MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.
Lady CAPULET, wife to Capulet.
JULIET, daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE—*during the greater part of the play in Verona: once (in the fifth act) at Mantua.*

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PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
  In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
  Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
  A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
  Do with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
  And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,
  Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A public place.*

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with swords and bucklers.*

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand: therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

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Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel while I am able to stand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor-John.—Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter ABRAHAM *and* BALTHASAR.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Gre. Say—better: here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*

Enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. Part, fools!
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.
[*Beats down their swords.*

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Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn, and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*

Enter several of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, *with clubs.*

First Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET *in his gown, and* Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE *and* Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, *with* Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stainèd steel,—
Will they not hear?—what, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your movèd prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,

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To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:—
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;—
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.—
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and Attendants; Capulet, Lady Capulet, Tybalt, Citizens, and Servants.*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?—
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?—
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they're most alone,—
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,

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With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you impórtun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself,—I will not say how true,—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.(1)
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt Montague and Lady.*

Enter ROMEO.(2)

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was.—What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

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Rom. Out—
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!—
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming(3) forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.
Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.—
Farewell, my coz.
Ben. Soft! I will go along:
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you love.
Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?
Ben. Groan! why, no;

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But sadly tell me who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will,—
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good mark-man!—And she's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow,—she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.(4)
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.(5)

Ben. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.(6)
Earth(7) hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Such,(8) amongst view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out

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Whose names are written there [*gives a paper*], and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*

Serv. Find them out whose names are written here! It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—in good time.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented, and—God-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' god-den.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly: rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*

"Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena."

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A fair assembly [*gives back the paper*]: whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper;(9) to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: my master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [*Exit.*

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admirèd beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love(10) against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in* CAPULET'S *house.*

Enter Lady CAPULET *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

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Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelve year old,—
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?
Nurse. Your mother.
Jul. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?
La. Cap. This is the matter,—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret:—nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.
Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
La. Cap. She's not fourteen.
Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?
La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.
Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age: well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me:—but, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.

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And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about;
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband,—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man,—took up the child:
"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said "Ay:"
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said "Ay."

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam;—yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say "Ay:"
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockerel's stone;
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:
"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" it stinted, and said "Ay."

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—

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The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exit Servant.*]—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV. *A street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six* Maskers, Torch-bearers, *and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpiercèd with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in:
A visor for a visor!—what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.

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Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this (sir-reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.

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And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er(11) courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,—
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are:
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes:
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives

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Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despisèd life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.
Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A hall in* CAPULET'S *house.*

Musicians *waiting.* *Enter* Servants.

First Serv.[12] Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

Sec. Serv. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

First Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.—Antony, and Potpan!

Sec. Serv. Ay, boy, ready.

First Serv. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

Sec. Serv. We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*

Enter CAPULET, *&c. with the* Guests, *and the* Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagu'd with corns will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
She, I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?—
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.—

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A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls.—
[*Music plays, and they dance.*
More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

Sec. Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.

Sec. Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she (13) hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessèd my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—what, dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

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Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
Cap. Young Romeo is it?
Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.
Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,—
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.
Cap. He shall be endur'd:
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul,
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!
Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.
Cap. Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy:—is't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scathe you,—I know what:
You must contráry me! marry, 'tis time.—
Well said, my hearts!—You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!
I'll make you quiet.—What, cheerly, my hearts!
Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*
Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand [*To Juliet.*
This holy shrine, the gentle fine[14] is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

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Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd.
[*Kissing her.*
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.
Jul. You kiss by the book.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—
More torches here!—Come on, then, let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah [*to Sec. Cap.*], by my fay, it waxes late:
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all except Juliet and Nurse.*
Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petrucio.

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Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathèd enemy.
Nurse. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* "Juliet."
Nurse. Anon, anon!—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitchèd by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-belovèd any where:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *An open place adjoining* CAPULET'S *garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?

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Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—(15)
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but, Ay me! pronounce but—love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young auburn (16) Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid!—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!
Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.
Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit

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As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
O, Romeo, that she were, O, that she were
An open *et cætera*, thou a poperin pear!
Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?
Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. CAPULET'S *garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—
[*Juliet appears above at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.—
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

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Jul. Ay me!
Rom. She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a wingèd messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturnèd wondering eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing(17) clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*
Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?
Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.
Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

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Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.
Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say, Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my haviour light:

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But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discoverèd.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessèd moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love,—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contráct to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite. [*Nurse calls within.*
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!—

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Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit above.*

Rom. O blessèd, blessèd night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse [*within*]. Madam!

Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—

Nurse [*within*]. Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come:—
To cease thy suit,(18) and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit above.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring.*

Re-enter JULIET *above.*

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue(19) more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?(20)

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Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
Rom. At the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow. [*Exit above.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. Friar LAURENCE'S *cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE, *with a basket.*

Fri. L. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And fleckèd darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juicèd flowers.

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The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposèd kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs,—grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. L. *Benedicite!*
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruisèd(21) youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

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Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. L. That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessèd man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.
Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
Fri. L. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love, then, lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence, then,—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

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Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. L. O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. L. Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A street.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft: and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. (22) He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion;

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rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—"By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!"—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons!*

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench,—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose,—

Enter ROMEO.

Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say, Such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

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Mer. Well said: follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, sole singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word, broad; which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived; I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale; and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse *and* PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

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Ben. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—for himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite(23) him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [*Sings.*

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

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Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,—[*singing*] lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates.—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

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Rom. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains:
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I(24) warrant thee, my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord! when 'twas a little prating thing,—O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nur. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name; R is for the dog:(25) no; I know it begins with some other letter:—and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nur. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit Romeo.*]—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nur. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. CAPULET'S *garden.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—

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O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;(26)
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.—
O God, she comes!

Enter Nurse *and* PETER.

O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nur. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nur. I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:—
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nur. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nur. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face

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be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nur. Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous,—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother!—why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?"

Nur. O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil!—come, what says Romeo?

Nur. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nur. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.(27)
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VI. Friar LAURENCE'S *cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

Fri. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,—
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. L. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.—
Here comes the lady:—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer (28)
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,

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I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.(29)

Fri. L. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A public place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, *and* Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, "God send me no need of thee!" and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes;—what eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for

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tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT *and others.*

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
And(30) reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir:—here comes my man.

Enter ROMEO.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

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Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as my own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away.— [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.—
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt,—Mercutio,—the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets:—
Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio,—
[*Exeunt Tybalt and his Friends.*

Mer. I am hurt;—
A plague o' both your[31] houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
[*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—a plague o' both your houses!—Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!

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—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,
And soundly too:—your houses!

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!

Re-enter TYBALT.

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; Tybalt falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—

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Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence, be gone, away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit Romeo.*

Enter Citizens, *&c.*

First Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

First Cit. Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, *attended;* MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their* Wives, *and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!—
O prince!—O(32) husband!—O, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—all this,—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter than his tongue,

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His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:—
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses,—
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. CAPULET'S *garden.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,

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Towards Phœbus' lodging: such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That rude day's(33) eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown(34) bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night;—come, Romeo,—come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—(35)
Come, gentle night,—come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them.—O, here comes my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, *with cords.*

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.
[*Throws them down.*

Jul. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

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Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!
Jul. Can heaven be so envious?
Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo, Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I,
And that bare vowel I shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an I;
Or those eyes shut,(36) that make thee answer I.
If he be slain, say I; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood;—I swoonèd(37) at the sight.
Jul. O, break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?
Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishèd;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banishèd.
Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!
Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

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Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven![38] wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despisèd substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damnèd saint, an honourable villain!—
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I, then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O, it presses to my memory,

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Like damnèd guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
" Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banishèd;"
That " banishèd," that one word " banishèd,"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
" Romeo is banishèd,"—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—" Romeo is banishèd,"—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords:—poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowèd.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding-bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. Friar LAURENCE'S *cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Fri. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. L. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?

Fri. L. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,—
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say—death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

Fri. L. Hence from Verona art thou banishèd:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banishèd is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banishèd,
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd(39) aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;

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But Romeo may not:—more validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not,—he is banishèd:
This may flies do, when I from this must fly:—
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?(40)
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—"banishèd"—to kill me,—"banishèd"?
O friar, the damnèd use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word "banishèd"?

Fri. L. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. L. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banishèd.

Rom. Yet "banishèd"?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more.

Fri. L. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. L. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murderèd,
Doting like me, and like me banishèd,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. [*Knocking within.*

Fri. L. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,

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Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*
Fri. L. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile!—Stand up; [*Knocking.*
Run to my study.—By and by!—God's will,
What simpleness is this!—I come, I come! [*Knocking.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurse [*within*]. Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from Lady Juliet.
Fri. L. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?
Fri. L. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!
Fri. L. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament! (41)
Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Rom. Nurse!
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end of all.
Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that name,

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Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursèd hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*

Fri. L. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damnèd hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit:
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:

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A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon (42) thy fortune and thy love:—
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:—
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV. *A room in* CAPULET'S *house.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I;—well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.—
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she is mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not.—
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be:—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado,—a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half-a-dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—o' Thursday be it, then.—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!—

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Afore me, it is so very very late,(43)
That we may call it early by and by:—
Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *An open gallery to* JULIET'S *chamber, overlooking the garden.*

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet,—thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; (44)
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go:—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—
How is't, my soul? let's talk,—it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is,—hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:

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Some say the lark and loathèd toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light,—more dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

[*Descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend![45]
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! [*Exit below.*

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*within*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?

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Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet!
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.
Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.
Jul. Villain and he be many miles asunder.
God pardon him! (46) I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.
Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands:—
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!
La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.
Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,

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Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin(47)
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—these are news indeed!(48)

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET *and* Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air(49) doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.—
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—

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Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossèd body.—How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And yet not proud:—mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her:
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

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Cap. O, God ye god-den.
Nurse. May not one speak?
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread! (50) it makes me mad:
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—"I'll not wed,—I cannot love,
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;"—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*
Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.
La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*
Jul. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven

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By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is.
Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. Friar LAURENCE'S *cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Fri. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.
Fri. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
Fri. L. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
[*Aside.*
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady and my wife!
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.
Fri. L. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.
Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

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Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Fri. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par. God shield I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*
Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!
Fri. L. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
Fri. L. Hold, daughter: I do spy a kind of hope,

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Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. L. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distillèd liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes

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To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is)
In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier,(51)
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Hall in* CAPULET'S *house.*

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, *and* Servant.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
[*Exit First Servant.*
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Sec. Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

Sec. Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.— [*Exit Sec. Servant.*
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

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Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter JULIET.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
And beg your pardon:—pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this:
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomèd love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up,—
This is as 't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow.

[*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up

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Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. JULIET'S *chamber.*

Enter JULIET *and* Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

Jul. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, vial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—
[*Laying down her dagger.*
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

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Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O, if I wake,(52) shall I not be distraught,
Environèd with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?—
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.(53)

[*Throws herself on the bed.*

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SCENE IV. *Hall in* CAPULET'S *house.*

Enter Lady CAPULET *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,

Enter Servants, *with spits, logs, and baskets.*

What's there?

First Serv. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit First Serv.*]—Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

Sec. Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Cap. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would:—I hear him near.— [*Music within.*
Nurse!—wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse.

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;

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I'll go and chat with Paris:—hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. JULIET'S *chamber;* JULIET *on the bed.*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!—
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!—
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?
What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you:—Lady! lady! lady!—
Alas, alas!—Help, help! my lady 's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some *aqua-vitæ,* ho!—My lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!
La. Cap. O me, O me!—My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!
La. Cap. Alack the day, she's dead, she's dead, she's dead!

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Cap. Ha! let me see her:—out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woeful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with* Musicians.

Fri. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:—
O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife:—there she lies,(54)
Flower as she was, deflowerèd by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day, most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorcèd, wrongèd, spited, slain!
Most détestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressèd, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now

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To murder, murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou! (55)—alack, my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buriéd!

Fri. L. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure (56) lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married that lives married long;
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all (57) her best array bear her to church:
For though fond (58) nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things that we ordainèd festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. L. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, Sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lower upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*

First Mus. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;

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For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

First Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians, "Heart's ease, Heart's ease:" O, an you will have me live, play "Heart's ease."

First Mus. Why "Heart's ease"?

Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays "My heart is full of woe:" O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

First Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not, then?

First Mus. No.

Pet. I will, then, give it you soundly.

First Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek,—I will give you the minstrel.

First Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; do you note me?

First Mus. An you *re* us and *fa* us, you note us.

Sec. Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit! (59) I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.—Answer me like men:

"When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound"—

why "silver sound"? why "music with her silver sound"?—What say you, Simon Catling?

First Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

Sec. Mus. I say, "silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

Third Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will

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say for you. It is "music with her silver sound," because musicians have no gold for sounding:—

"Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress." [*Exit.*(60)

First Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

Sec. Mus. Hang him, Jack!—Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Mantua. A street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth(61) of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead
(Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!),
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:

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O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.
Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.
Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.
Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?
Bal. No, my good lord.
Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit Balthasar.*
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

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Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth[62] in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay[63] thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Friar LAURENCE'S *cell.*

Enter Friar JOHN.

Fri. J. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

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Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Fri. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John.
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Fri. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Fri. L. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

Fri. J. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Fri. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

Fri. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Fri. L. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;—
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A churchyard; in it a monument belonging to the* CAPULETS.

Enter PARIS, *and his* Page *bearing flowers and a torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees(64) lay thee all along,

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Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves),
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.

[*Aside, and then retires.*

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew:
O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones!
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew;
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.

[*The Page whistles.*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursèd foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, awhile. [*Retires.*

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR, *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring,—a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce and more inexorable far

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Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that:
Live, and be prosperous: and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[*Aside, and then retires.*

Rom. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which grief,
It is supposèd, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.— [*Advances.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemnèd villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me:—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say,
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy!

[*They fight.*

Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch.

[*Exit.—Paris falls.*

Par. O, I am slain!—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

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Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face:—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!—
What said my man, when my betossèd soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;—
A grave? O, no, a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying Paris in the monument.*
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advancèd there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe(65)
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorrèd monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again:(66) here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

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From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy (67) sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*]—O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*

Enter, at the other end of the churchyard, Friar LAURENCE, *with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. L. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. L. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. L. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:
My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. L. Stay, then; I'll go alone:—fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree (68) here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. L. Romeo!— [*Advances.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords

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To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the monument.*

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes.*

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?—
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—where is my Romeo? [*Noise within.*

Fri. L. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents:—come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too:—come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet [*Noise again*],—I dare no longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—

[*Exit Fri. L.*

What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all, and leave(69) no friendly drop
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!

First Watch [*within*]. Lead, boy:—which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!

[*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*

This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]; there rest,(70) and let me die. [*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, *with the* Page *of* PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

First Watch. The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard:

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Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach.

[*Exeunt some of the Watch.*

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buriêd.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search:—

[*Exeunt others of the Watch.*

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, *with* BALTHASAR.

Sec. Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

First Watch. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch, *with* Friar LAURENCE.

Third Watch. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

First Watch. A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince *and* Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, *and others.*

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our(71) ears?

First Watch. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

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First Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O heaven!—O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathèd in my daughter's bosom!

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE *and others.*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage(72) for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemnèd and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;

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And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To County Paris:—then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone
At the prefixèd hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking), here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

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Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter,—I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies?—Capulet,—Montague,—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:

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Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punishèd:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*

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P. 101. (1) "*Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,*
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun."

Theobald's emendation.—The old eds. have "—— *to the* same."—"Theobald," observes Mr. Knight, "gave us *sun*; and we could scarcely wish to restore the old reading, even if the probability of a typographical error, *same* for *sunne*, were not so obvious." See also my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 167.

P. 101. (2) "*Enter* Romeo."

The old eds. mark his entrance some lines earlier, just as previously in the present scene, p. 98, they make Abraham and Balthasar, and also Benvolio, enter too soon,—and only because they followed the prompter's book, which had the entrances so set down, to show that the performers were to be in readiness to appear on the stage. Again, in act ii. sc. 3, p. 125, according to the old eds., Romeo enters while the Friar has yet several lines of his soliloquy to utter. To this the modern editors have not attended (see my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 147).

P. 102. (3) "*well-seeming forms!*"

So the second folio.—The first quarto has "best *seeming* thinges."—The later quartos and the first folio have "*wel*seeing formes."

P. 103. (4) "*And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,*
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd."

Here I have not disturbed the usual modern lection.—The first quarto has,

"Gainst Cupids *childish bow she liues vnharm'd.*"

The other eds. have,

"*From loues weake childish bow she liues* vncharmd."

(which a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 454, thinks may mean "*disenchanted* from the power of love," &c.:—I cannot agree with him).—Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 370) says, that the emendation of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "—— *she lives* encharm'd,"—"will hereafter take a place in the text without a question:" which, I apprehend, he would not have said, if he had recollected that "*unharm'd*" is the reading of the first quarto, and not,—as he, Mr. Collier, and some others state,—the conjectural alteration of Rowe.

P. 103. (5) "*That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.*"

Theobald printed "—— *with* her dies beauty's *store*:" but see notes *ad l.* in the *Varior. Shakespeare.*

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P. 104. ([6])

"Par. *Younger than she are happy mothers made.*
Cap. *And too soon marr'd are those so early made.*"

The first quarto alone has "—— *so early* maried;" which is also the reading of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, and which, Mr. Singer says, "is undoubtedly the true one; as we have it in Puttenham, 'The maid that soon *married* is soon *marred* is.'" (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 231.) But, as Steevens *ad l.* observes, "the jingle between *marr'd* and *made* is likewise frequent among the old writers. So Sidney,

'Oh, he is *marr'd*, that is for others *made!*'

Spenser introduces it very often in his different poems:"—he might have added, that Shakespeare has it several times; so in the present play, p. 130, "that God hath *made* himself to *mar*;" and in *Macbeth*, act ii. sc. 3, "it *makes* him, and it *mars* him." And, as Paris has used the word "*made*," it appears to me most natural that Capulet in his rejoinder should use "*made*" also.

P. 104. ([7]) "*Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she*," &c.

This line, I conceive, is not to be mended by printing "swallowèd."—The second folio has "*Earth* up *hath swallowed*," &c.—The usual modern reading is "The *earth hath swallow'd*," &c.

P. 104. ([8]) "*Such, amongst view of many, mine being one,*
May stand in number, though in reckoning none."

So the first quarto.—The later eds. have (not more intelligibly), "Which one [on] more *veiew of many*," &c.—See the notes *ad l.* in the *Varior. Shakespeare.*

P. 106. ([9]) "Serv. *To supper; to our house.*"

"The words '*to supper*' are in the old copies annexed to the preceding speech. They undoubtedly belong to the Servant, to whom they were transferred by Mr. Theobald [by Warburton *apud* Theobald]." MALONE.

P. 106. ([10]) "*Your lady's love*," &c.

Theobald printed "*Your* lady-love," &c. But the old text is right enough.

P. 112. ([11])

"*O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;*
O'er lawyers' fingers . . . . . .
O'er ladies' lips," &c.

Even if the first quarto had not had "*O're courtiers knees:* who strait *on cursies* dreame," &c., the context ought to have shown Malone and those

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other editors who print "On *courtiers' knees*," &c., that "On" is grossly wrong. (With respect to the rather awkward repetition, "a *courtier's* nose," which occurs soon after,—and which, according to Steevens, was owing to the alterations made in this speech from time to time by the author,—the various attempts to do away with it have proved as unhappy as they are useless.)

P. 113. ([12]) "First Serv.," &c.

I am not sure that the dialogue here is rightly distributed; perhaps there should be a third speaker:—but it is of no great consequence.

P. 114. ([13]) "*It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night*," &c.

This is generally quoted with the reading, "Her beauty *hangs*," &c.,—a reading which is found in none of the old eds. prior to the second folio, and therefore,—however it may be regarded as an improvement,—has not the shadow of a claim to be received into the text.

P. 115. ([14]) "*the gentle fine*," &c.

Warburton's correction.—The old eds. have "*the gentle* sinne" (and "sin"), &c.

P. 118. ([15]) "Mer. *Nay, I'll conjure too.*"

Mr. Collier *ad l.* is mistaken in saying that all the old copies give this to Benvolio: the first quarto has "*Mer:* Call, *nay Ile coniure too.*"

P. 118. ([16]) "*Young auburn Cupid*," &c.

The old eds. have "*Young* Abraham *Cupid*," &c.—That here the "Abraham" of the early copies is merely a corrupted form of "*auburn*," I now feel more confident than when I made the following remarks on this passage:—

"Upton altered 'Abraham' to 'Adam,' understanding the allusion to be to the celebrated archer *Adam* Bell; and, since Upton's time, the alteration has been adopted by all editors, except Capell and Mr. Knight;—the former hazarding the strange conjecture, that, 'as Cophetua was a *Jew* king of Africa, Shakespeare might make the Cupid that struck him a *Jew* Cupid,' *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iv. 7; the latter telling us that 'the 'Abraham' Cupid is the cheat—the 'Abraham man'—of our old statutes.'

That Shakespeare had an eye to the ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid* is certain;

'The blinded boy *that shootes so trim*,
From heaven down did hie,
He drew a dart, and shot at him
In place where he did lye.'

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But this stanza contains nothing to countenance, in the slightest degree, the reading '*Adam* Cupid.'

In *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, we find,

'Where is the eldest sonne of Pryam,
That *abraham*-coloured Troion? dead.'
Sig. H 3.

in Middleton's *Blurt, Master Constable*, 1602,

'A goodlie, long, thicke, *Abram*-colour'd beard.'
Sig. D.

and in our author's *Coriolanus*, act ii. sc. 3, according to the first three folios, 'not that our heads are some browne, some blacke, som *Abram*;' there being no reason to doubt that in these passages '*abraham*' (or '*Abram*') is a corruption of '*abron*,' i.e. '*auburn*.' Is, then, the right reading in the present line,—

'Young *abram* [=*auburn*] Cupid,' &c.,—

Shakespeare having used '*abram*' for 'auburn-*hair'd*,' as the author of *Soliman and Perseda* has used '*abraham*-colour'd Troion' for 'Trojan with auburn-coloured *hair*?' Every body familiar with the Italian poets knows that they term Cupid, as well as Apollo, 'Il biondo Dio:' and W. Thomas, in his *Principal Rules of the Italian Grammer*, &c., gives; '*Biondo*, the *aberne* [i.e. *auburn*] colour, that is betwene white and yelow.' Sig. E 2, ed. 1567. In our author's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act iv. sc. 2, '*auburn*' means yellowish,—

'Her hair is *auburn*, mine is perfect yellow.'"

A Few Notes on Shakespeare, &c. p. 109.

P. 120. ([17]) "*the lazy-pacing clouds*," &c.

So the first quarto,—which I mention only because two critics have recently spoken of this as a modern reading, and prefer "*the lazy*-passing *clouds*," &c., substituted by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector for "*the lazie* puffing *cloudes*," &c., of the later quartos and of the folio.

P. 123. ([18]) "*To cease thy suit*," &c.

So the undated quarto, and rightly.—Both Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier give the lection of the other old eds., "*To cease thy* strife," &c.,—Mr. Knight without any note, and Mr. Collier with a note which may mislead the reader to suppose that "*suit*" is a modern conjectural emendation.

P. 123. ([19])
"*And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine*," &c.

Mr. Collier prints "*And make her airy* voice *more hoarse than mine*," &c.; and remarks, "So the quarto 1597, more fitly than the later copies, which substitute *tongue* for 'voice.' All modern editors read *tongue*, not observing the

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variation in the editions." But the word "voice" occurs just above; and, though the expression, "her *airy tongue* more *hoarse*," &c., is, strictly speaking, incorrect, it surely may be allowed in poetry. To "*airy tongue*," at least, Milton saw no objection; for he recollected the present passage when he wrote,

"And *airy tongues* that syllable men's names," &c.
Comus, v. 208.

P. 123. ([20]) "*My dear?*"

So the undated quarto ("*My Deere*").—The first quarto has "Madame."—The other two quartos "*My* neece" ("neece" being evidently a blunder for "*deere*," and by progressive corruption,—"*Deere*," "Neere," "Neece").—The folio also has "*My* Neece."—The editor of the second folio substituted "*My* sweete."

P. 125. ([21])
"*But where unbruisèd youth with unstuff'd brain*," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector changes "*unbruisèd*" to "unbusied."

P. 127. ([22]) "*compliments.*"

See note ([5]) on *Love's Labour's lost*, vol. ii. 161.

P. 130. ([23]) "*She will indite him*," &c.

We are to suppose that Benvolio uses the word "*indite*" in ridicule of the Nurse's "*confidence*."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (see Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare*) substitutes "invite:"—which is also the reading of the first quarto: but there, in the preceding speech, instead of "*confidence*," we find "conference."

P. 132. ([24]) "*I warrant*," &c.

The "*I*" was inserted by the editor of the second folio.

P. 132. ([25]) "*R is for the dog: no; I know*," &c.

The old eds. have "*R. is for the no, I know*," &c.—I give Tyrwhitt's emendation (which is far more probable than Warburton's reading, "*R. for* thee? *no*," &c., or Mr. Collier's, "*R. is for* thee? *no*," &c., or what Ritson calls the "proper regulation"—"*R. is for the,—no; I know*," &c.)

P. 133. ([26]) "*But old folks, many feign as they were dead*," &c.

There is, I make little doubt, some corruption in the words "*many feign*" (old eds. "*many faine*"): it has been proposed to alter "*many*" to "marry;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector re-writes the passage.

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P. 134. (27) "*straight at any news.*"

Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitute "straightway *at* my news;" and the late Sydney Walker (as Mr. W. N. Lettsom informs me) would read "*straight at* my next *news.*"—May not the old text stand?

P. 135. (28) "*the gossamer*
That idles," &c.

The old eds. have,

"*the* gossamours,
That ydles," &c.

The more recent editors print "gossamers" and "idle:" but in *King Lear*, act iv. sc. 6, we have "*gossamer*" (old eds. "*gosmore,*" "*Gozemore*").—Since writing what precedes, I find that here the fourth folio has "*Gossamour.*"

P. 136. (29) "*I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.*"

The old eds. have "*I cannot sum vp* sum [and "some"] of halfe my *wealth.*"

P. 137. (30) "*And reason,*" &c.

Capell's correction.—The old eds. have "Or *reason,*" &c. (a mistake occasioned by the "*Or*" which commences the next line).

P. 138. (31) "*A plague o' both your houses!*"

The old eds. have "*A* poxe on *your houses;*" "*A plague a both houses;*" and "*A plague a both* the *houses,*"—"the" being evidently an error; for, presently after, Mercutio twice exclaims "*A plague o' both your houses!*"

P. 140. (32)

"*Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!—*
O prince!—O husband!—O, the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!" &c.

The first quarto has,

"*Tibalt,* Tybalt, *O my brothers child,*
Vnhappie sight? Ah *the blood is spilt*
Of my deare kinsman," &c.

The later eds. have,

"*Tibalt my cozin, O my brothers child,*
O prince, O cozin, *husband, O the bloud is spild*
Of my deare kinsman," &c.,—

where the second line is, no doubt, corrupted: "cozin" would seem to have crept into it, in consequence of the transcriber's or printer's eye having caught that word just above.

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P. 142. (35)

"*Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,*
That rude day's eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen!"

The old eds. have "*That* runnawayes *eyes*," &c., and "*That* run-awayes *eyes*," &c.—Theobald printed, at Warburton's suggestion, "*That* th' Run-away's *eyes*," &c.,—"the Run-away" being, as Warburton thought, the sun.—According to Steevens, here "runaway" means night; according to Douce, Juliet; and the late Rev. N. J. Halpin wrote a whole essay (*Shakespeare Soc. Papers*, ii. 14) to prove that it means Cupid!—Heath (in his *Revisal*) and Mr. Grant White (in *Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 374) would read "*That* Rumour's *eyes*," &c., the latter remarking that "'Rumor' was spelt *rumoure*, in Shakespeare's day, and the possessive case *rumoures*, of course:" but the first folio is directly opposed to such a conclusion; in it *the substantive* "rumour," *which occurs twenty-one times*, IS ALWAYS SPELT *either* "rumour" or "rumor,"—*in the plural, either* "rumours" or "rumors;" nor can I see any probability that "rumour's," in whatsoever manner spelt, should have been mistaken for "runnawayes." Besides, though writers frequently make mention of Rumour's *tongues* or *tongue* (so our author in the Induction to *The Sec. Part of Henry IV.*,

"From *Rumour's tongues*
They bring smooth comforts," &c.

and in *King John*, act iv. sc. 2,

"but this from *rumovr's tongue*
I idly heard," &c.),

they never, I believe, allude to Rumour's *eyes*, except when *they are describing that personage in detail*.—Mason's emendation is "*That* Renomy's *eyes*," &c.! Jackson's, "*That* unawares *eyes*," &c.; the Rev. J. Mitford's (*Gent. Magazine* for June 1845, p. 580), "*That* Luna's *eyes*," &c.,—"when the *L* of *Luna* was changed into *R*, and made '*Runa*,' then the sense was entirely lost, and, to give at least some meaning to the word, it was made into '*Runa*-way';" the late Sydney Walker's (as Mr. W. N. Lettsom informs me), "*That* Cynthia's *eyes*," &c.; and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector's, "*That* enemies' *eyes*," &c.

In my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, &c., 1844, p. 172, I offered two restorations,—"*That* rude day's *eyes*," &c., and "*That* soon day's *eyes*," &c.; and in my *Few Notes*, &c., 1853, p. 112, I started a third one,—"*That* roving *eyes*," &c. The first of these I have now inserted in the text; and I have given it the preference to all the other readings yet proposed, not from any overweening fondness for my own conjecture, but because it indisputably comes the nearest to the *ductus literarum* of the old corruption. I must not omit to add, that it also occurred to a gentleman, who, not aware that it was already in print, communicated it to *Notes and Queries* for Sept. 1853, p. 216.—Mr. Mitford, indeed, objects to it (*ubi supra*) that "'Day's eyes would wink' whether the night was *cloudy* or clear; so the force of 'cloudy' would be lost by this reading,"—an objection which carries no weight, for the present address to Night is certainly to be considered as distinct from the lines which precede it.—Again, Mr. Grant White (*ubi supra*,

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p. 378) is of opinion that "all the suggestions, except *Rumor's*, fail to meet the demands of the context, '*untalk'd* of and unseen.'" But I do not allow that such is the case with "*rude day's eyes*;" for poetry represents Day as an officious intelligencer; and when once her eyes were closed, Romeo would come to Juliet, "*untalk'd of*," as well as unseen, by the citizens of Verona.

The passages in our early poets about Night spreading her curtains, and Day closing her eyes, are numerous: so in Drayton,

> "*The* sullen *Night* hath her black *Curtaines spred*,
> Lowring *the Day* hath tarried vp so long,
> *Whose faire eyes closing* softly steales to bed," &c.
>
> *Barons Warres*, b. iii. st. 17, ed. 8vo.

(This stanza,—which goes far to support the reading, "*rude day's eyes*,"—is very different in the folio ed.): and I need hardly cite the well-known lines in our author's *Macbeth*,—

> "Come, seeling *night*,
> Scarf up the tender *eye of* pitiful *day*," &c.
>
> Act iii. sc. 2.

Nor ought any one to urge against the reading, "*That rude day's eyes may wink, and Romeo*," &c.,—that it makes "*Romeo*" a trisyllable, while afterwards in this speech that name occurs as a dissyllable; for elsewhere we find "*Romeo*" used *both as a dissyllable and a trisyllable in the same speech*. So, p. 140,

> "*Ben.* Tybalt, here slain, whom *Romeo's* [dissyll.] hand did slay;
> *Romeo* [dissyll.] that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
> . . . . . .
> Retorts it: *Romeo* [trisyll.] he cries aloud,
> . . . . . .
> But by and by comes back to *Romeo* [trisyll.],
> . . . . . .
> And, as he fell, did *Romeo* [dissyll.] turn and fly," &c.

Again, p. 145,

> "*Nur.* Hie to your chamber: I'll find *Romeo* [trisyll.]
> To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
> Hark ye, your *Romeo* [dissyll.] will be here at night," &c.

And p. 165,

> "*Jul.* . . . . . .
> Because he married me before to *Romeo* [dissyll.]?
> . . . . . .
> I wake before the time that *Romeo* [trisyll.]
> . . . . . .
> And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* [dissyll.] comes?" &c.

P. 142. (34) "*grown bold*," &c.

The old eds. have "grow *bold*," &c.

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P. 142. (35) "*Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.*"

This is not in the first quarto.—The quartos of 1599 and 1609, and the folio, have "*Whiter then new snow* vpon *a rauens backe.*"—The undated quarto has "*Whiter then snow* vpon *a Rauens backe.*"—With the editor of the second folio, I have changed "vpon" to "*on.*"

P. 143. (36) "*shut,*" &c.

The old eds. have "shot," &c.

P. 143. (37) "*swoonèd,*" &c.

The old eds. have "swounded," &c., "sounded," &c., and (the fourth folio) "swooned:" see note (97), p. 88.

P. 144. (38) "*Dove-feather'd raven,*" &c.

The old eds. have "Rauenous *douefeatherd rauen,*" &c.

P. 146. (39) "*hath rush'd aside the law,*" &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector,—see Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare,*—substitutes "brush'd" for "*rush'd:*" but vide Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* in "*Rush,* v. a."

P. 147. (40)

"*And steal immortal blessing from her lips;*
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not,—he is banishèd:
This may flies do, when I from this must fly:—
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd," &c.

So the folio, except that it gives the line "*But Romeo may not,—he is banishèd*" after "*And say'st thou yet,*" &c.,—an error retained from the quartos of 1599 and 1609, and the undated quarto, where the passage stands thus,—

"*And steale immortall blessing from her lips,*
Who euen in pure and vestall modestie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
This may flies doe, when I from this must flie,
And saist thou yet that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not, hee is banished.
Flies may doe this, but I from this must flie:
They are freemen, but I am banished.
Hadst thou no poyson mixt," &c.—

Here the first quarto is much less full.

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P. 148. (41) "Fri. L. *O woeful sympathy!*
Piteous predicament!"

In the old eds. this is spoken by the Nurse. Farmer first suggested that it should be assigned to the Friar.

P. 150. (42) "*Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.*"

So the undated quarto ("*Thou powts upon*," &c.); which I notice because Mr. Knight (who prints, with the folio, "*Thou* puttest up *thy fortune*," &c.!) misrepresents in his note the reading of that quarto.

P. 152. (43) "*Afore me, it is so very very late,*
That we may call it early by and by:—
Good night."

So the first line stands in the first quarto.—The subsequent quartos have "—— *so very late*," &c.; and the folio has merely "*so late*," &c.—The passage is usually given thus,—

"Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by:—good night,"—

an arrangement evidently against the author's intention: and compare the close of the preceding scene.

P. 152. (44) "*I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,*
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow."

The two Ms. Correctors,—Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's,—read "—— *Cynthia's* bow:" but "*brow*" suits the context ("*eye*") better than "bow."

P. 153. (45)
"*Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend!*" &c.

So the first quarto; which reading I have preferred to that of the later eds.,—

"*Art thou gone so*, Loue, Lord, ay husband, *friend*," &c.

because I have great doubts (though Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier have none) if the "ay" is to be understood as equivalent to "*yes*" (the usual old spelling of it in that sense being "*I*"): the editor of the second folio altered it to "ah;" for which perhaps it was intended.

P. 154. (46) "*God pardon him!*"

The "*him*" was inserted by the editor of the second folio.

P. 155. (47) "*To wreak the love I bore my cousin*," &c.

This line being imperfect, the editor of the second folio added "Tybalt."

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But the omitted word, as Malone remarks, was more probably an epithet to "cousin."

P. 155. (48) "*these are news indeed!*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector assigns these words to Lady Capulet; and Mr. Collier calls it "a judicious arrangement."—Can any thing be plainer than that Juliet exclaims "*these are news indeed!*" in reference to what her mother has said a little before, "But now I'll tell thee *joyful tidings*, girl"?

P. 155. (49) "*When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew,*" &c.

Mr. Collier, who (like Mr. Knight) gives "—— *the* earth *doth drizzle dew,*" &c., observes here: "Malone says that the undated quarto has *air* for 'earth.' Such does not appear to be the case, according to Steevens's collation of it with the quarto 1609; and certainly every other ancient copy has 'earth,' which Malone fully justifies (though he prints *air*) by the following line from Shakespeare's 'Lucrece,'

'But as the *earth doth weep, the sun being set.*'"—

The undated quarto (in the British Museum) is now before me; and it gives the line exactly thus,—

"*When the Sun sets, the Ayre doth drisle dewe,*" &c.

As to the passage from our author's *Lucrece*,—Steevens showed long ago that it did *not* "justify" (what, indeed, could?) such an utter absurdity as "the EARTH DRIZZLING dew."

P. 157. (50) "*God's bread! it makes me mad:*
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd," &c.

So all the old eds. except the first quarto, which has,

"*Gods* blessed mother wife *it* mads *me,*
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
Still my care hath beene to see *her matcht,*" &c.

In neither form is the passage free from corruption.—The usual modern reading is a composite one,—

"God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd," &c.

P. 162. (51)

"*In thy best robes, uncover'd, on the bier,*
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault," &c.

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The old eds. have,

"*In thy best robes vncouered on the beere,*
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds grave:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault," &c.

P. 165. (52) "*I wake,*" &c.

The old eds. have "*I* walke," &c.

P. 165. (53)
"*Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.*"

So the first quarto.—The later eds. have the prodigious reading,—

"*Romeo,* Romeo, Romeo, heres drinke, *I drinke to thee.*"—

Mr. Knight now prints,—

"*Romeo,* Romeo, Romeo!—*I drink to thee,*"

and observes, "We think with Mr. Dyce that 'here's drink' was the stage-direction of *here drink.* We do not adopt the first reading, because 'I come' would seem to imply that Romeo was dead, and Juliet was about to join him in another world." I neither admire Mr. Knight's reficted line, nor acknowledge the force of his objection to "*I come.*"

P. 168. (54)
"*Hath death lain with thy wife:—there she lies,*
Flower as she was, deflowerèd by him," &c.

The usual modern reading is "—— see, *there she lies,*" &c.,—an addition from the first quarto, where the passage stands thus,—

"*Hath death laine with thy* bride, *flower as she* is,
Deflowerd by him, see, where *she lyes*
Death is my sonne in law, to him I giue all that I haue."

P. 169. (55) "*Dead art thou!—alack, my child is dead,*" &c.

Malone conjectures, "*Dead,* dead, *art thou!*" &c.;—and Steevens, "*Dead art thou,* dead!" &c.,—which, indeed, Theobald gave.

P. 169. (56) "*cure,*" &c.

The old eds. have "care," &c.

P. 169. (57) "*In all her,*" &c.

So the first quarto.—The later eds. have "And in *her,*" &c.

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P. 169. (58) "*fond nature*," &c.

So the second folio,—which, whether the author's word or not, is at least sense.—The earlier eds. (except the first quarto, where this is not found) have "some *nature*," &c.,—which, though downright nonsense, Mr. Knight retains and defends.

P. 170. (59) "*Then have at you with my wit!*"

This, in the old eds., forms part of the preceding speech.

P. 171. (60) "[Exit."

The more recent editors print "*Exit*, singing:" but surely Peter quotes the song without singing it.

P. 171. (61) "*the flattering truth of sleep*," &c.

The first quarto alone has "*the flattering* eye *of sleepe*," &c.; which perhaps is the preferable reading.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes, most unhappily, "*the flattering* death *of sleep*," &c.; and, conjecture being infinite, Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 234) proposes "*the flattering* soother *sleep*," &c.

P. 173. (62) "*Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes*," &c.

Here "*starveth in*" has been altered to "stare within" and to "stareth *in*:" but, as Malone observes, "the word '*starved*' in the first copy shows that '*starveth*' in the text is right: 'And *starued* famine dwelleth in thy cheekes.'"

P. 173. (63) "*I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.*"

A writer in *The Westminster Review*, vol. xliv. p. 61, says that here "Mr. Knight very properly restores the reading of the second 4to and the first folio, 'pray:' the relation here is between Romeo's *earnestly repeated prayer* and the apothecary's *consent:* the moment for *paying* him is not yet arrived." But what does the writer understand by the concluding words of Romeo's preceding speech, "take *this*"? can he doubt that "*this*" means the gold which Romeo holds in his hand, ready to pay the Apothecary?

P. 174. (64) "*Under yond yew-trees*," &c.

The first quarto has "*Vnder* this Ew-tree," &c.; the later eds. have "*Vnder yond* young *trees*," &c.

P. 177. (65) "*Ah, dear Juliet,*
Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous," &c.

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In the first quarto this passage is much less full.—The three subsequent quartos and the folio have,

> "*Ah deare Juliet,*
> *Why art thou yet so faire?* I will beleeue,
> *Shall I belieue, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous,*" &c.,—

where "I will believe," and "*Shall I believe,*" are evidently *variæ lectiones*, which, by some mistake, have *both* crept into the text.

P. 177. (66) "*And never from this palace of dim night*
Depart again: here, here will I remain," &c.

Here, again, the first quarto is much less full.—The undated quarto reads as above.—The two other quartos (of 1599 and 1609), and the folio have,—

> "*And neuer from this pallace of dym night*
> *Depart againe,* come lie thou in my arme [*the folio* armes],
> Heer's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
> O true appothecarie!
> Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
> *Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,*" &c.

Malone observes, "With respect to the line,

> 'Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in,'

it is unnecessary to inquire what was intended by it, the passage in which this line is found being afterwards exhibited in another form; and being much more accurately expressed in its second than its first exhibition, we have a right to presume [we have, indeed] that the poet intended it to appear in its second form, that is, as it now appears in the text."

P. 178. (67) "*Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on*
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!"

Pope printed "—— my *sea-sick weary bark!*"

P. 178. (68) "*this yew-tree,*" &c.

The old eds. have "*this* young *tree,*" &c. See note (64).

P. 179. (69) "*O churl! drink all, and leave no friendly drop*
To help me after?"

"The first [quarto] has,

> '*Ah* churl! *drink* all, and *leave* no drop for me!'

The other [of 1599],

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'*O* churl! *drunk* all, and *left* no friendly drop,
To help me after?'" MALONE.

The quarto of 1609, the undated quarto, and the folio have,

"*O churle, drinke all, and* left *no friendly drop,*
To helpe me after?"

P. 179. ([70]) "*O happy dagger!*
This is thy sheath [Stabs herself]; *there rest, and let me die.*"

The first quarto has,

"*O happy dagger* thou shalt end my feare,
Rest in my bosome, thus I come to thee."—

The other old eds. read as in the text, except that they have "—— *there* rust *and let me die*,"—where I believe "rust" to be a decided error: at such a moment the thoughts of Juliet were not likely to wander away to the *future rusting* of the dagger.—(Steevens says, "The alteration 'rust' was probably made by the poet, when he introduced the words, 'This is thy *sheath*:'"—a remark which I do not understand.)

P. 180. ([71]) "*which startles in our ears?*"

So Johnson.—The old eds. have "*in* your *eares?*"

P. 181. ([72]) "*Seal up the mouth of outrage,*" &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector gives "—— *the mouth of* outcry," &c.,—which is very specious: but Mr. Collier himself allows that "perhaps 'outrage' is to be taken in the general sense of disturbance;" and it is worth notice that Johnson (*Dict.* sub "*Outrage*") has cited a passage from a comparatively recent poet (Philips) where "this word seems to be used for mere commotion."

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TIMON OF ATHENS.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, } lords, and flatterers of Timon.

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian general.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian.

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS,
SERVILIUS, } servants to Timon.

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS,
TITUS,
LUCIUS,
HORTENSIUS,
And others, } servants to Timon's creditors.

A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA, } mistresses to Alcibiades.

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Athens, and the woods adjoining.*

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TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. A hall in* TIMON'S *house.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and others, at several doors.*

Poet. Good day, sir.
Pain. I am glad you're well.
Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.
Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.
Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord.
Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.
Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.
Jew. I have a jewel here—
Mer. O, pray, let 's see 't: for the Lord Timon, sir?
Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but, for that—
Poet [*reciting to himself*]. "When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."
Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking at the jewel.*
Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.

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Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes(1)
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.—What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.—
Let 's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: how this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, *and pass over.*

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens:—happy man!(2)

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

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Poet. I will unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds
(As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality) tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late
(Some better than his value), on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,

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Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,(3)
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's(4)
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, *attended; the* Servant *of* VENTIDIUS *talking with him.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,(5)
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need(6) me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,—
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

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LUCILIUS *comes forward from among the* Attendants.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [*to Lucilius*] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

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Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prizèd by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We'll bear, with your lordship.

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Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow; When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou't die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehendest it: take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost(7) a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

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Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feigned him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feigned,—he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now,—hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.(8)—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
You must needs dine with me:—go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you:—when(9) dinner's done,
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with his* Company.

Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*

Apem. So, so, there!—
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this court'sy! The strain of man 's bred out

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Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all except Apemantus.*

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The most(10) accursèd thou, that still omitt'st it.

Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

First Lord. Hang thyself!

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence!

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*

First Lord. He's opposite to humanity.—Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

Sec. Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

Sec. Lord. Long may he live in fortunes!—Shall we in?

First Lord.(11) I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *The same. A room of state in* TIMON'S *house.*

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS *and others attending; then enter* TIMON,[12] ALCIBIADES, Lords, Senators, *and* VENTIDIUS. *Then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *discontentedly.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.[13]
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.*

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus,—you are welcome.

Apem. No;
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl; you've got a humour there
Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame.—
They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est;*

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But yond man is ever angry.(14)
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou'rt an Athenian, therefore welcome: I myself would have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat;(15) 'twould choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods, what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see
So many dip their meat in one man's blood;
And all the madness is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well.—Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.—
Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner,
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This and my food are equals; there's no odds:
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus's grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;

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Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root. [*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, then, that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy,(16) e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

Sec. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,

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And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! [*Tucket sounded.*

Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now!

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom:
The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;(17)
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:—
Music, make their welcome! [*Exit Cupid.*

First Lord.(18) You see, my lord, how ample you're belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, *with a mask of* Ladies *as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that's not depravèd or depraves?

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Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords *rise from table, with much adoring of* TIMON; *and to show their loves, each singles out an* Amazon, *and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;
You have added worth unto 't and lustre,(19)
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for 't.

First Lady.(20) My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you:
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.*

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet! [*Aside.*
There is no crossing him in 's humour;
Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns with the casket.*

First Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Sec. Lord. Our horses!

Tim. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you:—look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much

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As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,(21)
Kind my lord.

First Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! why, then, another time I'll hear thee:
I prithee, let's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. [*Aside.*

Enter a second Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?

Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*aside*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good:
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word: he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't; his land 's put to their books.

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Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.

Third Lord. O, he 's the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

Sec. Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to(22) you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

First Lord. We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd,—

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights!

First Lord. The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*

Apem. What a coil 's here!
Serving of becks, and jutting-out of bums!

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I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship 's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for if I should be bribed too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*

Apem. So;(23)—thou wilt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The same. A room in a* Senator's *house.*

Enter a Senator, *with papers in his hand.*

Sen. And late, five thousand;—to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty(24) more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses: no porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason

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Can found(25) his state in safety.—Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;
Impórtune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
"Commend me to your master"—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him,(26)
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love and honour him;
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspéct,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.(27)

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in* TIMON'S *house.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with many bills in his hand.*

Flavius. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes(28) no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.

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What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, *and the* Servants *of* ISIDORE *and* VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro: what,
You come for money?
Var. Serv. Is 't not your business too?
Caph. It is:—and yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. Would we were all discharg'd!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and* Lords, *&c.*

Tim. So soon as dinner 's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prithee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord,—
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—
Isid. Serv. From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment,—
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—
Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks
And past,—
Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

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Tim. Give me breath.—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
I'll wait upon you instantly. [*Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.*
Come hither: pray you, [*To Flav.*
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,(29)
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends.—
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit.*

Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit.*

Enter APEMANTUS *and* Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself.—Come away. [*To the Fool.*

Isid. Serv. [*to Var. Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

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Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: how does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress'(30) page.

Enter Page.

Page [*to the Fool*]. Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hanged. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou't die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

Apem. E'en so thou outrunnest grace. [*Exit Page.*] Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress'(31) house merrily, and go away sadly: the reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it, then, that we may account thee a whore-

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master and a knave; which, notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than 's artificial one: he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.(32)

Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;

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Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My(33) lov'd lord,
Though you hear now (too late!), yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?(34)
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further:

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No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.—
Within there! Flaminius! (35) Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other* Servants.

Servants. My lord? my lord?—

Tim. I will dispatch you severally:—you, to Lord Lucius;—to Lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day;—you, to Sempronius: commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum! [*Aside.*

Tim. Go you, sir [*to another Serv.*], to the senators
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing); bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold
(For that I knew it the most general way)
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true? can 't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—

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Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity;—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius [*to a Serv.*]:—Prithee [*to Flav.*], be not sad,
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[*to Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—[*to Flav.*] That had, give 't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Athens. A room in* LUCULLUS' *house.*

FLAMINIUS *waiting.* *Enter a* Servant *to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

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Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night.—Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant.*]—And how does that honourable, complete, freehearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant, *with wine.*

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah [*to the Servant, who goes out*].—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this

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is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou sawest me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damnèd baseness,
To him that worships thee! [*Throwing the money back.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! this slave
Unto his honour(36) has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon't!
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

Enter LUCIUS, *with three* Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours,—now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

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Luc. How!

Sec. Stran. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have swet to see his honour.—My honoured lord,— [*To Lucius.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: how shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. Has(37) only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part,(38) and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do,(39)—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his

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honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed. [*Exit.*

First Stran. Do you observe this, Hostilius?

Sec. Stran. Ay, too well.

First Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit.(40) Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.

First Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: but, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. *The same. A room in* SEMPRONIUS' *house.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *and a* Servant *of* TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!—'bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal; for
They have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!—
It shows but little love or judgment in him:
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive,(41) give him over: must I take the cure upon me?
Has(42) much disgrac'd me in 't; I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I(43) be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic,—he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire:

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Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: (44) now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A hall in* TIMON'S *house.*

Enter two Servants *of* VARRO, *and the* Servant *of* LUCIUS, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other* Servants *of* TIMON'S *creditors, waiting his coming out.*

First Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.
Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.
Hor. Lucius!
What, do we meet together?
Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.
Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!
Phi. Good day at once.
Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?
Phi. Labouring for nine.
Luc. Serv. So much?
Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?
Luc. Serv. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:
You must consider that a prodigal course

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Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear
'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll show you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

First Var. Serv. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: what's yours?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

First Var. Serv. 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit.*

Enter FLAVIUS *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

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Both Var. Serv.(45) By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friends? (46)

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,(47)

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest into their gluttonous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashiered worship mutter?

Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for, take 't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him; he 's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [*within*] Servilius, help!—My lord! my lord!

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Enter TIMON, *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS *following.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv.(48) And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—What yours?—and yours?

First Var. Serv. My lord,—

Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!

[*Exit.*

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.
Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so.—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius;(49) all:

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I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be 't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. The senate-house.*

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord,(50) you have my voice to it; the fault 's
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.(51)

Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

First Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice
(An(52) honour in him which buys out his fault);
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did behave(53) his anger, ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

First Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:

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Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outsides,—to wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain:—
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass more captain than the lion; the felon (54)
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! his service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

First Sen. What's that?

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Alcib. Why, I(55) say, my lords, has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!

Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em,(56)
He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes,(57) that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

First Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none), yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours(58) to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

First Sen. We are for law,—he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

Sec. Sen. How!

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

Third Sen. What!

Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.

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Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

First Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself
Rich only in large hurts;—all those for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment?(59)
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A magnificent room in* TIMON'S *house.*

Music. Tables set out: Servants *attending. Enter divers* Lords(60) *at several doors.*

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

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Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

Sec. Lord. Every man here 's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!

First Lord. What of you?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON *and* Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—and how fare you?

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [*aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to 't presently.

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend,—what cheer?(61)

Sec. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together. [*The banquet brought in.*

Sec. Lord. All covered dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

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Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

First Lord. How do you? What's the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

First and Sec. Lord. Alcibiades banished!

Third Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How! how!

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.—

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees,(62) O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag(63) of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.—

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes when uncovered are seen to be full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

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Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who, stuck and spangled with your (64) flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
[*Throwing the water in their faces.*
Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou;—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain 's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter (65) *the* Lords.

First Lord. How now, my lords!

Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

Third Lord. Push! did you see my cap?

Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown.

First Lord. He's but a mad lord, and naught but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—did you see my jewel?

Third Lord. (66) Did you see my cap?

Sec. Lord. Here 'tis.

Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.

First Lord. Let's make no stay.

Sec. Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

Third Lord. I feel't upon my bones.

Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the walls of Athens.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant, green virginity,—
Do 't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law: maid, to thy master's bed,—
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let(67) confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou détestable town!

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Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,)
The Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Athens. A room in* TIMON'S *house.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with two or three* Servants.

First Serv. Hear you, master steward,—where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

First Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fall'n! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!

Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From(68) our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,—
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part

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Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let 's yet be fellows; let 's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take some;
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*Servants embrace, and part several ways.*
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with glory? or(69) to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does(70) still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I'll follow, and inquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The woods. Before* TIMON'S *cave.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessèd-breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb

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Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny 't(71) that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's(72) sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, "This man's a flatterer"? if one be,
So are they all; for every grise of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learnèd pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursèd natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison!—What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle(73) votarist: roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices

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To the April day again. Come, damnèd earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum?—
Thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: thou't go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner;* PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to

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Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessèd time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee; Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust. Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd youth to The tub-fast and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.— I have but little gold of late, brave Timon, The want whereof doth daily make revolt In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd, How cursèd Athens, mindless of thy worth, Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states, But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble? I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well: Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest; And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

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Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.(74)
Put up thy gold: go on,—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,—
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron,—
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars(75) bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors: spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy(76) throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. and Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd.(77) Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;

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And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold:—what then?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens!—Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

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Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.*

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou, [*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorrèd births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth(78) hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—dear thanks!—
Dry up thy marrows,(79) vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!—

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? plague, plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;(80)
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune.(81) Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot

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That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears like tapsters that bid[82] welcome
To knaves and all approachers: 'tis most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moss'd[83] trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhousèd trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou

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Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs(84) of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,(85)
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was

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No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*

Tim. First mend my(86) company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hirèd harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An th' hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

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Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

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Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse!

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—
I'll (87) beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me that thou art alive;
I swoon (88) to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going.*

I am sick of this false world; and will love naught
But even the mere necessities upon 't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!

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Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would 'twere so!—
But not till I am dead.—I'll say thou 'st gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to!

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I prithee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die! [*Exit Apemantus.*] I am quit.—
More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.(89)

Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-from(90) of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

Sec. Ban. It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

Sec. Ban. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

First Ban. Is not this he?

Banditti. Where?

Sec. Ban. 'Tis his description.

Third Ban. He; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

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Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villany,(91) do, since you protest to do 't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stol'n
From general excrement: each thing 's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away,
Rob one another;—there 's more gold;—cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: to Athens go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: steal not(92) less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
Amen. [*Timon retires to his cave.*

Third Ban. Has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

First Ban. 'Tis in the malice of mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

Sec. Ban. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*

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Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!—
Has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON *comes from his cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?
Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?
Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st(93) thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.
Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me, I;(94) all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.
Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.
Tim. What, dost thou weep?—come nearer;—then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity 's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!
Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,

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To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.(95)
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure),
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatchèd mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish,—that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take:—the gods, out of my misery,
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy;
But thus condition'd:—thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all; show charity to none;

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But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses,(95)
Stay not; fly, whilst thou art bless'd and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exit Flavius. Timon retires to his cave.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The woods. Before* TIMON'S *cave.*

Enter Poet *and* Painter; TIMON *watching them from his cave.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

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Poet. I must serve him so too,—tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd[97] night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn.—What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admirèd reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship![98] and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!—
Fit I meet them. [*Coming from his cave.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master!

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,

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Whose(99) thankless natures—O abhorrèd spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough:
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Ye're honest men: ye've heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; ye're honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

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Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this,—but two in company:
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
[*To the Painter.*
Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside
[*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence, pack! there's gold,—you came for gold, ye slaves:
You have done(100) work for me, there's payment: hence!—
You are an alchemist, make gold of that:—
Out, rascal dogs! [*Beats and drives them out, and then retires to his cave.*

Enter FLAVIUS *and two* Senators.

Flav. It is in(101) vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

First Sen. Bring us to his cave:

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It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

Sec. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance (102) it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: the Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

TIMON *comes from his cave.*

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

First Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

First Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

First Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

Sec. Sen. They confess,
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense (103) withal
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful

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Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine and ours) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.

First Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly agèd men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know,—and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our agèd and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all 's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;

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It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

First Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

First Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

First Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.

Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triúmphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them,—
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

First Sen. I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,(104)
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beachèd verge of the salt flood;
Who(105) once a day with his embossèd froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—

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Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.
[*Retires to his cave.*

First Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.

Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

First Sen. It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The walls of Athens.*

Enter two Senators *and a* Messenger.

First Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom,(106) though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

First Sen. Here come our brothers.

Enter Senators *from* TIMON.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. *The woods.* TIMON'S *cave, and a rude tomb seen.*

Enter a Soldier, *seeking* TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who 's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd (107) this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—What 's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he 's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Before the walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES *and* Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators *on the walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, "No more:" now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,

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We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.
Sec. Sen. So did we woo
Transformèd Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promis'd means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.
First Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs:(108) nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.
Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess,
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithèd death
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes), take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.
First Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenges:(109) crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.
Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to 't with thy sword.
First Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,

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To say thou't enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend,(110) and open your unchargèd ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd(111) to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*reads*] "Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait."
These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon: of whose memory

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Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*

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P. 204. (1) "*Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes,*" &c.

The folio has "—— *as a* Gowne *which* vses," &c.:—"*gum*" is the reading of Pope; "*oozes*" of Johnson.

P. 204. (2) "Pain. *How this lord is follow'd!*
Poet. *The senators of Athens:—happy man!*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "—— *happy* men;" which (though Ritson asserts that it "is right. The Poet envies or admires the felicity of the senators in being Timon's friends," &c.) the whole context proclaims to be wrong. The preceding plural, "*senators,*" led the transcriber or printer into the mistake.

P. 206. (3)
"*Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,*" &c.

The folio has "—— *and* hand, *let him* sit *downe,*" &c.—The editor of the sec. folio substituted "*hands,*" and Rowe "*slip.*"

P. 206. (4) "*blows of Fortune's,*" &c.

Here the second folio has "*blows of* Fortune," &c.—Malone defends the former reading as the phraseology of Shakespeare's time; while Steevens observes that our poet is not constant in using that mode of speech.—Compare, at p. 272, "Those enemies of *Timon's,*" &c.—It is, however, certain that in the first folio the final *s* is frequently very suspicious, and sometimes manifestly wrong.

P. 206. (5) "*which failing,*" &c.

The editor of the second folio gives "*which failing* to him," &c.—Capell prints "*which failing* him," &c.

P. 206. (6) "*to shake off*
My friend when he must need me."

The words "*when he must need me*" are well explained by Malone, "when he cannot but want my assistance." But, since the text of this play is dreadfully corrupt, the reading of the third folio may be the true one,—"*when he* most needs *me.*"

P. 209. (7) "*will not cost,*" &c.

So corrected in the third folio.—The earlier folios have "*will not* cast," &c.

P. 210. (8) "*That I had no angry wit to be a lord.*"

Warburton's reading is, "*That I had* so hungry a *wit to be a lord;*" Mason's,

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"*That I had* an *angry* wish *to be a lord;*" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector's, "*That I had* so hungry a wish *to be a lord;*" and (worst of all) Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector's, "*That I had* an empty *wit to be a lord.*"—Johnson explains the old text to mean, "I should hate myself for *patiently enduring to be a lord.*"

P. 210. (9) "*go not you hence*
Till I have thank'd you:—when dinner's done,
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights."

Here the modern editors print, with the second folio,

"*Till I have thank'd you;* and *when dinner's done,*" &c.

But though the line is slightly mutilated (for here the author would hardly have written "thankèd"), the context renders the "and" very questionable.

P. 211. (10) "*The most accursèd,*" &c.

Qy. (as Hanmer printed) "*The* more *accursèd,*" &c.?

P. 211. (11) "First Lord."

This prefix is omitted in the folio.

P. 212. (12) "*enter Timon,*" &c.

Capell observes:—"By all modern ones [copies] are the two '*Lords*' that enter to Apemantus at *l.* 27 [see the preceding page] christen'd by names specific—*Lucius* and *Lucullus*, and under those names are brought on again in the scene that comes next [the present scene]: letters denoting one of their names are found before a speech of that scene in old copies [which, in p. 215, have "*Luc.* You see, my lord, how ample," &c.], and are the sole authorities from them for their appearance in either: and from reason we have as little; they are address'd no where, and the only mention there is of them [see p. 217] proves them absent; but for this, the parties that bring them in, have found a salvo, by a well-tim'd dismission of them some nine lines before the mention comes in [i.e. to the speech in p. 217, "*All.* So are we all," they add "*Exe. Lucius and Lucullus.*"]. A servant coming from them with presents the moment they are withdrawn, according to these editors, will be allow'd an oddness," &c. *Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iv. p. 76. Here the more recent editors mark the entrance of "*Lucius*" and "*Lucullus*" (and of "*Sempronius*" too): but at p. 217 they do not adopt from their predecessors the "*Exe. Lucius and Lucullus;*" and they therefore suppose Lucius and Lucullus to be on the stage when the Second and Third Servants bring in the messages about the presents,—which, to use Capell's language, "will be allow'd an oddness."

P. 212. (13) "*Most honour'd Timon,*
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace."

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Mr. Knight observes, "This is one of the many instances in which we adhere to the metrical arrangement of the original," &c. Here I also do the same: but I have no doubt that in the present passage, as in many others throughout the play, the text is corrupted. (This has been altered to,—

"*Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods*
To call my father's age unto *long peace.*"!!

and to

"*Most honour'd Timon,*
'T hath pleas'd the gods in kindness *to remember*
My father's age, and call him to long peace."!!)

P. 213. (14) "*is ever angry.*"

The folio has "*is* verie *angrie.*"

P. 213. (15) "*I scorn thy meat,*" &c.

The folio gives only three lines of this speech ("I wonder men," &c., and the next two lines) as verse. Mr. Collier, I apprehend, is quite right in supposing that the whole speech was originally measure, but that much of it has lost that character in passing from one manuscript to another, and ultimately from manuscript to print:—"the same remark," he adds, "will apply to various other portions of this play."

P. 214. (16) "*O joy,*" &c.

The folio has "*O* ioyes," &c.

P. 215. (17)
"*The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise,*" &c.

Warburton's excellent emendation.—The folio has "There *tast, touch* all, *pleas'd from thy Table rise,*" &c.

P. 215. (18) "First Lord."

Here the folio has "Luc." See note (12).

P. 216. (19) "*You have added worth unto 't and lustre,*" &c.

The editor of the second folio, to complete the measure, printed "*and* lively *luster,*" &c.

P. 216. (20) "First Lady."

The folio has "1 Lord."

P. 217. (21) "*accept it and wear it,*" &c.

The second folio omits the first "*it.*"

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P. 218. (32) "*I'll call to you.*"

Has been altered to "*I'll call* on *you*,"—unnecessarily. Mr. Sandys remarks (*Shakespeare Soc. Papers*, vol. iii. 23) that the expression, "I'll call *to* (i.e. at) your house," is still common in the West.

P. 219. (33) "*So;—thou wilt not hear me now*," &c.

In my uncertainty about the proper regulation of this speech (as of many others throughout the present play), I give it as it stands in the folio: with respect to the last two lines,—I have already noticed that frequently, when our early dramatists introduce a couplet, they make *the first line shorter* (sometimes *much shorter*) than the second: see the concluding couplet of act ii. sc. 2 of *Measure for Measure*, and note.

P. 219. (34) "*If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more*
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses." . . . . . .

In the last line the third folio has "An *able* Horse."—Theobald printed,

"*and buy* ten *more*
. . . . . .
Ten *able* horse,"—

the first of these alterations being Pope's, the second his own.—Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes only one change,—

"A stable o' *horses*,"—

which I cannot think, with Mr. Collier, "was in all probability the poet's language."—Mr. Singer has just suggested to me as the true readings,

"*and buy* two *more*
. . . . . .
Two *able horses.*"

He supposes that "in the Ms. the number, for brevity, was written 2, which was mistaken in the one instance for 20, and in the second for &." But would not the munificent Timon have given more than two horses in return for one?

"no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance." p. 211.

P. 220. (35) "*Can found his state in safety.*"

The folio has "*Can* sound *his state*," &c.,—an obvious error, yet retained and defended by Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier. (Afterwards, p. 224, the folio has the very same mistake,—

"you would throw them off,
And say you *sound* them in mine honestie.")

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P. 220. (26) "*but tell him*," &c.

The editor of the second folio added, for the sake of the verse, "*but tell him, sirrah*," &c.

P. 220. (27) "Caph. *I go, sir.*
Sen. *Take the bonds along with you,*
And have the dates in compt."

The folio has,

"Ca. *I go sir.*
Sen. I go sir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And haue the dates in. Come."

Now, whether we make the Senator say, as in the old copy, "I go, sir?" or, as Mason recommends, "Ay, *go, sir*," the words are equally unintelligible, and at variance with the whole of the context. Feeling confident that they were repeated by a mistake of the transcriber or compositor, I have omitted them without any hesitation.—The error of the folio in the last line was corrected by Theobald.

P. 220. (28) "*nor resumes no care*
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind."

The folio has "*nor* resume *no care*," &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes, spēciously, "no reserve; *no care*," &c. In the last line he reads "*Was* surely *so unwise*," &c.; while Mr. Singer's Ms. Corrector gives "*Was* truly *so unwise*," &c. (which occurred also to Mr. Grant White, *Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 389): but there the old text is undoubtedly right.

P. 222. (29) "*of date-broke bonds*," &c.

The folio has "*of* debt, broken *Bonds*," &c.—"Mr. Malone very judiciously reads '*date-broken*' [confirming that reading by the line at p. 220, 'And my reliances on his *fracted dates*,' &c.]. For the sake of measure, I have omitted the last letter of the second word. So in *Much ado about Nothing* [act ii. sc. 1], 'I have *broke* [i.e. *broken*] with her father.'" STEEVENS,—who might have cited from the present play, p. 245,

"Such a house *broke!*
So noble a master fall'n!"

P. 223. (30) "*my mistress' page.*"

The folio has "*my* Masters *Page.*"

P. 223. (31) "*my mistress' house*," &c.

The folio has "*my* Masters *house*," &c.

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P. 224. (32) "*I propos'd.*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*I* propose."

P. 225. (33) "*My lov'd lord,*
Though you hear now (too late!), yet now's a time," &c.

The editor of the second folio reads, for the metre, "*My* deare *lov'd Lord,*" &c. (Mr. Collier endeavours to prop the line by printing "My *lovèd* lord," &c.)—What follows is very suspicious (see, in the *Varior. Shakespeare*, the conflicting explanations of Warburton, Ritson, and Malone). Hanmer gave "*Though you hear now,* yet now's too late a time," &c.; and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (see Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare*) substitutes "*Though you hear now,* yet now's a time too late," &c.

P. 225. (34) "*Who is not Timon's?*"

Steevens would read "*Who is not* Lord *Timon's?*" Compare the next line.

P. 226. (35) "*Flaminius!*"

The folio has "*Flavius.*"

P. 229. (36) "*this slave*
Unto his honour has my lord's meat in him."

Pope printed

"*this slave*
Unto this hour *has,*" &c.;

and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (see Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare*) substitutes

"*this slave*
Unto his humour *has,*" &c.

But I am strongly inclined to believe that here the error lies in a word not hitherto suspected. It is certain that sometimes in early printed books (from what cause I know not) "slave" and "slander" are confounded: so in Middleton's *No wit, no help like a Woman's,*

"Then for the indifferent world, faith, they're apter
To bid a *slave* [*read* slander] welcome then a truth."
p. 68, ed. 1657.

and in *The Travailes of the Three English Brothers,* by Day, W. Rowley, and Wilkins,

"Reuenge and Death
Like *slander* [*read* slaves] attend the sword of Calymath."
Sig. C 4, ed. 1607.

There is therefore a high probability that the true reading in the present passage is,—

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"*this* slander
Unto his honour has," &c.

(Compare our author elsewhere,—

"Till I have told *this slander* of his blood," &c.
Richard II. act i. sc. 1.

"Thou *slander* of thy heavy mother's womb," &c.
Richard III. act i. sc. 3.)

P. 230. (37) "*Has only sent his present occasion*," &c.

i.e. *He* has only, &c.—Mr. Collier prints "He has *only*," &c., and remarks; "'*Has* only sent' in the original. *Has* is not unfrequently printed for 'He has' in the first folio, though usually with an apostrophe, thus, '*H'as*' [*Ha's*]." But when the folio gives "Ha's," the apostrophe goes for nothing: see vol. iv. p. 525, note (35). (In the folio, the conclusion of the preceding speech stands thus, "And what *ha's he* sent now?" so afterwards, p. 253, according to the folio, "By that which *ha's* vndone thee," and, p. 256, "How *ha's* the asse," &c.)—Again, the folio reads *literatim*, p. 232, "*Has* much disgrac'd me in 't," &c.; *ibid.* "*Had* sent to me first," &c.; p. 259, "*Has* almost charm'd me," &c.; p. 260, "*Has* caught me in his eye," &c.

P. 230. (38) "*that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!*"

Theobald printed "——*for a little* dirt," &c.! Johnson proposes "——*for a little* park," &c.; Mason believes that the author wrote "——*for a little* port" (and, as there was some danger of the reader's supposing that "port" meant wine, he explains it—show or magnificence); while Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 391) recommends Jackson's transposition, "*that I should purchase the day before*, and, for a little part, *undo a great deal of honour!*"—but all this conjecturing by no means proves that the old text is wrong.

P. 230. (39) "*to do*," &c.

The usual modern reading is "*to do* 't," &c.

P. 231. (40) "*flatterer's spirit.*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "*Flatterers* sport." (Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector,—see Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare*,—reads, poorly enough, "*flatterer's* port.")

P. 232. (41) "*Thrive, give him over*," &c.

The second folio has "That thriu'd, *give him over*," &c.—Various alterations have been attempted here: and Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier adopt Johnson's conjecture, "Thrice *give him over*," &c.

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P. 232. (42) "*Has much disgrac'd me in 't*," &c.

See note (37).

P. 232. (43) "*and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.*"

The "*I*" was inserted by the editor of the second folio.—Such is the original arrangement of the passage: but perhaps the following is better,

> "*That I'll requite it last? No: so it may prove*
> *An argument of laughter to the rest,*
> *And* amongst *lords I be thought a fool*,"—

"*lords*" in the last line being a dissyllable, as it sometimes is elsewhere.

P. 233. (44)

"*Save only the gods: now his friends are dead*," &c.

The transposition generally adopted here by the modern editors, "*Save* the gods only: *now*," &c., is no doubt an improvement to the rhythm.

P. 235. (45) "Both Var. Serv."

The folio has "2 Varro."; which the modern editors have misunderstood. It certainly means "The two servants of Varro:" see note (46).

P. 235. (46) "*What do ye ask of me, my friends?*"

The folio has "—— *my* Friend."

P. 235. (47) "Flav. *Ay*," &c.

The usual modern arrangement of this speech is very different; and (though the late Sidney Walker, *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 101, quotes that arrangement as the right one), I agree with Mr. Knight in greatly preferring the old regulation.

P. 236. (48) "Hor. Serv. *And mine, my lord.*"

"In the old copy this speech is given to Varro [to '1 Var.']. I have given it to the servant of Hortensius (who would naturally prefer his claim among the rest), because to the following speech in the old copy is prefixed 2 *Var.*, which, from the words spoken ['And *ours*, my lord'], means, I conceive, 'the two servants of Varro'." MALONE.

P. 236. (49) "*Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all*," &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio has,

"*Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius* Vllorxa: *All*," &c.,—

the strange name "Vllorxa" having crept in, it would seem, by some mistake.

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P. 237. (50) "*My lord*," &c.

Qy. "*My* lords," &c.?

P. 237. (51) "*bruise him.*"

The folio has "*bruise* 'em."

P. 237. (52) "*An honour*," &c.

The folio has "And *Honour*," &c.

P. 237. (53) "*He did behave his anger*," &c.

The folio has "*He did* behooue *his anger*," &c.

P. 238. (54) "*the felon*
Loaden with irons," &c.

Johnson's correction.—The folio has "*The* fellow," &c. (which Boswell defends by observing that "*Fellow* is a common term of contempt"!!!).

P. 239. (55) "*Why, I say, my lords*," &c.

So the second folio.—Mr. Collier prints, with the first folio, "*Why, say, my lords*," &c.,—which he explains "Why, admit, or acknowledge, my lords," &c. But here Alcibiades is not arguing; he is making a simple assertion.

P. 239. (56) "*with 'em.*"

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*with* him."—Perhaps the passage ought to stand thus,—

"*He has made too much plenty with 'em*, he
Is *a sworn rioter*," &c.

but there is no end to doubts about the measure throughout this play.

P. 239. (57) "*If there were no foes, that were enough*," &c.

This halting line has been variously amended by the editors,—"Were there *no foes, that were enough* alone," &c.,—"And, *if there were no foes, that were enough*," &c.

P. 239. (58) "*My honours*," &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*my* Honour," &c.

P. 240. (59) "*Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment?*"

The second folio has "—— *wounds?* ha *Banishment.*"

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P. 240. (60) "Enter divers Lords," &c.

Here the folio has "Enter diuers *Friends*," &c.; while afterwards, p. 243, it has "Enter the Senators, with other Lords," and "Exeunt the Senators;" and prefixes to the respective speeches of the guests "1," "2," "3," "4." As we cannot determine therefore when the speaker is a *Senator* and when he is a *Lord*, I have followed the recent editors in making the prefixes throughout "*First Lord*," "*Second Lord*," &c.

P. 241. (61) "Tim. *Ah, my good friend,—what cheer?*"

After this the folio has "*The Banket brought in*,"—marking the stage-direction prematurely (as is often the case in dramas printed from the prompter's book; that the property-man might be ready with the articles required for the scene: see my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 148). I need hardly add, that the words "*what cheer?*" have no reference to the banquet.

P. 242. (62) "*your fees*," &c.

Has been altered to "*your* foes," &c.—Capell (*Notes*, &c. vol. ii. P. iv. p. 85) understands the old reading to mean "forfeits due to your vengeance."

P. 242. (63) "*lag of people*," &c.

So Rowe.—The folio has "legge *of people*," &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "tag *of people*," &c.

P. 243. (64) "*This is Timon's last;*
Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany."

In the folio the second line stands,—

"*Who stucke and spangled* you with *Flatteries;*"

and so it is given by the more recent editors (without any note), though the correction which the passage so evidently demands was to be found in the eds. of Hanmer, Warburton, and Capell. (Hanmer printed "*Washes* them *off;*" but our early writers not unfrequently make "*it*" refer to a preceding plural.)

P. 243. (65) "Re-enter the Lords."

Here (as already remarked) the folio has "Enter the Senators, with other Lords;" for which in the more recent editions is substituted "Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators,"—Malone informing us in a note that the next two speeches "are spoken by *the newly arrived Lords*,"—as if Timon were giving an evening-party as well as a dinner. But, though the old stage-direction is awkwardly worded, it certainly was intended to have no other meaning than that the nobles who had been driven out by Timon now return to the stage.

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P. 243. (66) "Third Lord. . . .
Sec. Lord." . . .

The folio has,—

"2. . . . . .
3." . . . . .

But see what precedes.

P. 244. (67) "*And let confusion live!*"

So Hanmer.—The folio has "*And* yet *Confusion liue;*"—out of which Johnson, and Mr. Knight after him, endeavour to squeeze the same meaning as the words have with Hanmer's obvious correction.

P. 245. (68) "*From our . . .*
. . *to his,*" &c.

In these lines Mason would transpose "*From*" and "*to.*"

P. 246. (69) "*Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live*
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds," &c.

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector (who re-writes the passage) gives

"*Who would be so mock'd with glory,* as *to live,*" &c.,—

which is also Rowe's alteration; and which I am inclined to think, with a critic in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 457, makes nonsense.—Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar,* &c. p. 393) would read "*or* so *live,*" &c. —From the Preface to Sidney Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification* (p. xxi.) I learn that he concurred with Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector in violently changing "*all what state compounds*" to "*all state* comprehends."

P. 246. (70) "*does still,*" &c.

The folio has "do *still,*" &c.

P. 247. (71) "*Raise me this beggar, and deny't that lord;*
The senator shall," &c.

Here "*deny't,*" which has been tampered with in various ways, is unquestionably right,—the "*it*" meaning (to use Steevens's words) "a proportionable degree of elevation."—The folio has "*The* senators *shall,*" &c.

P. 247. (72) "*the rother's sides,*" &c.

So Mr. Singer (and so too Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "*the* Brothers *sides,*" &c.—Mr. Singer's emendation was published in 1842: yet Mr. Knight retains in 1851 the blunder of the folio.

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P. 247. (73) "*no idle votarist.*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*no* idol-*votarist*:" but see Johnson's note *ad l.*

P. 250. (74)

"Tim. *The gods confound them all in thy conquest;*
And thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!
Alcib. *Why me, Timon?*
Tim. *That, by killing of villains,*
Thou wast born to conquer my country."

So the passage limps in the folio (though Mr. Knight, by mistake, states that here the folio has *prose*).—In the days when editors thought they might alter *ad libitum*, the two first lines assumed this form,—

"Tim. *The gods confound them all* then *in thy conquest,*
And, after thee, *when thou hast conquerèd.*"

P. 250. (75) "*That through the window-bars bore,*" &c.

The folio has "—— *the window* Barne *bore,*" &c.

P. 250. (76) "*thy throat,*" &c.

The folio has "the *throat,*" &c.

P. 250. (77) "*And to make whores, a bawd.*"

See Johnson's note *ad l.*—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*And to make whores* abhorr'd:" but, as Mr. Singer pertinently asks (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 242), "Why should abundance of gold make whores *abhorr'd*?"

P. 252. (78) "*who all thy human sons doth hate,*" &c.

The folio has "*who all* the *humane Sonnes* do *hate,*" &c.

P. 252. (79)

"*Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas,*" &c.

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*marrows*" to "meadows:" but see Johnson's note *ad l.*—Qy. "*Dry up thy* marrowy *vines,*" &c.? the "*Marrowes*" of the folio may be a mistake for "marrowie":—Cotgrave, in his *Dict.*, has "Moëlleux. *Marrowie*, pithie, full of strength or *strong sap.*"

P. 252. (80) "*This is in thee a nature but infected,*" &c.

Here Rowe changed "*infected*" to "affected:"—but, surely, the old reading (in the sense of—diseased) suits better with what immediately follows.

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P. 252. ([81]) "*of fortune.*"

The folio has "*of* future."

P. 253. ([82]) "*that bid welcome,*" &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*that* bad *welcome,*" &c.

P. 253. ([83]) "*these moss'd trees,*" &c.

So Hanmer.—The folio has "*these* moyst *Trees,*" &c.

P. 254. ([84]) "*To such as may the passive drugs of it*
Freely command," &c.

The folio has,

"*To such as may the passiue drugges of it*
Freely command'st," &c.

Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's Ms. Correctors read "—— *the passive* dugs *of it,*" &c.; and Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 394) is confident that the author wrote "—— *the passive* dregs *of it,*" &c. But I think there can hardly be a doubt that here "*drugs*" is equivalent to *drudges*:—Todd (*Johnson's Dict.* sub *Drug*) cites from Huloet, "Drudge, or *drugge*, a servant which doth all the vile service;" and from Barret, "Drudge, a *drug*, or kitchen-slave,"—to which other examples might easily be added.

P. 254. ([85]) "*that poor rag,*" &c.

"If," observes Johnson, "we read '*poor* rogue,' it will correspond rather better to what follows;" and Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 242) says that here the "*ragge*" of the folio is evidently a misprint for "rogue." But "rag" occurs elsewhere in our author as a term of contempt; and it was formerly a very common one.

P. 255. ([86]) "*my company,*" &c.

The folio has "thy *company,*" &c.

P. 257. ([87]) "*I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.*"

Here "*I'll*" has been altered to "I'd:" but in such sentences our old writers frequently use *will* and *should* (just as they also use *will* after *should*; see vol. iv. p. 523, note ([14])).

P. 257. ([88]) "*I swoon,*" &c.

Here the folio has "*I* swoond," &c. (the later folios have "*I* swound"). See note ([87]), p. 88.

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P. 258. (89)
"*More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.*"

The folio prefixes "*Ape.*" to this line, and has "*abhorre* then."

P. 258. (90) "*the falling-from of his friends,*" &c.

Has been (very badly) altered to "*the falling* off *of friends,*" &c.; and by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "*the falling from* him *of his friends,*" &c.

P. 259. (91) "*Do villany, do, since you protest to do't,*" &c.

The folio has "*Do* Villaine *do,*" &c.

P. 259. (92) "*steal not less,*" &c.

The "*not*" was inserted by Rowe.

P. 260. (93) "*if thou grant'st,*" &c.

The folio has "*if thou* grunt'st," &c.

P. 260. (94) "*I never had honest man about me, I; all,*" &c.

The editors have taken various liberties with this speech.—The second "*I*" would be better omitted: Mr. Knight alters it to "ay;" but here the negative adverb, not the affirmative, is required.

P. 261. (95) "*It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.*"

So Warburton (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "—— *nature* wild;"—which has been defended!

P. 262. (96) "*If thou hat'st curses,*
Stay not; fly, whilst thou art bless'd and free," &c.

The second line has been amended to, "*Stay not;* but *fly whilst,*" &c.; and so probably the author wrote.—In the more recent editions (Mr. Knight's excepted) the passage is thus rather awkwardly arranged,—

"*If thou hat'st*
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt *bless'd and free,*" &c.

P. 263. (97) "*black-corner'd night,*" &c.

This odd epithet, "*black-corner'd,*" has drawn forth an odd explanation from Steevens, and several odd conjectural emendations from others.—Qy. "*black*-curtain'd *night,*" &c.?

P. 263. (98) "*be worship!*"

The folio has "*be* worshipt."

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P. 264. ([99]) "*Whose thankless natures—O abhorrèd spirits!—*
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough," &c.

i.e. *For* whose thankless natures, &c.; which I mention because the passage is wrongly pointed by the modern editors. (Compare *The Tempest*, act i. sc. 2;

"Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough," &c.)

P. 265. ([100])
"*You have done work for me, there's payment: hence!*"

The folio has "*You haue work for me*," &c.—I adopt Malone's correction (though it is pronounced to be "hasty" by Mr. Knight, who retains the old reading, with a strange interpretation).—Hanmer printed "*You have* work'd *for me; there's* your *payment, hence!*" &c.

P. 265. ([101]) "*It is in-vain that*," &c.

So the third folio.—The earlier folios have "*It is vain that*," &c. (Afterwards, p. 267, the same speaker says to the same persons, "Stay not, all 's *in* vain.")

P. 266. ([102]) "*And chance it*," &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*And* chanc'd *it*," &c.

P. 266. ([103]) "*feeling in itself*
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon," &c.

The folio has,

"—— *hath* since *withall*
Of it *owne* fall, *restraining*," &c.

Hanmer altered "fall" to "fault:" Capell printed "*fail*,"—which is manifestly the genuine reading: the Senator means to say,—"At the same time that they feel a lack of Timon's aid, they feel also how they failed (or, how faulty they were) in withholding their aid from Timon."—The substantive "*fail*" was formerly common: in *The Winter's Tale*, act ii. sc. 3, we have

"Mark, and perform it,—seest thou? for the *fail*
Of any point in 't," &c.

and in *Cymbeline*, act iii. sc. 4, "From thy great *fail*." (Johnson explains "*hath sense of its own* fall" to mean "The Athenians *had sense*, that is, felt the danger *of their own fall* by the arms of Alcibiades:" but *that* is sufficiently implied in the preceding declaration, "feeling a lack of Timon's aid;" and besides it has no fitness when taken in connection with what immediately follows, "restraining aid to Timon."—Malone "once suspected that our author wrote 'fail':" he, however, eventually persuaded himself that the old reading was fully supported by the occurrence of the word "fall" in two subsequent passages of the play.)

P. 268. ([104]) "*let him take his haste,*
Come hither," &c.

Here the very suspicious expression, "*take his haste*," is changed by Mr. Col-

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lier's Ms. Corrector to "*take his* halter,"—perhaps the true reading. (This alteration was obligingly communicated to me by Mr. Collier, who till lately had overlooked it, the ink with which it is written in his folio being much faded.)

P. 268. (105) "*Who once a day*," &c.

The second folio has "Which *once a day*," &c.—Malone printed "Whom *once a day*," &c., referring "whom" to Timon.—But here, as in sundry other passages of these plays, the "who" of the first folio is used for "whom," (i.e. *which*,—see vol. iv. p. 642, note (93)), and is the relative to "everlasting mansion."

P. 269. (106) "*Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,*
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends."

Hanmer printed;

"And, *though in general part we were oppos'd,*
Yet our old love had *a particular force*," &c.

and Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 244) proposes;

"When, *though* on several *part we were oppos'd,*
Yet our old love had *a particular force*," &c.

But the only questionable word of this passage is the "*made*" in the second line. As to "*whom*,"—it is merely an old ungrammatical use of the relative.

P. 270. (107) "*Some beast rear'd this*," &c.

Warburton's correction.—The folio has "*Some Beast* reade *this*," &c.

P. 271. (108) "*griefs*," &c.

"The old copy has—*grief*; but, as the Senator in his preceding speech uses the plural, *grief* was probably here an error of the press [or of the transcriber]. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald." Malone.

P. 271. (109) "*revenges*," &c.

"Old copy—*revenge*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. See the preceding speech." Malone.

P. 272. (110) "*Descend*," &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio has "Defend," &c.

P. 272. (111)

"*But shall be render'd to your public laws*," &c.

The folio has "*But shall be* remedied *to your*," &c.; which the editor of the second folio altered to "—— remedied by *your*," &c.—Mason saw (what the earlier critics ought to have seen) that here "remedied" was an error for "*render'd*."

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.

CICERO,
PUBLIUS,
POPILIUS LENA, } senators.

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, } conspirators against Julius Cæsar.

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.

ARTEMIDORUS, a sophist of Cnidos.

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, a poet. Another Poet.

LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS,
MESSALA,
Young CATO,
VOLUMNIUS, } friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO,
LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS, } servants to Brutus.

PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, wife to Cæsar.

PORTIA, wife to Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—*during a great part of the play at Rome; afterwards at Sardis, and near Philippi.*

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JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS,(1) *and a rabble of* Citizens.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a labouring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

First Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

First Cit. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar.(2) What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I

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meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
See, whêr their basest metal be not mov'd;

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They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.
Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course;* CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA; *a great crowd following, among them a* Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.
[*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius'[8] way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.
Ant. Cæsar, my lord?
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touchèd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*
Sooth. Cæsar!
Cæs. Ha! who calls?

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Casca. Bid every noise be still:—peace yet again!

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, "Cæsar." Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one),
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;

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By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher,(4) or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [*Flourish and shout.*
Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,

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And I will look on both indifferently;
For, let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy:
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tirèd Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

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Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls(5) encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this, and of these times,

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I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his Train.*

Bru. I will do so:—but, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter!—but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;

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He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear,—for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train. Casca stays behind.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not, then, ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it.

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Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned,(6) and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like,—he hath the falling-sickness.(7)

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut:—an I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

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Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest(8) his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion

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That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glancèd at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides (I ha' not since put up my sword),
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd(9) upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformèd with their fear; who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies

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Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons,—they are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposèd time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night, then, Casca: this disturbèd sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit Cicero.*

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who 's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this! (10)

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbracèd, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:

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But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and preformèd faculties,
To monstrous quality;—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,—
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

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Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made: but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:(11)
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like(12) the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna,—I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

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Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?
Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There 's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—
Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome.* BRUTUS'S *orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:

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And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found [*Giving him a letter.*
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? (13)

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light, that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads.*

"Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"—
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors (14) did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen (15) days.
[*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
[*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing

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And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,(16)
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path,(17) thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

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Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.—
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear

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Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,—
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar:
Let 's be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:

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O, that we, then, could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

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And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does,—being then most flatterèd.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus:—
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all except Brutus.*

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey heavy(18) dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently, Brutus,

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Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do:—good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick,—and is it physical
To walk unbracèd, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,—
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurgèd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you,—for here have been

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Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,—
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart:
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*]—Lucius, who 's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS *with* LIGARIUS.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

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Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius,—how!

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in* CÆSAR'S *palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, *in his night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!"—Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,

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And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanishèd.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelpèd in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight(19) upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them!

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

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Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.
Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are(20) two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:—
And Cæsar shall go forth.
Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to-day,—tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will,—I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,

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Because I love you, I will let you know,—
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,(21)
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings, and(22) portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now,—the senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid"?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamèd I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

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Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—now, Metellus:—what, Trebonius
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. [*aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a paper.*

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

"ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.

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My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Another part of the same street, before the house of* BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS.(23)

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?
Art. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?

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Art. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Art. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Art. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?
Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I must go in.—Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint.—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. The Capitol; the* Senate *sitting.*

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

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Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR *enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the* Senators *rise.*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar.*
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discoverèd.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes; (24)
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar and the Senators take their seats.*
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Casca. Are we all ready? (25)
Cæs. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

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Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart,— [*Kneeling.*
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings(26) and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law(27) of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crookèd(28) curt'sies, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banishèd:
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world,—'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,

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Let me a little show it, even in this,—
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[*Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and last by Marcus Brutus.*

Cæs. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar!

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so:—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,

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And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas.(29) Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states(30) unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies(31) along
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Bru. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Servant.

A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:—
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead

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So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Bru. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:

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Our hearts you see not,—they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice,(32) and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.—(33)

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O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compáct mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That 's all I seek:
And am moreover süitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do: do not consent [*Aside to Bru.*
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.

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It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all except Antony.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livèd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand (34) that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs (35) of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

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Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for[36] mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began[37] to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

SCENE II. *The same. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be renderèd
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them renderèd.

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[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the rostrum.*

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: there is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens. Live, Brutus! live, live!

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First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.
Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.
Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.
Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.(38)
First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.
Bru. My countrymen,—
Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.
First Cit. Peace, ho!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*
First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. [*Goes up.*
Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
Third Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

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Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once,—not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

Third Cit. There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

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Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,—
I found it in his closet,—'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

Fourth Cit. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will,—Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!

Citizens. The will! the testament!

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Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend. [*Antony comes down.*

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens. Stand back; room; bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,(39)
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel

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The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged: revenge,—about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay,—let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;—
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it;—they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit,(40) nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

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Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not,—I must tell you, then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true;—the will:—let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal:—
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar!—we 'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever,—common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never.—Come, away, away!
We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work:—mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

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Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Enter CINNA *the poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky(41) charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly:—Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry:—you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

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Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. A room in* ANTONY'S *house.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent,—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,

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To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will:
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,—
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;—
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abject orts(42) and imitations,
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;(43)
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answerèd.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before* BRUTUS' *tent, in the camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and* Soldiers; TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meeting them.*

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

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Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*
Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.
Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforcèd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*
Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and* Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
Within. Stand!
Within. Stand!

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Within. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you(44) the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*(45)

SCENE III. *Within the tent of* BRUTUS.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,—
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let(46) me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,

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Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay (47) not me,—
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,

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I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble(48) men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not!

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him!

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection;—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

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Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool that brought
My answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus'(49) mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

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Cas. O Brutus,—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet. [*within*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [*within*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, *followed by* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cas. How now! what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?—
Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone!

[*Exit Poet.*

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine!

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

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Cas. How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*
Bru. Come in, Titinius!

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here receivèd letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one!

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Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:—
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-aided,(50) and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,

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That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell, good Messala:—
Good night, Titinius:—noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt Cas. Tit. and Mes.*

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.

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Call Claudius(51) and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Var. and Clau. lie down.*
Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*
This is a sleepy tune:—O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.—
Let me see, let me see;—is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*Sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?

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I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;
Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. [*Exit Ghost.*
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy, Lucius!—Varro! Claudius!—Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah Claudius!
Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT V.

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answerèd:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their* Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows:—is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

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Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are[52] yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you[53] flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look,—
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty[54] wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away!—

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Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.(55)

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. My lord?

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former(56) ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,

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Let 's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you, then, determinèd to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time(57) of life:—arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud alarum.*

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Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—
[*Pindarus goes up.*(58)
This day I breathèd first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*above*] O my lord!

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Cas. What news?

Pin. [*above*] Titinius is enclosèd round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;—
Now, Titinius!—Now some light:—O, he lights too:—
He's ta'en;—and, hark! they shout for joy. [*Shout.*

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

PINDARUS *descends.*

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,

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But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,—
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomèd,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Messala.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstru'd every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum. *Re-enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

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Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whêr he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The(59) last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos(60) send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato;—let us to the field.—
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers *of both armies; then* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the enemy.*

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
[*Exit, charging the enemy. Young Cato is overpowered, and falls.*

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

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Lucil. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sold. I'll tell the news:—here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whêr Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispering him.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace, then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers him.*

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Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night,—at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts,[61] whilst I run on it.

Vol. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within,* "Fly, fly, fly!"

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Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.—
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

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Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

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P. 293. (1) "MARULLUS," &c.

In the folio he is called "Murellus."

P. 293. (2)

"Mar. *What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?*"

This is given in the folio to "Fla.": but the next speech of Marullus ("mend ME, thou saucy fellow!") distinctly proves that *he* is the speaker here.

P. 295. (3) "*in Antonius' way*," &c.

"The old copy generally reads—*Antonio, Octavio, Flavio* [, *Claudio*]. The players were more accustomed to Italian than Roman terminations," &c. STEEVENS.

P. 297. (4) "*a common laugher*," &c.

The folio has "*a common* Laughter," &c.

P. 299. (5) "*That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?*"

The folio has "*That her wide* Walkes," &c.; which is retained by the more recent editors, though the error had been corrected long ago.

P. 302. (6) "*swooned*," &c.

Here the folio has "swoonded," &c., and in the next speech "swound."—See note (97), p. 88.

P. 302. (7) "'*Tis very like,—he hath the falling-sickness.*"

The folio has no point after "*like*;" and so Mr. Collier gives the line. But Brutus certainly does not mean to say "It is very likely that Cæsar hath the falling sickness:"—Brutus knew well that Cæsar had it. Compare North's *Plutarch*: "he [Cæsar] was leane, white, and soft-skinned, and *often subiect* to head-ach, and otherwhile *to the falling sickenesse* (the which tooke him the first time, as it is reported, in Cordvba, a city of Spaine)," &c. p. 719, ed. 1612.

P. 303. (8) "*to digest*," &c.

Here the folio has "*to* disgest," &c.; but afterwards, p. 346, it has "You shall *digest*," &c.

P. 304. (9) "*Who glar'd upon me*," &c.

The folio has "*Who* glaz'd *vpon me*," &c.

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P. 305. (10) "*what night is this!*"

The folio has an interrogation-point after these words, and the modern editors retain it,—most erroneously. Casca is not putting a question, but uttering an exclamation of surprise: here "*what night is this!*" is equivalent to "*what a night is this!*"—In such exclamations it was not unusual to omit "a:" so in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act i. sc. 2,

> "*What fool* is she, that knows I am a maid,
> And would not force the letter to my view!"

and in *Twelfth-Night*, act ii. sc. 5,

> "*Fab. What dish* o' poison has she dressed him!
> *Sir To.* And with *what wing* the staniel checks at it!"

P. 307. (11) "*Hold, my hand,*" &c.

In most of the modern editions the comma after "*Hold*" is improperly omitted. The expression is elliptical: if complete, it would be, "Hold, there 's my hand," &c.,—like

> "*Holde*, ther's my swoord, and with my swoord my heart."
> *A Pleasant Commodie, called Looke about you*, 1600, sig. E 4.

and

> "*Holde thee*, George Bettes, ther's my hand and my hart."
> *Sir Thomas More* (a play printed from a Ms. for the Shakespeare Soc.), p. 5.

P. 307. (12) "*And the complexion of the element*
In favour's like," &c.

So Johnson.—The folio has "Is *Fauors, like,*" &c. (Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 148) would read "It favours *like,*" &c., and observes, "*it favours*" is a common English phrase, now degraded into the rank of vulgarisms, denoting the same thing as *it resembles*. In some parts of the country they still say of a child that it *favours of* some uncle or other relation," &c. But do they ever say—it *favours* LIKE some uncle, &c.?)

P. 310. (13) "*the ides of March?*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "*the* first *of March?*"

P. 310. (14) "*My ancestors,*" &c.

Qy. "*My* ancestor," &c.?

P. 310. (15) "*fourteen days.*"

So Theobald.—The folio has "fifteene *dayes.*"

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P. 311. ([16]) "*the state of man*," &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*the state of* a *man*," &c., which Malone and Mr. Knight defend, though the "a" evidently crept in by the mistake of the transcriber or compositor. If Mr. Knight will turn to his *National Edition of Shakespeare*, he will find that, in act iv. sc. 3 of the present play, his printer has thus falsified the text by inserting the article,—

"I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say ▲ better?"

P. 311. ([17]) "*For if thou path, thy native semblance on*," &c.

Here the reading "*path*" is somewhat doubtful; for,—not to lay any stress on the folio having no comma after that word,—in the two passages which Steevens *ad l.* cites from Drayton, "*path*" is a verb active ("her passage Way doth *path*,"—"*Pathing* young Henry's unadvised ways").—Southern (in his copy of the fourth folio) altered "*path*" to "put;" and Coleridge proposed the same alteration.—Mr. Grant White observes; "The quarto of 1691 reads,

'For if thou *hath* thy native semblance on,' &c.

I do not mean to say that *hath* is the [right] word; but neither do I believe that it is a mere misprint in the old quarto. 'Hath' is very frequently used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries for 'have,' &c." *Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 396.

P. 315. ([18]) "*the honey heavy dew of slumber*," &c.

The folio has "*the* hony-heauy-Dew *of*," &c.: but this, I apprehend, belongs to that class of passages in which (as I have distinctly shown,—see vol. iii. p. 265, note ([42])) the folio introduces the hyphen improperly. If the words stand in the right order, they must be understood as equivalent to—the honied and heavy dew of slumber.—The two Ms. Correctors,—Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's,—make a transposition here,—"*the* heavy honey-*dew of slumber*," &c.

P. 319. ([19]) "*Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,*
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek," &c.

The word "*fight*" in the first line, though not questioned by any of the editors, would seem from what follows ("Which drizzl*ed* blood," &c.) to be an error for "fought;" since we cannot suppose that here the poet used "*fight*" as a past tense. In the fifth line the folio has "*Horses* do *neigh*," &c., which the editor of the second folio properly corrected. ("The tenses," says Mr. Knight, "we have no doubt, are purposely confounded, in the vague terror of the speaker"!)

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P. 320. (20) "*We are two lions litter'd in one day*," &c.

So Upton (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "*We* heare *two Lyons*," &c.—Theobald printed "*We* were *two lions*," &c.

P. 321. (21) "*statua*," &c.

The folio has "statue," &c.—See vol. iv. p. 196, note (42).

P. 321. (22) "*And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,*
And evils imminent," &c.

Has been altered to

"—— *for warnings, portents*
Of *evils imminent*," &c.

(and there is certainly nothing in Henley's assertion—that the alteration of "*And*" to "Of" tends to weaken the force of the expressions, &c.)

P. 323. (23) "Enter ARTEMIDORUS."

The folio has "Enter the Soothsayer," and subsequently prefixes to his speeches in this scene "Sooth."—"The introduction of the Soothsayer here is unnecessary, and, I think, improper. All that he is made to say should be given to Artemidorus; who is seen and accosted by Portia in his passage from his first stand to one more convenient." TYRWHITT.—Here the alteration of "the Soothsayer" to "*Artemidorus*" was made by Rowe, and adopted by Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton; nor do I well see how any one can read the dialogue which follows, without being convinced that Portia is *not* speaking to *the Soothsayer*.

P. 325. (24) "*our purposes*," &c.

Has been altered to "*our* purpose," &c., —and rightly perhaps, as Casca, a little above, speaks of "*our* purpose:" but in the preceding act, p. 315, Brutus says, "Let not our looks put on *our purposes*," &c.

P. 325. (25) "*Are we all ready?*"

In the folio these words stand as the commencement of the next speech.—Ritson saw the impropriety of their being uttered by Cæsar; and proposed making them a portion of the preceding speech.—With Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, I have transferred them to Casca, in whose mouth they form a very natural rejoinder to what Cinna has just said.

P. 326. (26) "*These couchings*," &c.

Here Hanmer and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitute "*These* crouchings,"

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&c.,—unnecessarily. "*Couching* had the same meaning as *crouching*; thus Huloet: *cowche*, like a dogge; Procumbo, Prosterno." Singer's *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 246.

P. 326. (27) "*Into the law of children.*"

So Johnson (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The folio has "*Into the* lane *of children.*"

P. 326. (28) "*Low-crookèd curt'sies,*" &c.

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*crookèd*" to "crouched:" but "Low-*crooked* is the same as low-*crouched*; for Huloet has *crooke*-backed or *crowche*-backed, and to *crook* was to *bow.*" Singer's *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 246.

P. 328. (29) "*Cas.*"

The folio has "Cask."

P. 328. (30) "*In states,*" &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*In* state," &c.

P. 328. (31) "*lies along,*" &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio has "lye *along,*" &c.

P. 330. (32) "*For your part,*
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts," &c.

In spite of Steevens's ingenious explanation of this passage, the old text is not a little doubtful. The same critic conjectured, and Capell printed,

"*For your part,*
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony,
Our arms no *strength of malice; and our hearts,*" &c.—

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, without altering the punctuation, changes "*malice*" to a word which no way resembles it in the *ductus literarum*,—"welcome."

P. 330. (33) "*crimson'd in thy lethe.*"

Here Theobald and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alter "*lethe*" to "death:" but see Steevens's note *ad l.* (Nares, *Gloss.* sub "Lethe," observes that the word when used, as it is here, in the sense of *death*, "must be formed from *lethum*, not *lethé.*")

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P. 332. (34) "*Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!*"

Qy. "*Woe to the* hands *that*," &c.? Antony has previously (p. 329) said to the conspirators,—

"Now, whilst your purpled *hands* do reek," &c.

P. 332. (35) "*A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;*
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber," &c.

Here the expression, "*the* limbs *of men*," is questionable in the extreme (though defended by Capell, Steevens, and Malone,—Steevens citing from Phaer's *Æneid* "*limmes of men*," as if the words were not easily to be found in a hundred other books!).—Hanmer reads "*the* kind *of men*;" Warburton "*the* line *of men*;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, "*the* loins *of men*;" emendations which hardly deserve to be mentioned.—Johnson conjectures "*the* lives *of men*;" a highly probable reading,—Antony first declaring *generally* that a curse is to light upon the inhabitants of Italy, and then proceeding to specify *particularly* in what that curse is to consist.

P. 333. (36) "*for mine eyes*," &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio has "from *mine eyes*," &c.

P. 333. (37) "*Began to water.*"

Qy. "Begin *to water*"?

P. 335. (38) "*Shall be crown'd in Brutus.*"

Mr. Collier prints "*Shall* now *be crown'd*," &c., by an oversight doubtless,—the "now" being a modern interpolation. But the integrity of the old text here is far from certain.

P. 338. (39) "*Even at the base of Pompey's statua.*"

The folio has "—— Statue." See vol. iv. p. 196, note (43).—(Here Mr. Knight remarks: "In this passage, and in a previous instance, the word *statua* has been substituted for the English word. What we gain in the harmony of the verse we lose in the simplicity of the expression, by this alteration." But he forgets that when Shakespeare wrote, *statua* was quite as common as *statue*, even in the most vulgar prose.)

P. 339. (40) "*neither wit, nor words*," &c.

The folio has "*neyther* writ *nor words*," &c. (which more than one editor has retained,—"writ" meaning "penned or premeditated oration" !!).—The correction was made in the second folio.

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P. 341. (41) "*I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,*
And things unlucky charge my fantasy," &c.

The folio has "unluckily;" which Warburton rightly altered to "*unlucky.*" (Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "unlikely;" of which Mr. Collier approves, because "Why should Cinna consider it unlucky to dream of feasting with Cæsar?" Steevens has given the reason *ad l.*: "I learn," he says, "from an old black-letter treatise on Fortune-telling, &c. that to dream 'of being at *banquets*, betokeneth misfortune, &c.'"

P. 343. (42) "*one that feeds*
On abject orts and imitations,
Which," &c.

The folio has "*On* Obiects, Arts, *and Imitations,*" &c.—I adopt Theobald's correction, "*On abject orts,*" &c.,—"i.e. on the scraps and fragments of things rejected and despised by others,"—a correction which Capell (*Notes*, &c. vol. i. P. ii. p. 110) calls "decisive" on account of the preceding "*feeds,*" and which at least is strongly supported by that word. (Shakespeare elsewhere has,

"The fractions of her faith, *orts* of her love," &c.
Troilus and Cressida, act v. sc. 3.

"It is some poor fragment, some slender *ort* of his remainder," &c. *Timon of Athens*, act iv. sc. 3.

"Let him have time a beggar's *orts* to crave," &c.
Rape of Lucrece.)—

Steevens, who brought back the old reading, first asserts that "objects" means "*speculative knowledge,*" and that "arts" means "*mechanic operations;*" and then adds "*objects*, however, may mean things *objected* or thrown out to him:" but of what follows,—

"*and imitations,*
Which, out of use," &c.,—

he prudently takes no notice, for it is quite sufficient to prove that his explanations are nonsense.—Malone too adheres to the original text: "*objects,*" he says, "means, in Shakespeare's language, whatever is presented to the eye [which it generally means *in every body's language*]. So, in *Timon of Athens*, 'Swear against *objects*,'" &c.—Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight also retain the lection of the folio; Mr. Collier, without any remark; and Mr. Knight, with a note, in which, after declaring that the whole difficulty of the passage has been created by the modern editors putting a semicolon, instead of a comma, after "*imitations,*" he proceeds thus; "It is marvellous that the editors have not seen that Lepidus is called barren, because, a mere follower of others, he feeds

'On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, *out of use, and stal'd by other men,*
Begin his fashion.'"

And can Mr. Knight seriously believe that the substitution of a comma for a semicolon materially affects the sense of the passage, or renders it a whit

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more intelligible?—Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 398) would read

"*one that feeds*
On abject arts *and imitations*," &c.:

but "*abject* arts," I apprehend, could only mean "*abject* artifices;" and that meaning does not suit the context.

P. 343. (43) "*Our best friends made, our means stretch'd*," &c.

From this line something has dropped out.—Mr. Collier prints, with the second folio, "*Our best friends made*, and *our* best *means stretch'd* out," &c.; and observes; "This is one of the cases in which the second folio comes in aid of the defects of the first. Malone thus pieced out the line, '*Our best friends made, our means stretch'd* to the utmost,' which is not only a bad verse, but is supported by no authority."—Whatever may be the comparative merits of these two refictions, it is quite clear to my mind that the editor of the second folio had no more "authority" for his dealings with the text than Malone had. In some of his slighter corrections he is obviously right, and, of course, to be followed; but not when, as here, he makes three interpolations in a single verse. (On a line in the preceding scene, p. 340, "And with the brands fire the traitors' houses," Mr. Collier has remarked, "The folio, 1632, reads, 'fire *all* the traitors' houses;' but needlessly, as 'fire' was often used as a dissyllable.")

P. 345. (44) "*Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man*
Come to our tent till we have done our conference."

Has been altered to "*Lucilius, do the like; and let no man*," &c.; but see note (46): and one editor boldly printed,

"*Lucilius,*
Do you the like; and let no man, Lucilius,
Come to our tent," &c.

P. 345. (45) "[Exeunt.

Scene III," &c.

The folio has

"Exeunt.
Manet Brutus and Cassius:"—

on which Mr. Knight remarks, "In the Shakespearean theatre Brutus and Cassius evidently retired to the secondary stage." But the "*Manet*" of the folio shows, I think, that Mr. Knight is mistaken, and that here the audience were to *suppose* (as they frequently had to *suppose*) a change of scene.

P. 345. (46) "*Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself*," &c.

Has been amended to "Yet *let me tell you*," &c.; and to "And *let me tell you*,"

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&c.; and, no doubt, verses like this, where "the first syllable of the line appears to be omitted," are very suspicious: see Sidney Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 135.

P. 346. (47) "*I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,*
Than such a Roman.
Cas. *Brutus, bay not me*," &c.

The folio has "*Brutus*, baite *not me*," &c.; which is retained by Malone and his successors in direct opposition to common sense; for the veriest child might perceive that the author intended Cassius to echo the word used by Brutus. Here, with a view to such a repetition, the editor of the second folio printed "—— *and* baite *the Moone*," &c.: but assuredly the error lies, not in the first speech, but in the second (where "baite" grew out of "*baie*").

P. 347. (48) "*I shall be glad to learn of noble men.*"

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, having an eye to what Cassius has said a little before,

"Older in practice, *abler* than yourself
To make conditions,"—

substitutes "—— *of* abler *men*." But the old reading is not to be displaced.

P. 348. (49) "*Plutus' mine*," &c.

The folio has "Pluto's *Mine*," &c. See vol. iv. p. 643, note (47).

P. 351. (50) "*new-aided, and encourag'd*," &c.

The folio has "*new* added, *and encourag'd*," &c.—The emendation, "*new-aided*," occurred both to Mr. Singer (see *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 247) and to myself (see *A Few Notes*, &c. p. 116); nor do I think it the less certain because a critic in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 459, is pleased to declare that "no change is necessary."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes strangely "*new*-hearted."

P. 353. (51) "*Claudius*," &c.

Here the folio has "Claudio," &c., and, in the next speech, "Varrus *and* Claudio." See note (3).

P. 356. (52) "*The posture of your blows are yet unknown*," &c.

See vol. ii. p. 169, note (44).

P. 356. (53)
"*Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!*
Cas. *Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself*," &c.

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The redundancy of the first line has been cured by the omission of "*you*;" but the editors have not attempted to remedy the deficiency of the second line.—Sidney Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 136) says, "We ought to arrange,—

'—— O flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers!
Now, Brutus, thank yourself;'

a six-syllable line:" but qy?

P. 356. (⁸⁴) "*Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds*
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors."

Here Theobald altered "*three-and-thirty*" to "*three and* twenty."—Ritson advocates the old reading, observing that Beaumont and Fletcher have fallen into a similar mistake in their *Noble Gentlemen*, where they speak of "Cæsar's *two and thirty* wounds."—In the last line Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—— *to the* word *of traitors*,"—a most unhappy alteration. Surely, Octavius means—"or till you, traitors, have added the crime of slaying me (another Cæsar) to that of having murdered Julius."

P. 357. (⁸⁵)
"*The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.*
Bru. *Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.*
Lucil. *My lord?*"

Here some editors have omitted "*Ho*," while some others have adopted the very awkward arrangement,—

"Bru. *Ho!*
Lucilius! hark," &c.,—

(which Sidney Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*," &c. p. 76) would make still more objectionable by printing,

"—— *and* all's *on* th' *hazard.*
Bru. *Ho!*
Lucilius," &c.)—

That, when proper names are introduced, Shakespeare does not always observe strict measure, we have already had several proofs in other plays: and compare, in this tragedy, p. 349,

"Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare," &c.

Indeed, the present passage is immediately followed by an instance of it,—

"*Cas.* Messala,—
Mes. What says my general?
Cas. Messala,
This is," &c.

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P. 357. (56) "*our former ensign*," &c.

After the notes in the *Varior. Shakespeare* on this passage, I cannot but wonder at Mr. Collier's saying that the alteration of his Ms. Corrector, "*our* forward *ensign*," &c., "is probably right."

P. 358. (57) "*The time of life*," &c.

Has been altered, most unnecessarily, to "*The* term *of life*," &c.

P. 359. (58) "[Pindarus goes up."

Here the folio has no stage-direction; but to the next speech of Pindarus it prefixes "*Aboue*,"—which proves that, when this play was originally acted, Pindarus took his station on the upper-stage.

P. 362. (59) "*The last of all the Romans*," &c.

Rowe printed "Thou *last of*," &c.: but see Malone's note *ad l.*

P. 362. (60)

"*Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:*
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us."

The folio has "—— *and to* Tharsus *send*," &c.—The more correct form of the name is *Thasos* or *Thasus:* but, as Steevens observes, "it is *Thassos* in Sir Thomas North's translation [of *Plutarch*]:"—where the words are; "and sent it to the citie of *Thassos*, fearing lest *his funerals* within his campe should cause great disorder." p. 1010, ed. 1612. This shows how improperly "*funerals*" in our text has been altered to "funeral:" and compare, in p. 14 of the present vol.,—

"and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for *his funerals.*"

and Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*, act v. sc. 2,

"an hundred piles
Already to *my funerals* are flaming!"

Nor is the alteration required on account of the "*it*," considering how that pronoun was formerly used.

P. 364. (61) "*Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst*," &c.

Altered in the third folio to "—— *my* Swords hilt, *whilst*," &c.,—without regard to the older phraseology.

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MACBETH.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, king of Scotland.
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } his sons.
MACBETH, BANQUO, } generals of the King's army.
MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, } noblemen of Scotland.
FLEANCE, son to Banquo.
SIWARD, earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.
Young SIWARD, his son.
SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.
Boy, son to Macduff.
An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Soldier.
A Porter.
An Old Man.

Lady MACBETH.
Lady MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

Hecate.
Three Witches.
Apparitions.

SCENE—*in the end of the fourth act, in England; through the rest of the play, in Scotland.*

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MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An open place.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!
All.(1) Paddock calls:—anon!—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Witches vanish.*

SCENE II. *A camp near Forres.*

Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *with* Attendants, *meeting a bleeding* Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought

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'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.
Sold. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel,—for, to that,
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses (2) is supplied;
And fortune, on his damnèd quarrel (3) smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak:
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage till he fac'd the slave;
Which (4) ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Sold. As whence the sun gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break; (5)
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sold. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,

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Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both.—Go get him surgeons.

[*Exit Soldier, attended.*

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems(6) to speak things strange.

Enter Ross.(7)

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold.(8)
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursèd, at Saint Colmes-inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:—go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE III. *A heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—"Give me,"
quoth I:
"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou art kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.(9)
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary seven-nights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.—
Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:

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Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:—
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres? (10)—What are these
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her chappy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal:—to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak, then, to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

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So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind.—Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Mac. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too,—went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words.—Who's here?

Enter ROSS *and* ANGUS.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail[11]
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;

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Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind [*aside*].—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme [*aside*].—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting [*Aside.*
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,

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And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [*aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [*aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Forres. A room in the palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, *and* Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are (12) not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth

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A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.
Dun. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, *and* ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.
Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so: let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter

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The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo,—he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed,—
It is a banquet to me. Let 's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Inverness. A room in* MACBETH'S *castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet do I fear thy nature;

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It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true:—our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Attendant.*
The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come,(13) you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances

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You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket(14) of the dark,
To cry, "Hold, hold!"

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present,(15) and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters:—to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady Macb. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Before the castle.*

Hautboys. Servants *of* MACBETH *attending.* *Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, *and* Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air

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Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet,(16) does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most(17) breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess!—
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.
Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.
Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.
Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VII. *The same. A lobby in the castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over, a Sewer, *and divers* Servants *with dishes and service. Then enter* MACBETH.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal(18) of time,—
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this(19) even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.(20)

Enter Lady MACBETH.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

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Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage?
Macb. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do(21) more is none.
Lady M. What beast(22) was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.
Macb. If we should fail?
Lady M. We fail!(23)
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,

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That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbec only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenchèd natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Inverness. Court of* MACBETH'S *castle.*

Enter BANQUO, *preceded by* FLEANCE *with a torch.*(24)

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword:—there's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out:—take thee that too.—
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep:—merciful powers,

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Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword.—
Who 's there?

Enter MACBETH, *and a* Servant *with a torch.*

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your officers: (25)
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All 's well.—
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but

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A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There 's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one-half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates(26)
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides,(27) towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—Hark!—Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.—He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

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Macb. [*within*] Who's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.(28)—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My husband!

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—
Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cried, "God bless us!" and "Amen," the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, "Amen,"
When they did say, "God bless us."

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep,

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Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more,—Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things.—Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:

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How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
[*Knocking within.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter a Porter. *Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't.—[*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator.—[*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.—[*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter MACDUFF *and* LENNOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery,

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sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Re-enter MACBETH.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events
New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

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Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves. [*Exeunt Macb. and Len.*
Awake, awake!—
Ring the alarum-bell:—murder and treason!—
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! (29) [*Alarum-bell rings.*

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Re-enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!

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What, in our house?

Ban. . Too cruel any where.—
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENNOX.(30)

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessèd time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd,—the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows:
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,

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That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all except Malcolm and Donalbain.*

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,

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But shift away: there's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Without the castle.*

Enter Ross *and an* old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling(31) lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?
Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.
Ross. And Duncan's horses (a thing most strange and certain),
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.
Ross. They did so,—to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.—Here comes the good Macduff.

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

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Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd. He is already nam'd; and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Ross. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Ross. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there,—
adieu,—
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Ross. Farewell, father.
Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Forres. A room in the palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now,—king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine),

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Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, *as king;* Lady MACBETH, *as queen;* LENNOX, Ross, Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Let[32] your highness
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.
Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit Banquo.*

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Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you![33]
[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.*
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?
Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.
Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*
To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed[34] of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit Attendant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

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First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
Say, "Thus did Banquo."

First Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not(35) i' the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world

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Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
First Mur. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
Both Mur. True, my lord.
Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
First Mur. Though our lives—
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.
Both Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.
Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.
[*Exeunt Murderers.*

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It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the palace.*

Enter Lady MACBETH *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd(36) the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint,
Both the worlds suffer,(37)
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace,(38) have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;

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Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.
Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we(39)
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces visards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.
Macb. There 's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky(40) wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.—
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A park, with a gate leading to the palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

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Third Mur. Macbeth.

Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*within*] Give us a light there, ho!

Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.

First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace-gate
Make it their walk.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Third Mur. 'Tis he.

First Mur. Stand to 't.

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a torch.*(41)

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

First Mur. Let it come down.

[*Assaults Banquo.*

Ban. O, treachery!—Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge.—O slave!

[*Dies. Fleance escapes.*

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?

First Mur. Was't not the way?

Third Mur. There 's but one down; the son is fled.

Sec. Mur. We have lost
Best half of our affair.

First Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV. *The same. A room of state in the palace.*

A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.
Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.—
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:

Enter first Murderer *to the door.*

Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's, then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is scap'd.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenchèd gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that:

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There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone: to-morrow
We 'll hear, ourselves, again. [*Exit Murderer.*

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness sit.

[*The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.*

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table 's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

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Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?—
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost disappears.*
Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget:—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down.—Give me some wine, fill full.—
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,

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And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Ghost *rises again.*

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then,(42) protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost disappears.*
Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are(43) blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

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Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt all except Macbeth and Lady M.*

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, *meeting* HECATE.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;

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And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and song within,* "Come away, come away," &c.(44)

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Forres. A room in the palace.*

Enter LENNOX *and another* Lord.(45)

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,

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Which can interpret further: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—
And[16] the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damnèd fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key
(As, an't please heaven, he shall not), they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son[17] of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
That, by the help of these (with Him above
To ratify the work), we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours;—
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the[18] king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

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Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, "Sir, not I,"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A dark cave. In the middle, a caldron boiling.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Sec. Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

Third Witch. Harpier (49) cries:—'tis time, 'tis time.

First Witch. Round about the caldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—
Toad, that under cold (50) stone
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmèd pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.

Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,—

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For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.
Third Witch. Scale of dragon; tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat; and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,—
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our caldron.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, caldron, bubble.
Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.(51)

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains:
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and song,* "Black spirits," &c.(52)
[*Exit Hecate.*

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profess

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(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed(53) corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins(54) tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken,—answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. *An* Apparition *of an armed Head rises.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—enough.

[*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—but one word more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

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Thunder. An Apparition *of a bloody Child rises.*

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition *of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to 't.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head,(55) rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me (if your art
Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*

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First Witch. Show!
Sec. Witch. Show!
Third Witch. Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

Eight Kings *appear, and pass over in order, the last with a glass in his hand;* BANQUO *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—and thy hair,(56)
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!—
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?—
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?
First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so:—but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursèd in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

Len. What 's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?

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Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights! (57)—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Fife. A room in* MACDUFF'S *castle.*

Enter Lady MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* ROSS.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,

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Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move.—I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father 's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

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Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

First Mur. Where is your husband?

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L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.
First Mur. He 's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd(58) villain!
First Mur. What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!
Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*
[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying* "Murder!" *and pursued by the Murderers.*

SCENE III. *England. Before the* King's *palace.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fall'n(59) birthdom: each new morn
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve(60) of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;

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That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
Thy(61) title is affeer'd!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

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Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.
Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.
Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: all these are portable,

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With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perséverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she liv'd.(62) Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet

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Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself:—what I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,(63)
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already(64) at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

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Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Enter Ross.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now:—good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!
Ross. Sir, amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas, poor country,—
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What 's the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Ross. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't?
Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

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Mal. Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!—
My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?

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Did you say all?—O hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune(65) goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic *and a* Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock

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her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature,—to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching!—In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.—Lo you, here she comes!

Enter Lady MACBETH, *with a taper.*

This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense' are shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One, two; why, then 'tis time to do 't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

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Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician:—
God, God forgive us all!—Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—so, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, *and* Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff:
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd course(66)
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who, then, shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

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Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus,—
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee."—Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*
Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will chair (67) me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way (68) of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,

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Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.—
Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.—
Send out more horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her(69) of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff(70)
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs,—I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna,(71) or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.
Macb. Bring it after me.—

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I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

[*Exeunt all except Doctor.*

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Country near Dunsinane: a wood in view.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD *and his* Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, ROSS, *and* Soldiers, *marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,(72)
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrainèd things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

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SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, "They come:" our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd (73) with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*(74)

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,

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But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A plain before the castle.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *&c., and their* Army *with boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leafy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

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Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The same. Another part of the plain.*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorrèd tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*
Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited:—let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

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Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord;—the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarums.*

SCENE VIII. *The same. Another part of the plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,—
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*

Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmèd life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,

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That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope!—I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."
Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last:—before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"
[*Exeunt, fighting.*(75)

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSS, LENNOX, ANGUS, CAITHESS, MENTEITH, *and* Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,

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I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so, his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more:
They say he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him![76]—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *head.*

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursèd head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, King of Scotland!
All. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*
Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls,—the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,—
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

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P. 381. (1) "First Witch. *I come, Graymalkin!*
All. *Paddock calls:—anon!—*
Fair is foul, and foul is fair," &c.

has been distributed thus;

"*First Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!
Sec. Witch. Paddock calls:—anon.
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair," &c.,—

and indeed it seems probable that the author intended only the concluding couplet to be spoken in chorus.

P. 382. (2) "*gallowglasses,*" &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio has "*Gallow*grosses," &c.

P. 382. (3) "*And fortune, on his damnèd quarrel smiling,*
Show'd like a rebel's whore," &c.

The folio has "—— *on his damned* Quarry *smiling,*" &c.; but, long before Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector was heard of, most of the editors had agreed that "*quarrel*" is the genuine reading.—"The word *quarrel,*" observes Malone, "occurs in Holinshed's relation of this very fact, and may be regarded as a sufficient proof of its having been the term here employed by Shakespeare: 'Out of the westerne Iles there came vnto him [Makdowald] a great multitude of people, offering themselues to assist him in that rebellious *quarell.*' *Hist. of Scotland,* p. 265, ed. 1808. . . . Again in this play [p. 434],

'and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted *quarrel!*'

Here we have *warranted quarrel,* the exact opposite of *damned quarrel.*"

On this passage Boswell has a note, which would almost seem to have been written in ridicule of the commentators: he suggests that here "quarry" may mean "arrow," and that there may be no more objection to the expression, "Fortune smiling on a warrior's quarry [i.e. arrow]," than to "Fortune smiling on a warrior's *sword.*"—Mr. Knight, who retains "quarry" in the sense of *prey,* says; "the 'damned quarry' is the doomed army of kernes and gallowglasses, who, although fortune deceitfully smiled on them, fled before the sword of Macbeth, and became his *quarry*—his prey." How, on earth, could "*his*" mean *Macbeth's?* surely, it must have escaped Mr. Knight that *the name of Macbeth has not yet been mentioned in this scene!*—Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated,* &c. p. 250) is also a defender of the old lection: "The epithet '*damned*' is inapplicable to *quarrel* in the sense which it here bears of condemned [which sense I am convinced it does *not* bear here]. Mr. Collier himself says that *quarry* 'gives an obvious and striking meaning much more forcible than *quarrel.*'" The note by Mr. Collier *ad l.* to which Mr. Singer approvingly refers is; "*His damned quarry,* i.e. His army doomed, or damned, to become the 'quarry' or *prey* of his enemies,"—as forced an explanation

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as well can be; for "*his quarry*" could only signify—HIS OWN *quarry* or *prey*. (Indeed, a defence of "quarry" is nothing new: according to Heath, in his *Revisal*, 1765, here "it means the slaughter and depredations made by the rebel. THUS in the same play [p. 436],

'to relate the manner,
Were, on the *quarry* of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.'"

Now, *if the two passages are to be considered as parallel*, and "his *quarry*" means "the slaughter and depredations made by the rebel," must we not understand "the *quarry* of these murder'd deer" to mean "the quarry made by these murder'd deer"?)

P. 382. (4) "*Which ne'er shook hands*," &c.

Here, if "*Which*" be right, it is equivalent to "Who" (i.e. Macbeth).—This has been altered to "Who *ne'er*," &c., and to "And *ne'er*," &c.

P. 382. (5) "*thunders break*," &c.

So Pope.—In the folio both the sense and metre are imperfect,—the line ending with the word "*thunders*."—The editor of the second folio printed "*thunders* breaking," &c.

P. 383. (6) "*That seems to speak things strange*."

Johnson would alter "*seems*" to "teems;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "comes:" but the old text certainly admits of Heath's interpretation—"That appears to be upon the point of speaking things strange."

P. 383. (7) "Enter Ross."

The folio has "Enter Rosse *and Angus*,"—by mistake, it would appear.

P. 383. (8) "*And fan our people cold.*
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict," &c.

Sidney Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 135) would arrange,—

"And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by," &c.—

In the last line the modern editors usually alter "*began*" to "'gan:" but see p. 376, note (55).

P. 384. (9) "*I' the shipman's card*."

To this line Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector adds, for the sake of a rhyme,

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"to show;" and Mr. Collier calls it "an emendation which, we can scarcely doubt, gives the words of the poet,"—forgetting, I presume, that in other four places of this scene we have lines without any rhyme;

"I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do."

"Look what I have.
Sec. Witch. Show me, show me."

"Thus do go about, about."

"Peace!—the charm's wound up."

P. 385. ([10]) "*to Forres?*"

The folio has "*to* Soris?"

P. 386. ([11]) "*As thick as hail*
Came post with post," &c.

The folio has,

"*as thick as* Tale
Can *post with post,*" &c.,—

and "Tale" has not wanted several defenders. The latest of them, Mr. Singer, remarks (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 251); "Rowe was right in correcting the obvious misprint *can* to *came*, but wrong in disturbing the old undoubted word *tale*: 'as thick as tale' is as quick as they could be told or numbered. Shakespeare [as Steevens had already observed] has the word *thick* for quick twice, and Baret in v. 'Crebritas literarum, the often sending, or *thicke* coming of letters.'" But was such an expression as "*thick as* tale" ever employed by any writer whatsoever? I more than doubt it. Now, "*thick as hail*" is of the commonest occurrence;

"Out of the towne came quarries *thick as haile.*"
Drayton's *Battaile of Agincourt*, p. 20, ed. 1627.

"Curse, ban, and breath out damned orisons,
As thicke as haile-stones for[e] the springs approach."
First Part of the Troublesome Raigne of King John, sig. F 4, ed. 1622.

"The English archers shoot *as thick as haile.*"
Harington's *Orlando Furioso*, b. xvi. st. 51.

"Rayning down bullets from a stormy cloud,
As thick as hail, upon their armies proud."
Sylvester's *Du Bartas,—Fourth Day of the First Week*, p. 38, ed. 1641.

"More *thick* they fall *then haile*," &c.
A Herrings Tayle, &c. 1598, sig. C 2.

"Darts *thick as haile* their backs behinde did smite."
Niccols's *King Arthur,—A Winter Night's Vision*, &c. (Contin. of *A Mir. for Mag.*), 1610, p. 583.

(Mr. Collier informs us that his Ms. Corrector, though he changes "Can" to

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"*Came*," leaves "tale" unaltered. And what then? This is not the only corrupted word in *Macbeth* which he has passed over: we are told that, in act ii. sc. 1, "no change is made [by the Ms. Corrector] in 'Tarquin's ravishing *sides*,' *as if that expression were not objectionable.*")

P. 388. ([12]) "*Are not*," &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio has "Or *not*," &c.

P. 391. ([13]) "*Come, you spirits*," &c.

Sir W. Davenant (in his alteration of *Macbeth*) printed "*Come*, all *you spirits*," &c.; Steevens, "*Come*, come, *you spirits*," &c.

P. 392. ([14])
"*Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark*," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "—— *the* blankness *of the dark*," &c.; nor is he the only one who has unnecessarily meddled with the passage; for Coleridge proposed "—— *the* blank height *of the dark*," &c.,—a conjecture which appeared in the first ed. of his *Table-Talk* (ii. 296), but which, on my urging its absurdity to the editor, was omitted in the second edition of that valuable miscellany.—The old reading, "*blanket*," is thoroughly confirmed by the quotations in the notes to the *Varior. Shakespeare.*

P. 392. ([15]) "*This ignorant present, and I feel now*," &c.

On the modern alteration, "*This ignorant present* time, *and I feel now*," &c. Steevens remarks; "The sense does not require the word *time*,"—which is true,—"and it is too much for the measure,"—which is nonsense.

P. 393. ([16]) "*martlet*," &c.

The folio has "Barlet," &c.

P. 393. ([17]) "*Where they most breed*," &c.

The folio has "*Where they* must *breed*," &c.

P. 394. ([18]) "*and shoal of time*," &c.

So Theobald.—The folio has "*and* Schoole *of time*," &c.

P. 394. ([19]) "*this even-handed justice*," &c.

Mason would read "thus *even-handed*," &c.; and so Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector: but see vol. iv. p. 522, note ([10]).

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P. 394. (30) "*And falls on the other.*"

Hanmer printed "*And falls on th' other* side."—Several editors have given the words as a broken sentence, "*And falls on the other*—"

P. 395. (21) "*Who dares do more is none.*"

The folio has "*Who dares* no *more*," &c.—Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 179) would retain "no," and transfer these words to Lady Macbeth: which I cannot but think as improper as the other alterations proposed by Mr. Hunter in the distribution of the dialogue throughout this scene.

P. 395. (25) "*What beast was't, then*," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*What* boast *was't, then*," &c.; which, however I may regard it as a very doubtful reading, I would not, with Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 253), characterise as an "absurd change."—On this alteration see my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 124, and *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 459.

P. 395. (28) "*We fail!*
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail."

Here the punctuation of the folio is "*We faile?*" which Mr. Collier retains, observing that "perhaps we may take it as some evidence of the ancient mode of delivering these two words interrogatively." But he forgets that in the folio the interrogation-point is frequently equivalent to an exclamation-point.—Mr. Knight gives the pointing which Steevens had suggested, "*We fail.*" He remarks "the quiet self-possession of the punctuation we have adopted appears preferable to the original 'We fail?'" Now, *any kind of admission* on the part of Lady Macbeth that the attempt might prove unsuccessful, is surely quite inconsistent with all that she has previously said, and all that she afterwards says, in the present scene. Her contemptuous exclamation "We fail!" is designed to check the very idea of failure as it rises in her husband's mind.

P. 396. (34)
"Enter BANQUO, preceded by FLEANCE with a torch."

The wording of the folio is "Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch before him;" and though, in the stage-directions of old plays, "a Torch" sometimes means *a torch-bearer* (as "a Trumpet" means *a trumpeter*), I agree with Mr. Collier that the usual modern alteration here, "Enter Banquo and Fleance, *and a Servant, with a torch before them*," ought to be rejected. Mr. Collier observes, "Fleance carried the torch before his father. . . . When Macbeth [presently] enters with a servant, the 'servant with a torch' is expressly mentioned in the stage-direction of the folios, and Macbeth has to send a necessary message by him to Lady Macbeth—'Go, bid thy mistress,' &c."—And see note (41).

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P. 397. (25) "*Sent forth great largess to your officers:*
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content."

The folio has "—— *to your* offices," &c., a sheer misprint (see Malone's note *ad l.*), though defended by Steevens, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier. (Here the second folio has "—— *and shut* it *up*," &c.,—which, to my surprise, Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 182) brings forward as the true lection, understanding "*shut* it *up*" to mean—shut up the diamond in its case.)

P. 398. (26) "*The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates,*" &c.

A manifestly imperfect line.—Davenant (in his alteration of *Macbeth*) printed "*The curtain'd sleep;* now *witchcraft celebrates,*" &c.—Steevens proposed "*The curtain'd* sleeper; *witchcraft celebrates,*" &c.; and so reads Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.

P. 398. (27)
"*With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design*
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear," &c.

The folio has,
"*With Tarquins rauishing* sides, *towards his designe*
Moues like a Ghost. Thou sowre *and firme-set Earth*
Heare not my steps, which they may *walke, for feare,*" &c.

Here the correction "*strides*" (which is no doubt the genuine reading) was made by Pope.

P. 399. (28) "*the attempt, and not the deed,*
Confounds us."

"This," says Mr. Hunter (*New Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 182), "is usually printed with a comma after 'attempt.' This is wrong. An unsuccessful attempt would produce to them infinite mischief—an attempt without the deed."—To me at least it is plain, that here "*the attempt*" is put in strong opposition to "*the deed,*" and that "*Confounds*" has no reference to future mischief, but solely to the perplexity and consternation of the moment.

P. 403. (29) "*To countenance this horror!* [Alarum-bell rings.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. *What's the business,*" &c.

The folio has,
"*To countenance this horror.* Ring the Bell.
Bell rings. Enter Lady.
Lady. *What's the Businesse?*" &c.

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But Theobald saw that the words "Ring the bell" are a stage-direction: "in proof of this," he adds, "we may observe that the hemistich ending Macduff's speech, and that beginning Lady Macbeth's, make up a complete verse."—The players, as Malone remarks, having mistaken "Ring the Bell" for a portion of Macduff's speech, inserted the stage-direction "*Bell rings.*"

P. 404. (30) "Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX."

Here Mr. Collier observes; "The folio adds 'and Rosse' to this stage-direction; but Rosse has not been on the stage in this act, and he is employed in the next scene."—There seems an impropriety in his absence (as well as in that of Angus,—see p. 392) on the present occasion: but I do not see by what arrangement he can be introduced in this scene early enough to accompany Macbeth and Lennox to the chamber of the king.

P. 406. (31)

"*And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp,*" &c.

Here Mr. Collier was misled by a correspondent to retain the old spelling "—— *the* trauailing *Lampe,*" &c. See my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 195 (where I might have cited,

"The *travelling sun* sees gladly from on high," &c.
Cowley's *Davideis*, b. ii.,—*Works*, i. 349, ed. 1707).

P. 408. (32) "*Let your highness*
Command upon me; to the which," &c.

Has been altered to "Lay *your highness,*" &c.—Mason proposes "Set *your highness*'", &c. (He adds, "unless '*command*' is used as a noun, there is nothing to which the following words, 'to the which,' can possibly refer,"—a remark which ought not to have come from one familiar with our early writers.)

P. 409. (33) "*God be with you!*"

Here, if the author did not write "*God* b' wi' *you,*" he at least intended the above words to be so pronounced. See Sidney Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 227.

P. 409. (34) "*the seed of Banquo,*" &c.

The folio has "*the* Seedes *of Banquo,*" &c.; which I do not venture to retain on the strength of a somewhat doubtful reading in the Sec. Part of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, "And live in all your *seeds* immortally" (*Works*, i. 222, ed. Dyce), since it is a frequent error of the folio to put the plural of substantives instead of the singular (see an instance in this play, note (47)), and since it is unlikely that Shakespeare (who in *Troilus and Cressida*, act iv. sc. 5, has,

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"Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's *seed*," &c.)

would so deviate here from common phraseology as to term a man's issue his *seeds*. (Mr. Collier in the first ed. of his *Shakespeare*, printed "*the* seeds *of Banquo*," &c.; but in his one-volume ed. he has given, at the bidding of his Ms. Corrector, "*the seed of Banquo*," &c.)

P. 410. (36) "*Not i' the worst rank*," &c.

This halting line has been amended to "And *not in the worst rank*," &c.

P. 412. (37) "*We have scotch'd*," &c.

The folio has "*We haue* scorch'd," &c.

P. 412. (37) "*But let the frame of things disjoint,*
Both the worlds suffer,
Ere we," &c.

This is the arrangement of the folio.—Qy. ought we to print as one line, "*But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer*"? Or is the passage mutilated? Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector perfects the measure of the first line by reading "*But let the* eternal *frame*," &c.

P. 412. (38)
"*Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace*," &c.

Was altered by the editor of the second folio to "*Whom we, to gayne our* place, *have sent to peace*," &c.; which has been usually adopted by the modern editors. But the old lection is not to be hastily discarded, when we consider what a fondness Shakespeare has for the repetition of words.

P. 413. (39) "*Unsafe the while, that we*," &c.

Steevens has, I think, rightly explained this passage; and I also think that he is right in supposing it to be mutilated,—some words having dropped out, which originally rendered the sentiment less obscure.

P. 413. (40) "*Light thickens; and the crow*
Makes to the rooky wood," &c.

"On this passage Steevens has all the annotation to himself, and so he criticises his own criticisms, and corrects his own emendations. 1st, *rooky* is reeky or damp; 2dly, it is a rookery; 3dly, to *rook*, or to *ruck*, is to roost; therefore the line is to stand,

'Makes wing to *rook i' th'* wood:'

and he calls this *reforming* the passage, which, like some other reforms in

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Church and State, leave things much worse than they were before. But it must surely be known to the general reader, that the 'crow' is the common appellation of the 'rook,' the latter word being used only when we would speak with precision, and never by the country people, as the word 'crow-keeper' will serve to show, which means the boy who keeps the *rooks* (not carrion crows) off the seed-corn. The carrion crow, which is the *crow proper*, being almost extinct, the necessity of distinguishing it from the *rook* has passed away in common usage. The passage therefore simply means, 'the rook hastens its evening flight to the wood where its fellows are already assembled;' and to our mind the term 'rooky wood' is a lively and natural picture: the *generic* term 'crow' is used for the *specific* 'rook.'" The preceding remarks (which decisively establish, and satisfactorily explain, the reading "*rooky*,") are by the Rev. J. Mitford (*Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1844, p. 129).

P. 414. (41) "Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch."

"Here again [see note (34)] Fleance carries the torch to light his father; and in the old stage-direction nothing is said about *a servant*, who would obviously be in the way when his master was to be murdered. The *servant* is a merely modern interpolation." COLLIER.

P. 418. (42) "*If trembling I inhabit then, protest me*
The baby of a girl."

This is the reading of the folio; and, though Henley, Horne Tooke, and Mr. Singer have pronounced it to be right, I nevertheless consider it as very doubtful;—and so, I find, does Dr. Richardson, *Dict.* sub "Inhabit." (See the notes *ad l.* in the *Varior. Shakespeare*, my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 199, and Mr. Singer's *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 255.)—The editor of the second folio changed the punctuation of the line thus,

"*If trembling I inhabit, then protest me*," &c.—

The modern alterations are,

"*If trembling I* inhibit *then, protest me*," &c.

and

"*If trembling I* inhibit thee, *protest me*," &c.

(The alteration of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector is almost too ridiculous to be mentioned;

"*If trembling I* exhibit, *then protest me*," &c.)

P. 418. (43) "*And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,*
When mine are blanch'd with fear."

"The old copy reads '*is* blanch'd.' Sir T. Hanmer corrected this passage in the wrong place, by reading '*cheek*;' in which he has been followed by the subsequent editors. His correction gives, perhaps, a more elegant text, but

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not the text of Shakespeare. The alteration now made is only that which every editor has been obliged to make in almost every page of these plays.—In this very scene the old copy has 'the times *has* been,' &c. Perhaps it may be said that '*mine*' refers to '*ruby*,' and that therefore no change is necessary. But this seems very harsh." MALONE.—Assuredly "*mine*" does not refer to "*ruby*."

P. 420. (44) ["Music and song within, '*Come away, come away*,' &c."

Compare, in Middleton's *Witch*, act iii. sc. 3,—*Works*, iii. 303, ed. Dyce;

"*Song above.*

Come away, come away,
Hecate, Hecate, come away!
Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may," &c.—

On the question whether Shakespeare borrowed from Middleton, or Middleton from Shakespeare, see the "Account of Middleton" prefixed to his *Works*, i. l. sqq., and Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 420 sqq. ed. 1821.

P. 420. (45) "Enter LENNOX and another *Lord*."

Here, in my copy of the folio, "another Lord" is altered, in old handwriting, to "*Ross*,"—and rightly perhaps.

P. 421. (46)

"*And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;*
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father?"

Mr. Grant White observes: "It is to Banquo that Lennox, in his ironical vein, applies the second time, as well as the first, the phrase 'walk'd too late.' Now, Macbeth seized the opportunity of Banquo's late walking, to put him out of the way, chiefly because Banquo more than suspected who was the real perpetrator of the crime, which Lennox, ironically conforming to general report, ascribes to Malcolm and Donalbain. This suspicion was obviously the reason for the murder of Banquo by the order of Macbeth. May we not then remove the point after the last 'late,' and read thus, making the passage declarative instead of interrogative?

'And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd;
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father.'

That is,—'Men, who will think that the alleged murder of Duncan by his sons

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is a crime too monstrous for belief, must be careful not to walk too late.'" *Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 403.—My kind friend, Mr. Grant White, must allow me to say that I think his change of the punctuation in this passage quite wrong, and his explanation over-subtle:—surely, Macbeth's *chief reason* for getting rid of Banquo was,—not "because Banquo more than suspected who was the real perpetrator of the crime [of Duncan's murder]," but,—because the Witches had declared that Banquo was to be "father to a line of kings:" hence Macbeth's injunction to the Murderers (p. 411);

> "and with him
> (To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
> Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
> *Whose absence is no less material to me*
> *Than is his father's*, must embrace the fate
> Of that dark hour."

(Compare Holinshed: "The woords also of the three weird sisters would not out of his mind, which as they promised him the kingdome, so likewise did they promise it at the same time vnto the posteritie of Banquho. He willed *therefore* the same Banquho, with his sonne named Fleance, to come to a supper that he had prepared for them, which was indeed, as he had deuised, present death at the hands of certeine murderers," &c. *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 271, ed. 1808.)

On the line "*Who cannot want the thought*," &c. Malone remarks; "The sense requires, 'Who *can* want the thought,' &c. Yet, I believe, the text is not corrupt. Shakespeare is sometimes incorrect in these *minutiæ*."

P. 421. (47) "*The son of Duncan*," &c.

The folio has "*The* sonnes *of*," &c.

P. 421. (48) "*the king*," &c.

The folio has "their *King*," &c.

P. 422. (49) "*Harpier*," &c.

Has been altered to "Harper,"—whether rightly or wrongly, I am not demonologist enough to determine.

P. 422. (50) "*Toad, that under cold stone*," &c.

A defective line. Shakespeare, in all probability, wrote "—— *under* the *cold stone*," &c.,—Pope's emendation.

P. 423. (51) "Enter HECATE."

Here the stage-direction of the folio is "*Enter Hecat*, and the other three Witches:" but, beyond all doubt, it means nothing more than that Hecate joins the three Witches already on the stage.—Various dramas, written long after *Macbeth*, afford examples of stage-directions worded in the same unintel-

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ligible style. E.g. Cowley's *Cutter of Coleman Street* opens with a soliloquy by *Trueman Junior:* his father presently *joins him*, and the stage-direction is, "Enter Trueman Senior, AND TRUEMAN JUN." Again, the second act of that play commences with a soliloquy by *Aurelia;* and, when Jane *joins her*, we find, "*Enter* AURELIA, Jane."

P. 423. (52) "[Music and song, '*Black spirits*,' &c."

This song is found entire in Middleton's *Witch*, act v. sc. 2,—*Works*, iii. 328, ed. Dyce. The two first lines of it (and whether or not more was introduced into *Macbeth* on our old stage is uncertain) are,

"Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!"—

According to Steevens, "the song was, in all probability, a traditional one;" and Mr. Collier, more confidently, says, "Doubtless, it does not belong to Middleton more than to Shakespeare; but it was inserted in both dramas because it was appropriate to the occasion:" but qy?—See note (44).

P. 424. (53) "*Though bladed corn*," &c.

Is changed by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector to "*Though* bleaded *corn*," &c.; very improperly: see Mr. Singer's *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 255.

P. 424. (54) "*Of nature's germins*," &c.

So Theobald.—The folio has "*Of Natures* Germaine," &c.

P. 425. (55) "*Rebellion's head, rise never*," &c.

The folio has "Rebellious dead, *rise newer*," &c.—Theobald printed "Rebellious *head*," &c.; "i.e." he says, "let Rebellion never *make head* against me till," &c.—But Hanmer's reading, "*Rebellion's head*," &c. (which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also gives), is evidently the right one; though Capell (*Notes*, &c. vol. ii. 22) gravely assures us that it "impairs harmony, and ruins poetry," &c. (In *Richard II.* act iii. sc. 2, the old eds., with the exception of the two earliest quartos, have the misprint, "*Shall falter vnder foule* rebellious *armes*.")

P. 426. (56) "—— *and thy hair*," &c.

Has been altered to "*and thy* air," &c.,—wrongly, I believe.

P. 427. (57) "*But no more sights!*"

Here the two Ms. Correctors,—Mr. Collier's and Mr. Singer's,—alter "*sights*" to "flights;" and the same alteration occurred to Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 105).—"The Ms. Corrector proposes *flights;* and not without some show of reason. Macbeth has just been informed that Macduff

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has fled to England, and the escape has evidently discomposed him, as placing beyond his reach his most deadly enemy. Accordingly he is supposed by the Ms. Corrector to exclaim, 'No more flights! I must take care that no more of that party escape me.' But, on the other hand, Macbeth, a minute before, has been inveighing against the witches. He says:

'Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them!'

So that 'But no more sights' may mean, I will have no more dealings with these infernal hags [who have just been showing him a succession of *sights*,—apparitions; the last of which drew from him the exclamation, "Horrible *sight!*"]. The word 'But' seems to be out of place in connection with 'flights'—and therefore we pronounce in favour of the old reading." *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 461. In my opinion, the word "*But*" makes not a little against the new lection.

P. 430. (58) "*thou shag-hair'd villain!*"

The folio has "*thou shagge*-ear'd *Villaine*" ("ear'd" being a corruption of "*hear'd*," which is an old spelling of "*hair'd*").

P. 430. (59) "*our down-fall'n birthdom.*"

The folio has "*our* downfall *Birthdome.*"

P. 430. (60) "*You may deserve of him,*" &c.

So Theobald.—The folio has "*You may* discerne *of him,*" &c.

P. 431. (61) "*Thy title is affeer'd!*"

The folio has "The *title,*" &c.: but Malone's alteration of "The" to "*Thy*" is hardly to be doubted. (Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes the same change; see Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare.*)

P. 433. (62) "*Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!*"

In this line the "*liu'd*" of the folio is usually altered to "lived."—Sidney Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 139), who considers (and rightly, I believe) "*Fare*" to be used here as a dissyllable, observes: "Certainly not *livèd*; Shakespeare would as soon have made *died* a dissyllable."

P. 434. (63) "*thy here-approach,*" &c.

The first folio has "they *heere approach,*" &c.—Corrected in the second folio.

P. 434. (64) "*Already at a point,*" &c.

Has been altered to "All ready *at,*" &c.,—wrongly: see *Notes and Queries*, vol. viii. p. 359.

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P. 437. (65) "*This tune goes manly*," &c.

The folio has "*This* time *goes*," &c., which is retained by Mr. Knight: "Gifford," he says, "has shown, in a note on Massinger, that the two words were once synonymous, in a musical acceptation; and that *time* was the more ancient and common term." Who, except Mr. Knight, will suppose that Gifford would have defended the reading "time" in such a passage as this?

P. 440. (66) "*He cannot buckle his distemper'd course*
Within the belt of reason."

So Sidney Walker (see Preface to *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. xxi.) and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—The folio has "—— *his distemper'd* cause," &c. (A critic in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 461, says that "'cause' fits the place perfectly well, *if taken* for his affairs generally, his whole system of procedure." But will the context allow us to take it in that sense?)

P. 441. (67) "*This push*
Will chair me ever, or disseat me now."

The folio has "*Will* cheere *me euer, or dis-eate me now.*"—That "cheere" is a mistake for "*chaire*," I should have felt confident, even if I had never known that the latter word was substituted both by Percy and by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector. (Mr. Singer observes; "The second folio reads,

'Will *cheere* me ever, or *disease* me now.'

In Macbeth's desponding state, the idea of being *cheered* is a natural turn of agreeable anticipation, and therefore change is unnecessary," &c. *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 259. Mr. Singer, then, if I rightly understand him, agrees with the earlier modern editors, in considering the reading of the second folio, "disease," as the true one. To me it appears decidedly wrong.)

P. 441. (68) "*my way of life*," &c.

Johnson and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector would read "*my* May *of life*," &c.: but see Gifford's note on Massinger,—*Works*, iv. 309, ed. 1813.

P. 442. (69) "*Cure her of that*," &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio omits "*her*."

P. 442. (70) "*Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff*," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "—— *that perilous* grief," &c. But see Malone's note *ad l.* for instances of similar repetitions in Shakespeare, and my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 128, for examples of them in various other writers. Besides, the Ms. Corrector's alteration seems to introduce an impropriety of expression—"CLEANSE the bosom of GRIEF."

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P. 442. ([71]) "*senna*," &c.

The folio has "cyme," &c.

P. 443. ([72]) "*For where there is advantage to be given,*
Both more and less have given him the revolt," &c.

Johnson proposed "—— *advantage to be* gone," &c.; Steevens, "—— *advantage to be* got," &c. (Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "—— *advantage to be* gotten," &c.); and Mr. Singer, in his ed. of *Shakespeare*, 1826, "—— *advantage to be* gain'd," &c.

P. 444. ([73]) "*Were they not forc'd*," &c.

Here "*forc'd*" means *strengthened* (see Todd's *Johnson's Dict.* sub "To force," —10th sign. of the word); which I should not have thought it necessary to mention but for the strange alteration of Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector,—"farc'd" (*i. e.* stuffed).

P. 444. ([74]) "Exit."

The folio marks neither the exit nor the re-entrance of Seyton.—On the words, "The queen, my lord, is dead," Mr. Collier observes: "We must suppose that Seyton has gone to what we now call 'the wing' of the stage to inquire." But "going to the wing," and standing there to glean information, was surely as unusual on the old stage as it is on the modern; and I have no doubt that formerly Seyton went out and re-entered, just as he does when this play is performed now-a-days:—see any acting-copy of *Macbeth*. (See, too, Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare*, where Seyton makes his "Exit" and "Re-enters"—on the authority of the Ms. Corrector.)

P. 448. ([75]) "[Exeunt, fighting.
Retreat. Flourish," &c.

I have already had occasion to notice the absurdity of the old stage-directions in this scene: see vol. iv. p. 425, note ([66]).

P. 449. ([76]) "*God be with him!*"

See note ([33]).

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HAMLET.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, king of Denmark.
HAMLET, son to the former, and nephew to the present king.
POLONIUS, lord chamberlain.
HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.
LAERTES, son to Polonius.
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, OSRIC, A Gentleman, } courtiers.
A Priest.
MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, } officers.
FRANCISCO, a soldier.
REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.
Players.
Two Clowns, grave-diggers.
FORTINBRAS, prince of Norway.
A Captain.
English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.
OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE—*Elsinore.*

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HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A platform before the castle.*

FRANCISCO *at his post. Enter to him* BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now(1) struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

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Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit.*
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say.
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio:—welcome, good Marcellus.
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.
Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—
Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.

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Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalks away!

Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit Ghost.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks(3) on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,

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Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compáct,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gagèd by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same cov'nant,
And carriage of the article design'd,(3)
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimprovèd mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of landless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state)
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but e'en so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armèd through our watch; so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
As,(4) stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,

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Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures(5) and countrymen.—
But, soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter Ghost.

I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it:—stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

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The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up: and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room of state in the same.*

Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, *and* Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,

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Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—for all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleaguèd with the dream of his advantage,—
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.—
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is:—we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:—and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow. (6)
Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. and Vol. In that and all things will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?

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The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!—
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind. [*Aside.*

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailèd lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common,—all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes,(7) shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,

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For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to perséver
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
"This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;

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This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt all except Hamlet.*

Ham. O, that this too-too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't,—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gallèd eyes,
She married:—O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good:
But break, my heart,—for I must hold my tongue!

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Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you.—Good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear (8) your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—methinks I see my father.

Hor. O, where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,

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Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprisèd eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd (9)
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.
Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
Mar. Ber. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, say you?
Mar. Ber. Arm'd, my lord.

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Ham. From top to toe?
Mar. Ber. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw 't.
Ham. His beard was grizzled,—no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable([10]) in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.
[*Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!

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Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in* POLONIUS' *house.*

Enter LAERTES *and* OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd: farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The pérfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.
Oph. No more but so?
Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;(11)
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place(12)
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

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Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long:—but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There,—my blessing with you!
[*Laying his hand on Laertes' head.*
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou charácter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;

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But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't, that the opposèd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous chief in that.(13)
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution), I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,

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Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or,—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running(14) it thus,—you'll tender me a fool.
Oph. My lord, he hath impórtun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.
Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.
Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,—
Not of that dye(15) which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,(16)
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure,(17)
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE IV. *The platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin),
By the(18) o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,

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Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their[19] virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale[20]
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsèd in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,[21]
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in cómplete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves[22] you to a more removèd ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

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Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me still.—
Go on; I'll follow thee.
Mar. You shall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hor. Be rul'd; you shall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery(23) in this body
As hardy as the Némean lion's nerve.— [*Ghost beckons.*
Still am I call'd:—unhand me, gentlemen;—
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:—
I say, away!—Go on; I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*
Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after.—To what issue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A more remote part of the platform.*

Enter Ghost *and* HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

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Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in (24) fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O, list!—(25)
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—
Ham. O God!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder!
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots (26) itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,

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A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forgèd process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul!
Mine uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit,(27) with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursèd hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

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Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damnèd incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell?—O, fie!—Hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up.—Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.—
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark: [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me:"
I have sworn 't.

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Hor. [*within*] My lord, my lord,—
Mar. [*within*] Lord Hamlet,—
Hor. [*within*] Heaven secure him!
Mar. [*within*] So be it!
Hor. [*within*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No; you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?—
But you'll be secret?
Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you,—
For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is;—and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling(28) words, my lord.
Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,

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As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is 't, my lord? we will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear 't.
Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost [*beneath*]. Swear.
Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?—
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost [*beneath*]. Swear.
Ham. Hic et ubique? then we'll shift our ground.—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost [*beneath*]. Swear.
Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioner!—Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;—
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

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With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, "Well, well, we know;"—or, "We could, an if we would;"—
Or, "If we list to speak;"—or, "There be, an if they(39) might;"—
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.

Ghost [*beneath*]. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbèd spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint:—O cursèd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!—
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A room in* POLONIUS' *house.*

Enter POLONIUS *and* REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvell's wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer

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Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus, "I know his father and his friends,
And in part him;"—do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. "And in part him;—but," you may say, "not well:
But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;"—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my lord.
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing:—you may go so far.
Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimèd blood,
Of general assault.
Rey. But, my good lord,—
Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.
Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in convèrse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence;
"Good sir," or so; or "friend," or "gentleman,"—

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According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was
About to say something:—where did I leave?

Rey. At "closes in the consequence,"
At "friend or so," and "gentleman."

Pol. At—closes in the consequence,—ay, marry;
He closes with you thus:—"I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse;
There falling out at tennis:" or perchance,
"I saw him enter such a house of sale,"—
Videlicet, a brothel,—or so forth.—
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God b' wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord![30]

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell! [*Exit Reynaldo.*

Enter OPHELIA.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, i' the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyvèd to his ancle;

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Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosèd out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: that done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property fordoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort

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To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and* Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. We both obey,

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And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too-much-changèd son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and(31) to my gracious king:
And I do think (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit(32) to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit Polonius.*

He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,—
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

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Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown, [*Gives a paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home! [*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*

Pol. This business is well ended.—
My liege, and madam,—to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief:—your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

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Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,—
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter,—have whilst she is mine,—
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise. [*Reads.*
"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,"—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,—"beautified" is a vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus: [*Reads.*
"In her excellent white bosom, these," &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful. [*Reads.*

"Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

"O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

"Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET."

This, in obedience, hath my daughter show'd me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,

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Before my daughter told me),—what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book;
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;—
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;(33)
This must not be:" and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsèd (a short tale to make),
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know that),
That I have positively said, "'Tis so,"
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does,(34) indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

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King. We will try it.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:
I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well; you're a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,(35)—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive:—friend, look to 't.

Pol. How say you by that?—[*Aside*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical slave says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set

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down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. [*aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[*Aside*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal,—except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. [*to Polonius*] God save you, sir! [*Exit Polonius.*

Guil. Mine honoured lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

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Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

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Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. [*to Guildenstern*] What say you?

Ham. [*aside*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and(36) your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament,(37) this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, then, when I said, man delights not me?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome,—his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't.—What players are they?

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Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle(38) the common stages (so they call them), that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players (as it is most like,(39) if their means are no better), their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not strange; for mine uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and

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ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o'Monday morning; 'twas so,(40) indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon mine honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—(41)

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,

"One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he lovèd passing well."

Pol. [*aside*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

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Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

"As by lot, God wot,"

and then, you know,

"It came to pass, as most like it was,"—

the first row of the pious chanson(42) will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend! Thy face is valanced(43) since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark?—What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

First Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets(44) in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line;—let me see, let me see;—

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,"

—it is not so:—it begins with Pyrrhus:—

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"The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couchèd in the ominous horse,—
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damnèd light
To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sizèd with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks."—

So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

First Play. "Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnervèd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Arousèd vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,

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In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!"

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Prithee, say on:—he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on;—come to Hecuba.

First Play. "But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen—"

Ham. "The mobled queen?"

Pol. That's good; "mobled queen" is good.

First Play. "Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemèd loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;—
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made
(Unless things mortal move them not at all),
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods."

Pol. Look, whêr he has not turned his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, better: use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.

[*Exit Polonius with all the Players except the First.*

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Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*] My good friends [*to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*], I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord! [*Exeunt Rosen. and Guild.*

Ham. Ay, so, God b'wi'ye!—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba?
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,

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As deep as to the lungs? who does me this, ha?
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression (45) bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal:—bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd, (46)
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh!—About, my brain! I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits),
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this:—the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the castle.*

Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.—
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

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King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:
Her father and myself,—lawful espials,—
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:—
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves.—Read on this book; [*To Ophelia.*
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [*aside*] O, 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt King and Polonius.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be,—that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—

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No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longèd long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;

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And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with(47) honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry,—be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou

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shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit.*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers,—quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King *and* POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down:—he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;

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Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A hall in the same.*

Enter HAMLET *and certain* Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke(48) my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to

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the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit Polonius.*] Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. Guil. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Ham. What, ho, Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man

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As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.
Hor. O, my dear lord,—
Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her(49) choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy(50) soul
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damnèd ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.
Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.
Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
Get you a place.

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Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—My lord, you played once i' the university, you say? [*To Polonius.*

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O, ho! do you mark that? [*To the King.*

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within 's two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

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Ham. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.(51) O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches, then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, "For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot."

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King *and a* Queen *very lovingly; the* Queen *embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the* King's *ears, and exit. The* Queen *returns; finds the* King *dead, and makes passionate action. The* Poisoner, *with some two or three* Mutes, *comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The* Poisoner *wooes the* Queen *with gifts: she seems loth and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.*

[*Exeunt.*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

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Enter a King *and a* Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbèd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love holds quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [*aside*] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.

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Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills and fates do so contráry run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now!

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.

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Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are a good chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take(52) your husbands.—Begin, murderer; pox,(53) leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:—the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.(54)

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for 's estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

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Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all except Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. Why, let the strucken deer go weep,(55)
The hart ungallèd play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world away.—
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me), with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.(56)

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music! come, the recorders!—
For if the king like not the comedy,(57)
Why, then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.—
Come, some music!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

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Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, but "While the grass grows,"—the proverb is something musty.

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Re-enter Players *with recorders.*

O, the recorders:—let me see one.(58)—To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak.(59) 'Sblood, do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

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Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. [*Exit Polonius.*]—Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt Ros., Guil., Hor., and Players.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.—
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites,—
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in the same.*

Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest

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The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Polonius.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,—
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,—
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?

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And what's in prayer but this twofold force,—
To be forestallèd ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,—
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove-by justice;
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling,—there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limèd soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! make assay:
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't;—and so he goes to heaven;
And so am I reveng'd:—that would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I, then, reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,

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When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't;—
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

[*The King rises and advances.*

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another room in the same.*

Enter Queen *and* POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence(60) me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*within*] Mother, mother, mother!(61)

Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius goes behind the arras.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked(62) tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

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And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?—
Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*behind*] What, ho! help, help, help!

Ham. How now! a rat? [*Draws.*] Dead, for a ducat, dead!
[*Makes a pass through the arras.*

Pol. [*behind*] O, I am slain! [*Falls and dies.*

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed!—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
[*Lifts up the arras, and sees Polonius.*
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damnèd custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;

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Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,—
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it 's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion: but, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,

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Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.
Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grainèd spots
As will not leave their tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamèd bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty,—
Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!
Ham. A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
Queen. No more!
Ham. A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your (63) gracious figure?
Queen. Alas, he's mad!
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!
Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul,—
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works,—
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas, how is 't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,

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And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands an end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! [*Exit Gh.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times

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Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,(64)
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,—
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master(65) the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
[*Pointing to Polonius.*
I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,

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Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,—
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.—
This man shall set me packing:
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.—
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The same.*

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:

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You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who exeunt.*

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, "A rat, a rat!"
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body

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Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, haply slander,—(66)
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another room in the same.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros. Guil. [*within*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

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Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord!

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another room in the same.*

Enter King, *attended.*

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and

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your lean beggar is but variable service,—two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*

Ham. He will stay till ye come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England!

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.—Come, for England! [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:
Away! for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

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Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us), thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters cónjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.(67) [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS *and* Forces, *marching.*

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[*Exeunt Fortinbras and Forces.*

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *&c.*

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.

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To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes,(68) it is already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God b' wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.
[*Exeunt all except Hamlet.*

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do;"
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,

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That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

Enter Queen *and* HORATIO.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshapèd use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
'Twere good(69) she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit Horatio.*
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

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Re-enter Horatio, *with* OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Oph. How should I your true love know [*Sings.*
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady, [*Sings.*
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.
White his shroud as the mountain snow, [*Sings.*

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers; [*Sings.*
Which bewept to the grave did go(70)
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God dild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day, [*Sings.*
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

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Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:
By Gis and by Saint Charity, [*Sings.*
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel.—Come, my coach!—Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalias! First, her father slain:
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France;
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person (71) to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places

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Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

Enter a Gentleman.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord:
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*

Enter LAERTES, *armed*; Danes *following.*

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will. [*They retire without the door.*

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirchèd brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,

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Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd:—let him go, Gertrude:—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation:—to this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is 't writ in your revenge,
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them, then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes [*within*]. Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven-times salt,

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Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is 't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier; [*Sings.*
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And on his grave rain'd many a tear,—
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, "Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a."(72) O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness,—thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays:—O, you must wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died:—they say he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,— [*Sings.*

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again? [*Sings.*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,(73)
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:

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He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God.—God b' wi' ye.
[*Exit.*

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune(74) with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure burial,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another room in the same.*

Enter HORATIO *and a* Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Serv. Sailors, sir: they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.— [*Exit Servant.*

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

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Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

First Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*reads*] "Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour: in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

"He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET."

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Another room in the same.*

Enter King *and* LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. It well appears:—but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,

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As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself
(My virtue or my plague, be it either which),
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,—
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio,—he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

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King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*

[*Reads*] "High and mighty,—You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return.

"HAMLET."

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character:—"Naked,"—
And in a postscript here, he says, "alone."
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
"Thus diddest thou."

King. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As checking at(75) his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,

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Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I've seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can(76) well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

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King. Not that I think you did not love your father;
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too-much: that we would do,
We should do when we would; for this "would" changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift(77) sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:—
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do 't:
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point

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With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft!—let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—(78)
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry
(As make your bouts more violent to that end),
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter Queen.

How now,(79) sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,

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Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it. [*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A churchyard.*

Enter two Clowns, *with spades, &c.*

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Sec. Clo. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

Sec. Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

First Clo. It must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Sec. Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes,—mark you

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that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Sec. Clo. But is this law?

First Clo. Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest-law.

Sec. Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

First Clo. Why, there thou sayst: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian.—Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

Sec. Clo. Was he a gentleman?

First Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

Sec. Clo. Why, he had none.

First Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Sec. Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Sec. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come.

Sec. Clo. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Sec. Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

First Clo. To 't.

Sec. Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

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Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO, *at a distance.*

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker,—the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; (80) fetch me a stoop of liquor. [*Exit Sec. Clown.*

[*He digs, and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clo. But age, with his stealing steps, [*Sings.*
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; (81) one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, "Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it,—might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

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First Clo. A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, [*Sings.*
For and(82) a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sir?

First Clo. Mine, sir.—
O, a pit of clay for to be made [*Sings.*
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

First Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clo. For no man, sir,

Ham. What woman, then?

First Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

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First Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

First Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born,—he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

First Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

First Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

First Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

First Clo. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

First Clo. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in), he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

First Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

First Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

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Ham. Nay, I know not.

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir,(83) was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

First Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*]—Alas, poor Yorick! —I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [*Puts down the skull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial(84) Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!—

But soft! but soft! aside:—here comes the king.

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Enter Priests, *&c. in procession; the Corpse of* OPHELIA, LAERTES *and* Mourners *following;* King, Queen, *their trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: who is that they follow?
And with such maimèd rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark. [*Retiring with Horatio.*

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,(85)
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

First Priest. No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem,(86) and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minstering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell!
[*Scattering flowers.*
I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursèd head,

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Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*Leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*advancing*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Cónjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*

Laer. The devil take thy soul!
[*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear: away thy hand!

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel? (87) eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?

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Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
[*Exit Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
[*To Laertes.*
We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A hall in the castle.*

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now let me see the other;—
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it,—let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,

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When our dear plots do pall: (88) and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
O royal knavery! an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villanies,—(89)
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play,—I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:—
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service:—wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma (90) 'tween their amities;
And many such-like as's of great charge,—
That, on the view and know of these contents,

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Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscrib'd it; gave't the impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensèd points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, thinks't(91) thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? (92) and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life 's no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court (93) his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

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Enter OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship(94) were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and it(95) but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

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Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all 's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me:—well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered(96) with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this imponed, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes be-

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tween you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osric.*]—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same bevy, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned[97] and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I

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have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since(98) no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, *and Attendants with foils, &c.*

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.*

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness: if 't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

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To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof; and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils.—Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?
[*They prepare to play.*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon that table.—
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
"Now the king drinks to Hamlet."—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

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Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well;—again.

King. Stay; give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.

[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.*

Give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.—
Come.—Another hit; what say you? [*They play.*

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam!

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late. [*Aside.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience. [*Aside.*

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now!

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*

King. Part them; they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come, again. [*The Queen falls.*

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?

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Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons[99] to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—
The drink, the drink!—I am poison'd. [*Dies.*

Ham. O villany!—Ho![100] let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy mother 's poison'd:—
I can no more:—the king, the king 's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too!—
Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*

All. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damnèd Dane,
Drink off this potion:—is thy union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*

Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—
I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

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Hor. Never believe it:
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have't.—
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. [*March afar off, and shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?
Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.
Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited.—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart:—good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *the* English Ambassadors, *and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry cries on havoc.—O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?
First Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:

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Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placèd to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance,
On plots and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies:(101)—such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.—
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

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P. 469. (1) "*'Tis now struck twelve*," &c.

Steevens "strongly suspected" that we ought to read "*'Tis* new *struck twelve*," &c.; which Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also gives: but is not the sense the same with either reading?

P. 471. (2) "*Polacks*," &c.

Spelt in old eds. "*pollax*" and "*Pollax*," &c.—Pope printed "Polack," &c.; and Steevens observes, "We cannot well suppose that in a *parley* the King belaboured many, as it is not likely that provocation was given by more than one, or that on such an occasion he would have condescended to strike a meaner person than a prince." It would seem, however, that here the "*pollax*" of the old eds. was intended for the plural; since, afterwards in this play, their spelling of the singular is "*Polacke*," "*Pollacke*," "*Poleak*," "*Pollock*," and "*Polake*."

P. 472. (3) "*design'd*," &c.

So the second folio.—The first folio, and the quartos, 1604, &c. have "designe."

P. 472. (4) "*Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:*
As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star," &c.

A passage hopelessly mutilated: yet Caldecott, with something more than simplicity, is inclined to believe that it now stands as Shakespeare wrote it, and accordingly proceeds to explain it.—The various attempts which have been made at emendation here are necessarily violent.—The preceding speech of Bernardo, and the present one of Horatio as far as the line "Unto our climatures and countrymen" inclusive, are omitted in the folio; but they are found in all the quartos, except the imperfect one of 1603.

P. 473. (5) "*climatures*," &c.

Qy. "climature," &c.?

P. 475. (6) "*more than the scope*
Of these dilated articles allow."

See vol. ii. p. 169, note (45).

P. 476. (7)
"*Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief*," &c.

Here Mr. Knight prints, with the old copies, "moods" (which is merely an

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old spelling); and Mr. Hunter (*Illust. of Shakespeare*, ii. 217) is inclined to prefer "moods" to "*modes*;" though nothing can be plainer than that Hamlet, throughout this speech, is dwelling entirely on the outward and visible signs of sadness.

P. 479. (8) "*I would not hear your enemy say so;*
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence," &c.

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*I would not* haue *your Enemy*," &c.,—erroneously, as the next line proves: yet Mr. Knight retains "have."

P. 480. (9) "*distill'd*
Almost to jelly," &c.

So all the quartos.—The folio has,

"bestil'd
Almost to Ielly," &c.,—

and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "bestil'd" to "bechill'd."—But, in all probability, the quartos give the poet's word.—Compare a passage (which Mr. Singer lately pointed out to me) in Sylvester's *Du Bartas,—A Dialogue*, &c.,—p. 281, ed. 1641,

"Melt thee, *distill* thee, turne to wax or snow;
Make sad thy gesture, tune thy voyce to woe," &c.

and see my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 137.

P. 481. (10) "*Let it be tenable in your silence still*," &c.

So all the quartos.—The folio has "*Let it bee* treble *in your silence still*," &c.,—a blunder which Caldecott retains (and Mr. Knight once retained),—as meaning "Let it impose a threefold obligation of silence"!

P. 482. (11) "*The safety and the health of the whole state*," &c.

The quartos, 1604, &c. have "*The safety and health of* this *whole state*," &c.; which Mr. Collier adopts, remarking that "'safety' was often of old, as in this line, pronounced as a trisyllable:" but qy.?—The folio has "*The* sanctity *and health of the weole State*," &c., which is kept by Caldecott and Mr. Knight, though the word "sanctity" is evidently an error for "sanity," to which Hanmer altered it. According to Malone, "the editor [of the folio], finding the metre defective, in consequence of the article being omitted before '*health*,' instead of supplying it, for '*safety*' substituted a word of three syllables."—The reading (of Warburton and Malone) which I have given bids fair, I think, to be the true one.

P. 482. (12) "*As he in his particular act and place*," &c.

Here again I am driven to the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*As he in*

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his peculiar Sect *and* force," &c.: "but," as Mr. Collier observes, "there is little doubt that it is a misreading."

P. 484. ([13]) "*Are most select and generous chief in that.*"

The earliest quarto has "*Are* of a *most select and* generall *chiefe in that;*" the other quartos have "*Ar* [*and* Or] of a *most select and generous, cheefe in that;*" while the folio has "*Are* of a *most select and generous* cheff *in that.*"—See my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 206.—(Steevens suggested, "*Select and generous*, are *most* choice *in that;*" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector, indifferent about the metre, gives "*Are* of a *most select and generous* choice *in that.*") Here "*chief in that*" is equivalent to—*chiefly in that.* (Just as this sheet is going to press, I find in a weekly journal, among other precious emendations of our author's text, a new reading of the present passage, viz., "*Are of a most select and generous* sheaf *in that,*" and a vain attempt to "corroborate" it by two quotations from Ben Jonson.)

P. 485. ([14]) "*Or,—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,*
Running it thus,—you'll tender me a fool."

The quartos, 1604, &c. have "Wrong *it thus,*" &c.; which has been altered to "Wronging *it thus,*" &c., and to "Wringing *it thus,*" &c.—The folio has "Roaming *it thus,*" &c., which Caldecott and Mr. Knight retain, and explain —to their own satisfaction. But that "Roaming" is a mistake for "*Running,*" I have been long convinced: so in a line of *King John*,—

"Say, shall the current of our right *run* on?"—

the folio erroneously has "—— rome on?" (see vol. iii. p. 259, note ([15])).—Mr. Collier also in his note on the present passage proposed "*Running;*" and I now find, from the one-volume *Shakespeare*, that his Ms. Corrector makes the same alteration.

P. 485. ([15])
"*Not of that dye which their investments show,*" &c.

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*Not of* the eye *which,*" &c.; and Caldecott and Mr. Knight retain it: but, though our early writers talk of "an *eye of green*" (as in *The Tempest*, act ii. sc. 1), "an *eye of red,*" "an *eye of blue,*" &c., they never use "eye" by itself to denote colour. "It is here," according to Mr. Knight, "metaphorically put for *character.*" The truth is—it is here a transcriber's or printer's error.

P. 485. ([16]) "*But mere implorators of unholy suits,*
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile."

So Theobald (and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector).—The old eds. have "—— *pious* bonds," &c.—Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 261) says that "Theobald's correction has never for a moment been doubted:" but such is not the case; for Malone retained "bonds" (elaborately defending it); so did

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Caldecott (with a note much shorter than Malone's, but quite as silly); so does Mr. Collier (though he allows "the great plausibility" of Theobald's reading); and so does Mr. Knight (with *ne verbum quidem*).

P. 485. ([17]) "*so slander any moment leisure*," &c.

In my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 209, I perhaps too hastily found fault with Mr. Collier for retaining "*moment leisure*," instead of printing "moment's *leisure*."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*so* squander *any* moment's *leisure*," &c.: but see Johnson's note *ad l.*

P. 486. ([18]) "*By the o'ergrowth*," &c.

The first quarto and the folio give (the former imperfectly) only the first four lines of the present speech.—The quartos, 1604, &c. have "*By* their *ore-grow'th*," &c.

P. 487. ([19]) "*Their virtues*," &c.

The quartos, 1604, &c. (see the preceding note) have "His *vertues*," &c.

P. 487. ([20]) "*the dram of eale*
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal."

Only in the quartos, 1604, &c. (see note ([15])),—the undated quarto, and that of 1611, having "*the dram of* ease," &c.—The editor of the last ed. of the *Variorum Shakespeare* allowed this passage to stand uncorrected: I follow his example; for the sundry attempts which have been made to amend it are all more or less unsatisfactory.—Theobald printed,—

"*the dram of* base
Doth all the noble substance of worth out
To his own scandal."

Steevens reads,

"*the dram of* base
Doth all the noble substance often dout [i.e. do out],
To his own scandal."

which is adopted by Caldecott, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier,—except that they substitute "ill" for "base." But, in the first place, "often" is very questionable, because, in all probability, "*of*" in the old copies is a mistake for "oft;" and secondly, as Mr. W. N. Lettsom observes to me, "the words '*To his own scandal*' are fatal to the reading 'dout' (i.e. do out), for, if that alteration be right, they are superfluous. A verb," he adds, "I should think must lurk under the corruption 'a doubt' or 'doubt,' with the signification of turn, pervert, corrupt, or the like. Shakespeare's meaning evidently is, that a little leaven leavens the whole lump,—that one vice will ruin an otherwise perfect character."—Mr. Singer (in his *Shakespeare*, 1826) gives,

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"*the dram of* bale
Doth all the noble substance often *doubt*
To his own scandal."

and he remarks; "I see no reason why *dout* should be substituted for *doubt*. The editors have unwarrantably made the same substitution in *King Henry V.* act iv. sc. 2, and then cite it as a precedent. Mr. Boswell has justly observed, that *to doubt* may mean *to bring into doubt or suspicion.*" Now, with respect to the passage in *Henry V.*, I am confident that there at least the true reading is "douts:" and surely Mr. Singer will not maintain that in the present play (see p. 559) Mr. Knight and myself have "unwarrantably" altered "doubts" to "*douts*," when we give, according to the text of the folio,—

"I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly *douts* it."—

Mason proposed, "*Doth all the noble substance of* 't corrupt," &c., which, he says, "seems to be pointed out and supported by the preceding lines,

'Shall in the general censure take *corruption*
From that particular fault.'"—

The above conjecture of Mason (which is not mentioned in the *Variorum Shakespeare*) was unknown to the Rev. J. Mitford, when he wrote to me as follows: "I would read '*Doth all the noble substance* oft corrupt,' &c.,—a reading to which the preceding word '*corruption*' forms any thing but an objection; and you are sure that the sense is right."—On turning to the edition of *Hamlet* recently published in Germany by Dr. Delius, I find,

"*the dram of* bale
Doth all the noble substance of and out
To his own scandal."*!!*

What a pity that the worthy editor had no Englishman at his elbow to prevent him from substituting new nonsense for old!—To conclude this already too long note. In the Devonshire dialect to "eale" is to *reproach:* it may be asked, then,—did Shakespeare (who occasionally has provincialisms) write here "*the dram of* eale" in the sense of "*the dram of* reproach"? for my own part, I hardly think so.

P. 487. (21) "*why the sepulchre,*
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd," &c.

In my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 137, I remarked; "Perhaps the reading of the quartos '*quietly* interr'd' is preferable, because '*in-urn'd*' implies that the body had been reduced to ashes,"—a remark which I now wish to recall. Compare *Coriolanus*, act v. sc. 6;

"Bear from hence his body,—
And mourn you for him:—let him be regarded
As the most noble *corse* that ever herald
Did follow to his *urn.*"

P. 487. (22) "*It waves you,*" &c.

Here the folio has "*It* wafts *you*," &c., a little after, "*It* waues *me*," &c., and

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presently again, "*It* wafts *me*," &c.; and so Caldecott and Mr. Knight. But there can be no doubt that Shakespeare in these three places used *the same form of the word;* and as the quartos in all three have "*waues*," they surely are to be followed.

P. 488. (²³) "*artery*," &c.

Here (not to mention the spelling in the quartos) the folio has "artire" (and see examples of *artire* in note on Marlowe's *Works*, i. 49): but in *Love's Labour's lost*, act iv. sc. 3, we have "The nimble spirits in the *arteries*."

P. 489. (²⁴) "*confin'd to fast in fires*," &c.

So all the old eds., except the imperfect quarto, 1603, which has "*Confinde* in flaming fire," &c.—Heath conjectured "—— *to* lasting *fires*," &c.; and so reads Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector.—Steevens says that, but for certain passages in Chaucer, Nash, and in a tract called *The Wyll of the Devyll* (for which see the notes *ad l.* in the *Varior. Shakespeare*), he "should have supposed we ought to read '—— *to waste* in fires:'"—which (if the old text be wrong,—and certainly the passages in Chaucer, &c. do not fully establish it) is perhaps the most probable alteration yet proposed.

P. 489. (²⁵)

"*To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O, list!*—"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "—— *list*, Hamlet, *oh list;*" which (though it satisfies Caldecott and Mr. Knight) gives a most violent shock to the metre: it would still have a harshness with the transposition, "*list, O, list, Hamlet!*"; nor would it be unobjectionable if altered to "—— *list, Hamlet, list*," for in this solemn adjuration the "*O*" is hardly to be omitted.

P. 489. (²⁶) "*rots itself*," &c.

So the folio.—All the quartos have "rootes *it selfe*," &c.—"The superiority of the reading of the folio ['*rots*'] is to me apparent: to be in a crescent state (i. e. to *root* itself) affords an idea of activity; to *rot* better suits with the dullness and inaction to which the Ghost refers." STEEVENS. And compare our author's *Antony and Cleopatra*, act i. sc. 4,

"This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To *rot itself* with motion."—

After all, however, the reading of the quartos may be the right one.

P. 490. (²⁷) "*his wit*," &c.

The old eds. have "*his* wits," &c.

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P. 492. (28)

"*These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.*"

So all the quartos.—The folio has "—— *and* hurling *words, my Lord;*" which Caldecott and Mr. Knight retain. (In the earliest quarto "*whirling*" is spelt "*wherling;*" in the later quartos "*whurling,*"—whence the error of the folio.)

P. 494. (29) "*or, 'There be, an if they might;'*—"

So all the quartos; and rightly, Hamlet meaning, "There be persons who, if they were at liberty to speak."—The folio has, "—— *and if* there *might*" (the transcriber or printer having repeated "there" by mistake); and so Caldecott and Mr. Knight.

P. 496. (30) "Rey. *Good my lord!*"

Reynaldo has previously said, "Very good, my lord," and he afterwards says "Well, my lord;" but the present speech is not therefore to be pointed, "*Good, my lord.*" Compare at p. 512,

"*Ham.* . . . . You are welcome to Elsinore.
Ros.. Good my lord!"

P. 499. (31) "*I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,*
Both to my God, and to my gracious king," &c.

So all the quartos (except that the earliest has "life" instead of "*soul,*" and "soueraigne" instead of "*gracious*"); and, as Capell observes, in spite of the "bad expression," the poet's "meaning is plain enough." *Notes, &c.* i. 129. It was, however, misunderstood; for in the folio we find "*Both to my God,* one *to my gracious King,*" &c.,—which strange alteration is adopted not only by Caldecott and Mr. Knight, but even by Mr. Collier.

P. 499. (32) "*My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*My Newes shall be the* Newes *to that great Feast;*" which Caldecott adopts!—Mr. Knight is "*inclined to think* that *news* was repeated by a typographical error:"—I am strongly inclined to think so too.

P. 502. (33) "*Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star,*" &c.

The editor of the second folio substituted "—— *out of thy* Sphere," &c.

P. 502. (34)

"Pol. *You know, sometimes he walks four hours together*
Here in the lobby.
Queen. *So he does, indeed.*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*So he* ha's *indeed;*"—which is

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retained by Caldecott silently; and by Mr. Knight, with a note to say that "has" is equivalent to "has done"! (That here the original reading, "*four hours*," is not to be altered to "for *hours*," has been distinctly proved by Malone.)

P. 503. (36) "*For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,—*"

This passage is not in the quarto, 1603.—The other old eds. have "—— *being a* good *kissing carrion.*"—I give Warburton's emendation, which, if overpraised by Johnson (who called it a "noble" one), at least has the merit of conveying something like a meaning.—That not even a tolerable sense can be tortured out of the original reading, we have proof positive in the various *explanations* of it by Whiter, Coleridge, Caldecott, Mr. Knight, and Delius. ("The carrion," says Mr. Knight with the utmost gravity, "the carrion is good at kissing—ready to return the kiss of the sun—'Common kissing Titan,' and in the bitterness of his satire Hamlet associates the idea with the daughter of Polonius. Mr. Whiter, however, considers that *good*, the original reading, is correct; but that the poet uses the word as a substantive—the GOOD principle in the fecundity of the earth. In that case we should read, 'being a good, kissing carrion'." Equally outrageous in absurdity is the interpretation of Delius, which (translated for me by Mr. Robson) runs thus: "Hamlet calls the dog, in which the sun breeds maggots, a good, kissing carrion; alluding to the confiding, fawning manner of the dog towards his master. If the sun breeds maggots in the dead dog, which during its lifetime was so attached,—what, says Hamlet, in his bitter distrust [*Misstrauen*], and to annoy Polonius, might not the sun breed in the equally tender Ophelia, who ought therefore not to expose herself to the sun.")

P. 506. (36) "*I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather.*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—Mr. Knight deliberately prints, with the folio, "*I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery* of *your secrecy to the king and queen. Moult no feather.*"

P. 506. (37)
"*this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof,*" &c.

Here the word "*firmament*" has dropt out of the folio; and Caldecott omits it too.—Though Mr. Knight now follows the quartos in this passage, he shows a lingering fondness for the error of the folio: he says, "Using *o'erhanging* as a substantive, the sentence is perhaps less eloquent, but more coherent," &c.

P. 507. (38) "*so beratle,*" &c.

So the second folio.—The first has "*so* beratled," &c.—From "Do they grow rusty?" to "Hercules and his load too" is not in the quartos, 1604, &c.; but, as Mr. Collier observes, there are traces of this part of the scene in the quarto, 1603.

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P. 507. (39) "*most like*," &c.

The folio (see the preceding note) has "like most," &c.

P. 508. (40) "'*twas so, indeed.*"

I may just mention that in this reading the folio is supported by the quarto, 1603 ("You say true, a monday last, '*twas so indeede*").—The later quartos have "'*twas* then *indeed.*"

P. 508. (41) "*Then came each actor on his ass,—*"

A quotation probably.

P. 509. (42) "*the first row of the pious chanson*," &c.

"Hamlet, in the text of the quarto of 1611, calls the poem 'the *Pious Chanson*;' but in the quarto of 1604, and the folio of 1623, it is 'the *Pons* Chanson.' Pope says, this refers to the old ballads sung on bridges. We believe *Pons* is a typographical error; for in the quarto of 1603 we find 'the first verse of the *godly* ballet.' But Mr. Hunter says, that 'in France, the trivial ballad, such as that referred to, is called in ordinary discourse a *pons chanson*, or a *chanson du Pont Neuf*.' A popular ballad is called even in modern dictionaries a *chanson du Pont Neuf*—but where is the authority for *pons chanson*?" KNIGHT.

P. 509. (43) "*Thy face is valanced*," &c.

So all the quartos.—The folio has "*Thy face is* valiant," &c., an error adopted by Caldecott and Mr. Knight, who bring forward to explain it a note of Malone, which he himself had cancelled.

P. 509. (44) "*there were no sallets in the lines*," &c.

So the quartos, 1604, &c.; and so the quarto, 1603, and the folio, except that they have "was" instead of "*were*."—In spite of Gifford's note on Jonson's *Works*, viii. 177, I think that in this passage the alteration of "*sallets*" to "salt" (or "salts") is a hasty one:—"*sallets*," i. e. *salt* (ribald) words or allusions (see Richardson's *Dict.* for the etymology of *salad* or *sallet*). Steevens *ad l.* cites from *A Banquet of Jests*, &c. 1665, "for junkets, joci; and for curious *sallets*, sales."

P. 513. (45) "*for it cannot be*
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*To make* transgression *bitter*," &c.;

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which Mr. Collier very inconsiderately calls "an improvement." I should have thought it almost impossible for any one not to perceive that "lack gall to make *oppression* bitter" means "lack gall to make me feel the bitterness of oppression."

P. 513. (46) "*That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,*" &c.

"Modern editors [*intellige* Mr. Knight], following the reading of the folio ['*That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,*' &c.], have left out the material word 'father' in this line; and it is certainly not found in the quartos, 1604 or 1605. It is, however, in some copies of the undated quarto, which may be assigned to the year 1607, and in that of 1611, but not in the quarto 1637. The omission must have been discovered as the tragedy was going through the press, when first printed for Smethwicke, and then supplied. . . . The quarto, 1603, has the line thus,

'Why this is braue, that I the sonne of my deare father,'

omitting the word 'murdered'." COLLIER.—But in Boswell's opinion, "'*the dear murdered*' is very far from being a harsh ellipsis;" Caldecott adopted it; and (as above mentioned) so does Mr. Knight, who thinks it a "beautiful reading."

P. 517. (47) "*than with honesty?*"

So all the quartos.—The folio has "*then* your *Honestie?*" (a mistake occasioned by the "*your* honesty" and "*your* beauty" of the preceding speech); not "—— *then* with your *Honestie*," as Mr. Grant White supposes, who (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 414) blames the modern editors for not adhering to that lection.

P. 519. (48) "*I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus,*" &c.

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*I had as liue the Town-Cryer* had *spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much your hand thus,*" &c.,—the "had" having been repeated, and the "with" omitted, by the transcriber's or printer's mistake: yet Mr. Knight keeps the "had"; and both he and Caldecott omit the "with." (The quarto, 1603, has,

"*I'de* rather heare a *towne* bull bellow,
Then such a fellow speake *my lines.*
Nor do not saw the aire thus with your hands," &c.)

P. 521. (49) "*Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,*
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself."

So the quartos, 1604, &c. give the first line.—The folio has "—— *mistris of* my *choyce,*"—which, though the context proves it to be an error, Mr. Knight retains,—as he does another "my" of the folio at p. 524,—

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"My operant powers *my* functions leave to do."

In both cases the error was occasioned by the preceding "*my*."

P. 521. (50) "*Even with the very comment of thy soul*," &c.

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "—— *of* my *Soule*," &c.—See my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 214.—Mr. Knight declares himself "not convinced" by what I have there said in support of the reading of the quartos; but Mr. Collier most probably will now agree with me, for he tells us, that "among other adoptions [by the Ms. Corrector] from the quartos may be mentioned 'comment of *thy* soul' instead of 'comment of my soul' of the folios."

P. 523. (51) "*a suit of sables*."

A writer in *The Critic* for 1854, p. 317,—having found, in a review, an extract from a work of Henry Peacham, where "*Sabell* colour, i.e. *flame*-colour," is mentioned,—feels assured that we ought to read here "*a suit of* sabell." Another correspondent in *The Critic* for the same year, p. 373, observes that "*sabell*" or "*sabelle*" is properly a fawn-colour a good deal heightened with red, and that the term came from the French "*couleur d'isabelle*."—According to the *Dict. de l'Acad. Fr.*, "*isabelle*" is a colour "entre le blanc et le jaune, mais dans lequel le jaune domine. Il se dit surtout du poil des chevaux."

P. 526. (52) "Oph. *Still better, and worse.*
Ham. *So you must take your husbands.*"

So the quarto, 1603, except that it has "husband."—The other quartos have "*Ham. So you* mistake *your husbands;*" which is the reading of the folio, except that it omits "your."

P. 526. (53)
"*Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin.*"

So the folio;—with which the quarto, 1603, nearly agrees,—

"*begin.* Murdred
Begin, a *poxe, leaue thy damnable faces and begin.*"—

The later quartos omit "*pox;*" and Mr. Knight, generally so devoted to the folio, omits it too. (Need I observe that, in Shakespeare's time, this imprecation undoubtedly referred to the small-pox? Our author in *Love's Labour's lost*, act v. sc. 2, makes Katherine exclaim "*A pox* of that jest!")

P. 526. (54) "*the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.*"

These words are usually given in the modern editions as a quotation,—which probably they are.

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P. 527. (54) "*Why, let the strucken deer go weep,*" &c.

A quotation probably.

P. 527. (56) "*A very, very—pajock.*"

Here "*pajock*" is certainly equivalent to *peacock*. I have often heard the lower classes in the north of Scotland call the peacock—the "pea*jock*:" and their almost invariable name for the turkey-cock is "bubbly*jock*."—These four lines (excepting the word "pajock") would seem to be a quotation.

P. 527. (57) "*For if the king like not the comedy,*" &c.

A quotation perhaps.

P. 529. (58) "Re-enter *Players* with recorders.

O, the recorders:—let me see one."

So the quartos, 1604, &c. (except that there the stage-direction stands "Enter the *players with recorders*").—The folio has,—

"Enter one *with* a Recorder.

O the Recorder. *Let me see;*"—an alteration which I have not the slightest doubt we must attribute to the "company," who were obliged to be economical both of persons and properties. A single recorder, indeed, suffices for the mere business of this scene: but the alteration is quite at variance with what precedes, p. 527, "Come, some music! come, *the recorders!*"

P. 529. (59) "*and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think,*" &c.

So the quartos, 1604, &c. (in the quarto, 1603, there is no more of this than "Zounds *do you thinke*," &c.).—The folio has "—— *yet cannot you make it.* Why, *do you thinke*," &c.—"The folio," observes Mr. Knight, "omits *speak*. The poet may have meant to say, yet cannot you *make* this music, this excellent voice; for Guildenstern might have made the pipe *speak*, but he could not command it to any utterance of harmony. We now prefer to consider the folio erroneous." That Mr. Knight should labour to explain a reading which he now allows to be an erroneous one! How it originated is plain enough: when "'*S blood*" was struck out, to be replaced by "Why," the preceding word "*speak*" was at the same time accidentally struck out.

P. 533. (60) "*I'll silence me e'en here.*"

May be right: but the alteration made by Hanmer (and by Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector), "*I'll* sconce *me* even [the quartos, 1604, &c. have "euen"] *here*," cannot be called an improbable one,—the corresponding words in the quarto, 1603, being "I'le *shrowde myselfe* behinde the Arras."—That Hanmer's alteration, which has long been adopted on the stage, should not be noticed in the *Variorum Shakespeare*, is sufficiently strange.

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P. 533. (61) "Ham. *Mother, mother, mother!*"

So the folio.—Not in the quartos, 1604, &c.—There is, however, a trace of it in the quarto, 1603,—

"*Ham. Mother, mother,* O are you here?
How is't with you mother?"

P. 533. (62)

"Queen. *Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.*
Ham. *Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c. (these two speeches are not in the earliest quarto). —The folio has "*Ham. Go, go, you question with* an idle *tongue;*" which is adopted by Caldecott (and by Dr. Delius), under the idea that here Hamlet should echo as closely as possible the words of his mother. It was formerly adopted by Mr. Knight also; but he now adheres to the reading of the quartos; and wisely,—for the "an idle" of the folio was evidently caught by the transcriber or compositor from the preceding line. Such faulty repetitions are extremely frequent in the folio throughout this play: e.g. in act i. sc. 5 (p. 492), it has,

"*Hor.* There's no offence *my Lord.*
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patricke, but there is *my Lord,*" &c. (instead of "—— but there is, *Horatio,*" &c.)

and in act v. sc. 2 (p. 575),

"*Ham.* Come *on, sir.*
Laer. Come *on sir*" (instead of "Come, *my lord*").

See also notes (29), (32), (47), (46), (40), (53).

P. 536. (63) "*What would your gracious figure?*"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*What would* you *gracious* figure?" (the compositor having here omitted by mistake the letter *r*,—just as he has done afterwards in this play, p. 567, "Strengthen *you* patience in our last night's speech"); and accordingly Caldecott, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier do not scruple to print "What would *you,* gracious figure?"

P. 538. (64) "*That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,*
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,—" &c.

This passage (from "That monster" to "put on" inclusive) is only in the quartos, 1604, &c.—It has been variously pointed and explained: the above punctuation (which Mr. Knight is mistaken in supposing that he was the first to adopt) appears to me preferable, on the whole.—Theobald, at Thirlby's suggestion, printed,

"*who all sense doth eat*
Of habits evil, *is angel,*" &c.

and the Rev. J. Mitford (*Gent. Magazine* for Feb. 1845, p. 132) proposes,

"*who all sense doth eat,*
If *habit's devil, is angel,*" &c.

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P. 538. (65) "*And master the devil, or throw him out,*" &c.

This passage (from "the next more easy" to "wondrous potency" inclusive) is only in the quartos, 1604, &c.: the two earliest have "*And either the devill,*" &c.; the later quartos read as in the text,—affording a sense, but still leaving the metre imperfect (though Mr. Collier seems to think otherwise).—The line has been altered to "*And master* even *the devil,*" &c., and to "*And either* curb *the devil,*" &c.—Sidney Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 75) cites it thus,

"*And* either *master the devil or throw him out,*" &c.—

and by mistake attributes that lection to the quarto, 1604.

P. 541. (66) "*so, haply slander,—*
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter," &c.

This passage (from "Whose whisper" to "woundless air" inclusive) is only in the quartos, 1604, &c., and imperfect at the commencement. To complete the sense, Theobald inserted "for *haply, slander,*" which was afterwards slightly altered as above.

P. 544. (67) "*till I know 'tis done,*
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun."

So the folio.—The quartos, 1604, &c. have "—— *my ioyes* will *nere* begin:" but a rhyme was evidently intended here.—Johnson suggested that "*haps*" ought to be "hopes;" and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector agrees with him;—see Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare.*

P. 545. (68) "*Yes, it is already garrison'd.*"

Has been altered to "O, *yes, it is,*" &c.

P. 546. (69) "'*Twere good she were spoken with,*" &c.

At the commencement of the scene the quartos, 1604, &c. have "*Enter Horatio, Gertrad,* and a gentleman;" and, up to this point, they make the dialogue pass between the Queen and the "Gentleman." They then have,—

"*Hora.* 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill-breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is," &c.—

The folio omits the "Gentleman," and as far as "Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily" inclusive, distributes the speeches as in the present edition. It then has,—

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"*Qu.* 'Twere good she were spoken with
For she may strew dangerous coniectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my sicke soule (as sinne's true Nature is)," &c.—

There certainly is room for suspecting that the omission of the "Gentleman" is to be attributed to the players. But be that as it may, there can be no doubt that if a modern editor adheres to the folio in omitting the "Gentleman," he ought to restore to Horatio (what comes very awkwardly from the Queen),—

"'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds;"

and that, whether he chooses to retain or omit the "Gentleman," he ought to make the Queen's speech commence with "Let her come in."

P. 547. (70) "*Larded with sweet flowers;*
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers."

The old eds. have "—— *did* not *go*," &c.,—a reading which had been rejected for many a long year, when Caldecott with great pomp restored the "not" to the text. "*Contra fidem omnium codicum*," he says, "and following a leader whom they concur in reprobating, the modern editors read 'to the grave go,'" —Caldecott, though far advanced in life when he edited *Hamlet*, being, it would seem, still ignorant that a whole series of "codices" will very often agree in the grossest error. "His *shroud*, or corpse, 'did not go bewept with true-love showers,' for his was no love-case; his death had the tragical character of fierce outrage," &c. &c. That any one should fail at once to perceive that the original reading "*did* not *go*" is utterly irreconcilable with the preceding "Larded with sweet flowers"! And that any one should have the folly to suppose that the ballad now sung by Ophelia must apply in minute particulars to her father! Enough for her that it is a ditty about death and burial; no matter that its hero is a youthful lover,—he was cut off by a sudden fate, and so far resembled Polonius.—Here Mr. Knight also retains "not."—So does Mr. Collier in the first ed. of his *Shakespeare*, remarking, however, that it "may possibly be an error:" in his one-volume ed. I find that he omits it on the authority of his Ms. Corrector.

P. 548. (71) "*Will nothing stick our person to arraign*," &c.

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*our* persons *to Arraigne*," &c.; and so Caldecott, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier. But the king is certainly speaking of himself only: compare what he has before said to the Queen on the same subject (the death of Polonius), p. 540;

"O heavy deed!
It had been so with *us*, had *we* been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to *us*, to every one.

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Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd ?
It will be laid on us," &c.

Again, p. 549, we have,

"Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear *our person,*" &c.

And, p. 550,

"*That I am guiltless of your father's death,*" &c.

P. 551. (72) "'*Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a.*'"

Whether these words are rightly given as above, I cannot determine. (On the modern stage they are *sung* by Ophelia.)

P. 551. (73) "*Go to thy death-bed,*" &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "Gone *to* his *death-bed,*" &c.; which agrees with what seems to be a sort of parody on this ballad in *Eastward Ho*, by Jonson, Marston, and Chapman (see Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. iv. 223, last ed.),—

"But now he is dead,
And lain in his bed,
And never will come again."

P. 552. (74) "*I must commune with your grief,*" &c.

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*I must* common *with your greefe,*" &c., which Boswell would understand as "I must be allowed to participate in your grief, to feel in common with you;" and, much to my surprise, Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 421) approves of that most erroneous interpretation.—The "common" of the folio is merely an old spelling of "*commune:*" see Richardson's *Dict.* in "Common" and "Commune."

P. 555. (75) "*As checking at his voyage,*" &c.

Mr. Collier prints "*As* liking not *his voyage,*" &c., and observes, "This is the clear and correct reading of the undated quarto, that of 1611, &c. Malone seems to have referred here to no other quarto than that of 1604, and finding it read corruptly, 'As *the king at* his voyage,' he adopted the text of the folio, 'As *checking at* his voyage,' which, no doubt, was there introduced as a conjectural emendation." Here I altogether differ from Mr. Collier: "the king at" of the quarto, 1604, is obviously a mistake for "*checking at,*"—a reading much more in Shakespeare's manner than "liking not."

P. 556. (76) "*And they can well on horseback,*" &c.

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—"The folio has *ran* for 'can.' It was a mere misprint." Collier.—Assuredly it was: yet Caldecott and Mr. Knight retain it.

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P. 557. (77) "*a spendthrift sigh*," &c.

This passage (from "There lives within the very flame" to "the quick o' the ulcer" inclusive) is only in the quartos, 1604, &c.;—all which, except that of 1637, have "*a* spend-thrifts *sigh*,"—quite wrongly, I conceive, though Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight think otherwise.

P. 558. (78)

"*We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings*,—"

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "—— *on your* commings," &c.; which Caldecott and Mr. Knight retain (old spelling and all) in the sense of—venues, bouts.

P. 558. (79) "*How now, sweet queen!*"

Here the "*now*," which had been accidentally omitted in the first folio, was inserted by the editor of the second folio.—These words are not in the quartos, 1604, &c.: but the corresponding passage of the quarto, 1603, is, "*How now* Gertred, why looke you heauily?"

P. 561. (80) "*get thee to Yaughan*," &c.

So the folio.—The quartos, 1604, &c. have "Go *get thee* in," &c.—Mr. Collier *ad l.* oddly conjectures that "*Yaughan*" may be "a mis-spelt stage-direction to inform the player that he was to *yawn* at this point;" and his Ms. Corrector, oddly too, substitutes "*get thee to* yon'."

P. 561. (81) "*which this ass now o'er-reaches*," &c.

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*which this Asse o're* offices," &c.,—the less proper reading undoubtedly: see Johnson's note *ad l.*

P. 562. (82) "*For and a shrouding sheet*," &c.

Is generally printed "*For—and a*," &c.,—wrongly. See examples of "*for and*" (i. e. *and also*) in my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 218.

P. 564. (83) "*This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull*," &c.

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*This same Scull Sir*, this same Scull sir, *was Yoricks Scull*," &c., which is given by Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight. (Mr. Collier observes that the folio "*characteristically* repeats" the words;—which is very true, it being a marked characteristic of the folio to blunder in that way.)

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P. 564. (84) "*Imperial Cæsar*," &c.

So the folio.—All the quartos have "Imperious *Cæsar*," &c.—Malone says "the editor of the folio substituted *imperial*, not knowing that *imperious* was used in the same sense:" and such perhaps was the case (see my *Few Notes*, &c. p. 144). We find, indeed, "The *imperial Cæsar*," &c. in *Cymbeline*, act v. sc. 5: but then that play comes to us only through the folio.—Qy. are these four lines a quotation?

P. 565. (86) "*her virgin crants*," &c.

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*her Virgin* Rites," &c.; which is retained by Caldecott; and by Mr. Knight,—who prefers it for the reason which, in fact, renders it very objectionable. Johnson long ago observed, that "'*virgin rites*' give no certain or definite image;"—and such the context plainly requires. (Dr. Delius,—of whose skill in conjectural emendation a specimen has already been given (see p. 583),—suggests, most ridiculously, that here "*crants*" may be an error for "grants.")

P. 565. (88) "*To sing a requiem, and such rest to her*
As to peace-parted souls."

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*To sing* sage *Requiem*," &c.,—an error of the transcriber or printer,—which Caldecott and Mr. Knight adopt. (In Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare*, I find the "sage" of the folio altered, on the authority of his Ms. Corrector, to "sad:" but qy. is it not rather a mistake for "such"?)

P. 566. (87) "*Woo't drink up eisel?*"

The quarto, 1603, has "*Wilt drinke vp* vessels," &c.—The later quartos have "*Woo't drinke vp* Esill," &c.—The folio has "*Woo't drinke vp* Esile," &c.—A great dispute has arisen about the "Esill" or "Esile" of this line,—whether we are to understand by it "the river *Yssell*, *Issell*, or *Izel*, the most northern branch of the Rhine," or else *eisel* (i. e. vinegar). For my own part, I certainly believe that *eisel* is meant here: the word (and it was formerly common enough) is used by our author in his cxiᵗʰ Sonnet,

"I will *drink*
Potions of eisel [old ed. *Eysell*] 'gainst my strong infection," &c.

Nor is the expression "drink *up*" at all opposed to that interpretation; for Shakespeare has various other passages where "*up*" is what we should now consider as redundant:—e.g.;

"prisons *up*
The nimble spirits in the arteries," &c.
Love's Labour's lost, act iv. sc. 3.

"devours *up* all the fry it finds."
All's well that ends well, act iv. sc. 3.

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"Enough to stifle such a villain *up*."
King John, act iv. sc. 3.

"To fright the animals and to kill them *up*," &c.
As you like it, act ii. sc. 1.

"As true as Troilus shall crown *up* the verse," &c.
Troilus and Cressida, act iii. sc. 2.

On the phrase, "kills them all *up*," in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Gifford observes; "*off*, *out*, and *up*, are continually used by the purest and most excellent of our old writers after verbs of destroying, consuming, eating, drinking, &c.: to us, who are less conversant with the power of language, they appear, indeed, somewhat like expletives; but they undoubtedly contributed something to the force, and something to the roundness of the sentence. There is much wretched criticism on a similar expression in Shakespeare, 'Woo't *drink up* eisel?' Theobald gives the sense of the passage in a clumsy note [deciding that *vinegar* is meant]; Hanmer, who had more taste than judgment, and more judgment than knowledge, corrupts the language, as usual [reading, '*Wilt drink up* Nile?']; Steevens gaily perverts the sense [declaring himself for a *river*]; and Malone, with great effort, brings the reader back to the meaning which poor Theobald had long before excogitated." Jonson's *Works*, i. 122.—Malone, however, afterwards changed his mind, and was convinced that Steevens had rightly explained the word to mean a river, because "this sort of hyperbole was common among our ancient poets." But, in the "hyperbolical" passages cited by Malone, *what* rivers do those poets mention? The *Rhine*, the *Thames*, the *Meander*, the *Euphrates*, —and not such obscure streams as the *Yssell*, the existence of which the commentators had some difficulty in detecting. (In this speech the "*Woo't*" (i. e. *Wilt*) of the old eds. is usually altered to "Woul't,"—no improvement surely.)

P. 568. (88) "*When our dear plots do pall*," &c.

So the folio.—The quarto, 1604, has "*When our* deepe *plots doe pall*," &c.; the later quartos have "*When our* deepe *plots doe* fall," &c.,—which has been altered to "*When our* deep *plots do* fail," &c. (Compare "And, if *I fail* not in my *deep intent*," &c. *Richard III.* act i. sc. 1.)

P. 568. (89) "*Being thus be-netted round with villanies*," &c.

The old eds. have "—— *with* villaines," &c.

P. 568. (90) "*And stand a comma 'tween their amities*," &c.

On this line Mr. Singer writes: "Warburton suggested 'stand a *commére*;' Hanmer, 'stand a *cement*;' others, 'a *column*,' and 'stand *commercing*.' Well might some one say, 'none of these words please me, yet I would rather it should be 'stand an *elephant*' than a *comma*.' It is evident that Peace is personified, and if we read 'stand a *co-mere* 'tween their amities,' it would be that

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Peace might stand as a mark or *evidence* between them. A *co-mere* would be a joint *landmark*," &c. *Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 268.—But our author's text is not to be amended by the insertion of words coined expressly for the occasion: and to me at least all this tampering of critics with the passage does not prove that it is corrupt.

P. 569. (91)

"*Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon*—" &c.

The quartos, 1604, &c. have "*Dooes it not* thinke *thee*," &c.—The folio has "*Does it not*, thinkst *thee*," &c.—Sidney Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 281) observes, that "*think it thee* occurs in the Elizabethan poets in the sense of *μῶν δοκεῖ σοι;*" and, after citing and correcting the present passage, he adduces from Cartwright's *Ordinary* (Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. x. 216, last ed.),

"Little *think'st thee*, how diligent thou art
To little purpose,"—

adding, "*thinks't thee*, of course."—Compare, too, in *All's well that ends well* (vol. ii. 541), "*methinks't*, thou art a general offence," &c.

P. 569. (92) "*To quit him with this arm?*"

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads "*To quit him with* his own?" see Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare*.

P. 569. (93) "*I'll court his favours*," &c.

Rowe's correction.—The folio has "*Ile* count *his favours*," &c.—From "To quit him with this arm" in the preceding speech but one to "Peace! who comes here?" inclusive, is not in the quartos.

P. 570. (94) "*if your lordship*," &c.

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*if your* friendship," &c., which Mr. Knight retains (and so does Dr. Delius, who defends it in a note). But I believe it to be merely an error:—and how easily such errors creep in! Though the copy from which the present edition was printed had here "*your lordship*," &c., yet in the first proof-sheet which was sent to me I found "*your* worship," &c.—Elsewhere in this scene Osric *four times* addresses Hamlet as "*your lordship*."

P. 570. (95) "*and it but yaw neither*," &c.

So the quarto, 1604, except that it has "*and* yet *but*," &c.—The later quartos have "*and* yet *but* raw *neither*," &c.—The preceding speech (except its first sentence), the present speech, and a good deal more of the dialogue till the entrance of the King, Queen, &c., are not in the folio; nor to be traced

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in the quarto, 1603. (The verb *yaw*, as well as the substantive, was formerly in common use: see my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 220.)

P. 571. (96) "*The king, sir, hath wagered with him*," &c.

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*The* sir King ha's wag'd *with him*," &c., the "wag'd" having perhaps grown out of the spelling "*wagerd*" in the quartos.—Compare afterwards in this page, "The king, sir, *hath* laid," &c. (Here the quarto, 1603, has "The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side," &c.)

P. 572. (97) "*a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions*," &c.

The quartos, 1604 and 1605, have "—— *the most* prophane *and* trennowed *opinions*," &c., and so the later quartos, except that they have "trennowned." —The folio has "—— *the most* fond *and winnowed opinions*," &c.—In my *Remarks on Mr. Collier's and Mr. Knight's eds. of Shakespeare*, p. 220, I maintained that "fond *and winnowed*" had been rightly altered to "*fanned and winnowed*;" and I still think that it is an alteration which most probably restores the true reading, though Mr. Grant White (*Shakespeare's Scholar*, &c. p. 422) pronounces it to be altogether wrong. He says that "carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions" means, "they go through and through [they stop at no absurdity in] the most fond [affected or foolish] and winnowed [elaborately sought out] opinions,"—an interpretation which, in my judgment, the words cannot possibly bear.

P. 573. (98)
"*since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?*"

A suspicious passage. I give it as it stands in the folio.—The quartos, 1604, &c. have "*since no man* of *ought hee leaues*, knowes *what ist to leaue betimes*, let bee."

P. 576. (99) "*She swoons*," &c.

The old eds. have "*She* sounds," &c.—See note (87), p. 88.

P. 576. (100) "*Ho! let the door be lock'd.*"

Here Caldecott, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier, most unaccountably print, "How? *let the*," &c.,—retaining the old spelling of some of the quartos and of the folio.

P. 578. (101) "*Take up the bodies:—such a sight as this*
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss."

So the quartos, 1604, &c.—The folio has "*Take up the* body," &c.,—which

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Caldecott, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Collier, adopt, though it is such a manifest error, that, even without the authority of any old copy, an editor would be bound to make the word plural. Fortinbras is now speaking of *the bodies* generally,—of Hamlet, the King, the Queen, and Laertes, who are all lying dead, and who, he says, present a spectacle that only becomes the field of battle. It would almost seem that the restorers of "body" had forgotten what precedes the present speech, viz.,—

> "*Hor.* . . . . . .
> . . . give order that *these bodies*
> High on a stage be placèd to the view;
> And let me speak to the yet unknowing world," &c.
> . . . . . .
> *Fort.* *Let us haste* to hear it,
> And call the noblest to the audience."
> . . . . . .
> *Hor.* . . . . . .
> *But let this same be presently perform'd,*
> Even while men's minds are wild," &c.

I find that in note (²⁰), p. 583, I have made a slight mistake in quoting Delius's unhappy emendation: he reads,—

> "*the dram of* bale
> *Doth all the noble substance* off and out
> *To his own scandal.*"

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KING LEAR.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, king of Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloster.
EDGAR, son to Gloster.
EDMUND, bastard son to Gloster.
CURAN, a courtier.
Old Man, tenant to Gloster.
Physician.
Fool.
OSWALD, steward to Goneril.
An Officer employed by Edmund.
Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL,
REGAN,
CORDELIA, } daughters to Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—*Britain.*

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KING LEAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A room of state in* King LEAR'S *palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, *and* EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport

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at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.—The king is coming. [*Sennet within.*

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *and* Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt Gloster and Edmund.*

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.—
Give me the map there.—Know that we have divided
In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words(1) can wield the matter;
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;

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Beyond what can be valu'd, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? (2) Love, and be silent. [*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak. (3)

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More ponderous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; (4) to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd; what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing!

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.

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Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. Ay, good my lord.(5)
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so;—thy truth, then, be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries(6) of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.—
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—(7)
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—who stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.

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I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Belovèd sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state;(8)
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

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Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow
(Which we durst never yet), and with strain'd pride
To come betwixt our sentence (9) and our power
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear),
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from disasters (10) of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid, [*To Cordelia.*
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[*To Regan and Goneril.*
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

Flourish. Re-enter GLOSTER, *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and* Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

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Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.
Bur. I know no answer.
Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?
Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king, [*To France.*
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd.
Almost to acknowledge hers.
France. This is most strange,
That she, who[11] even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest,[12] should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.
Cor. I yet beseech your majesty
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well[13] intend,

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I'll do't before I speak), that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder,(14) or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,—
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this,—a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love 's not love
When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry,

Bur. Royal king,(15)
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:

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Thou losest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloster, and Attendants.*

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The (16) jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our father:
To your professèd bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides:
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides. (17)
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not (18) been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but

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rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engraffed condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit(19) together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A hall in the* Earl of Gloster's *castle.*

Enter EDMUND, *with a letter.*

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tirèd bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate: fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the(20) legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

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Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
Confin'd to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad!—Edmund, how now! what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed, then, that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [*reads*] "This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR."

Hum—conspiracy!—"Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,"—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord,—there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

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Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter! —Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster—

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

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Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves.—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—'Tis strange. [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major;* so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut,(21) I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

Enter EDGAR.

Pat!—he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

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Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word nor countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray you, go; there's my key:—if you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business. [*Exit Edgar.*

A credulous father! and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

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SCENE III. *A room in the* Duke of Albany's *palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* OSWALD.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him. [*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said.

Osw. Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my course.—Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, *disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent

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May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, *and* Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now! what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be'st as poor for a subject as he's for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no

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worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool?—Go you, and call my fool hither. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,— [*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. [*Exit a Knight.*]—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—

Re-enter Knight.

How now! where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayest thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*]—Go you, call hither my fool. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Re-enter OSWALD.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?

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Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? so.

[*Pushes Oswald out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [*Giving Kent money.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too:—here's my coxcomb.

[*Giving Kent his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?(22)

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that 's out of favour: nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb: why, this fellow has banished two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah,—the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when the lady brach(23) may stand by the fire and stink.

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Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.(24)

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer,—you gave me nothing for't.—Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool. [*To Kent.*

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if

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I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't, and loads too: they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year; [*Singing.*
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and puttest down thine own breeches,

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [*Singing.*
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' the middle:—here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

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Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*to Gon.*] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a shealed peascod. [*Pointing to Lear.*

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endurèd riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you know, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would you would make use of your good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—This is not Lear:
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 'tis not so.—
Who is it that can tell me who I am?—

Fool. Lear's shadow.

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Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty,
Knowledge, and reason,
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.(25)

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: be, then, desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—[*to Alb.*] O, sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.—
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To Goneril.*
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support

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The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear.(26) It may be so, my lord.—
Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know more of it;
But let his disposition have that scope
As dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight!

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee,—Life and death! I am asham'd
[*To Goneril.*
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings of a father's curse

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Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha!
Let it be so:—I have another daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolvish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.

[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!—
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry,—take the fool with thee.—

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:—a hundred knights!
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights: yes, that, on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,—

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Re-enter OSWALD.

How now, Oswald!
What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit Oswald.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours
Though I condemn not,(37) yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Court before the same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canst tell, boy?

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Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one 's nose stands i' the middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side 's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take 't again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!—

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT II.

SCENE I. *A court within the castle of the* Earl of Gloster.

Enter EDMUND *and* CURAN, *meeting.*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not.—You have heard of the news abroad,—I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,
Which I must act:—briefness and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—brother, I say!

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He 's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him: have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming:—pardon me;
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit you well.—

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Yield:—come before my father.—Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother.—Torches, torches!—So, farewell.
[*Exit Edgar.*
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father, father!—
Stop, stop!—No help?

Enter GLOSTER, *and* Servants *with torches.*

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, cónjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress,—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after. [*Exeunt some Servants.*]—By no means what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders(28) bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his preparèd sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—dispatch.(29)—The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,

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Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,
"Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character), I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damnèd practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs(30)
To make thee seek it."

Glo. O strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.—
[*Tucket within.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.—
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and* Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither
(Which I can call but now), I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O madam, my old heart is crack'd,—it's crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

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Glo. I know not, madam:—'tis too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill affected:
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursu'd?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-ey'd night:
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.

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Glo. I serve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before* GLOSTER'S *castle.*

Enter KENT *and* OSWALD, *severally.*

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why, then, I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against

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the king; and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

Edm. How now! What's the matter? (31)

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please: come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers(32) from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o' the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his gray beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain

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Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel; (33)
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing(34) naught, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly ducking observants
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend

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so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Osw. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!—
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!—As I have life and honour,
There shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks!

[*Stocks brought out.*(35)

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st(36) wretches

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For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

[*Kent is put in the stocks.*

Come, my lord, away. [*Exeunt all except Gloster and Kent.*

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke 's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw,—
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery:—I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscurèd course; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies—All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night: smile once more; turn thy wheel!

[*Sleeps.*

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SCENE III. *The open country.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygod! (37) poor Tom!
That's something yet:—Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Before* GLOSTER'S *castle.* KENT *in the stocks.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, *and* Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!
Lear. Ha!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?
Kent. No, my lord.

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Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man's over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,—
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no, they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine
(Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness),
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries.

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Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter 's not gone yet, if the wild-geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio,—down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element 's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a number?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:

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The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet:—may be he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore
[*Looking on Kent.*
Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go tell the duke and 's wife I'd speak with them,

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Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down!

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down!" 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!

[*Kent is set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adultress.—O, are you free? [*To Kent.*
Some other time for that.—Belovèd Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—

[*Points to his heart.*

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led

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By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old; [*Kneeling.*(38)
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

Lear [*rising*]. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!(39)

Reg. O the blest gods! so will you wish on me,
When the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks? [*Tucket within.*

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Corn. What trumpet 's that?

Reg. I know 't,—my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.

Enter OSWALD.

Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?— [*To Goneril.*
O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All 's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough;
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?

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Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot.—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at Oswald.*

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossèd carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to me

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(For now I spy a danger), I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty: to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise.—I'll go with thee:
[*To Goneril.*
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord:
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need! (40)
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be

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The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep.—O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.*
Storm heard at a distance.

Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

Reg. This house is little: the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT III.

SCENE I. *A heath.*

A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter KENT *and a* Gentleman, *meeting.*

Kent. Who 's there, besides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.

Kent. I know you. Where 's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curlèd waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinchèd wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd[41] and set high?) servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations[42]
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;—

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But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia
(As fear not but you shall), show her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet,—
That, when we have found the king (in which your pain
That way, I'll this), he that first lights on him
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the heath. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR *and* Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,

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Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in; ask thy daughters' blessing: here 's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put 's head in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

—for there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
I will say nothing.

Enter KENT.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace and a cod-piece; that's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies

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Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother(43) o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulgèd crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there; while I to this hard house
(More harder than the stones whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in,) return, and force
Their scanted courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.—
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has and a little tiny wit,— [*Singing.*
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel.
[*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*

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Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.—I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A room in* GLOSTER'S *castle.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will look(44) him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved.

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There is strange things toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses,—no less than all:
The younger rises when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A part of the heath, with a hovel. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder

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On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in.—
In, boy; go first [*to the Fool*].—You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
[*Fool goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*within*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom! [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.

Enter EDGAR *disguised as a madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—(45)
Hum! go to thy cold(46) bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits!—Tom's a-cold,—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:—there could I have him now,—and there,—and there again, and there. [*Storm continues.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

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Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly;(47) swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply, dice dearly; and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: says suum, mun, nonny. Dolphin my boy, boy, sessa! let him trot by. [*Storm continues.*

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest

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the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings!—come, unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild(48) field were like an old lecher's heart,—a small spark, all the rest on 's body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old;(49)
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, *with a torch.*

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who 's there? What is 't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear;—

But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower.—Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman:
Modo he 's call'd, and Mahu.

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Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.
Edg. Poor Tom 's a-cold.
Glo. Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.
Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.—
What is the cause of thunder?
Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.
Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learnèd Theban.—
What is your study?
Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.
Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.
Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin to unsettle.
Glo. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death:—ah, that good Kent!—
He said it would be thus,—poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late: I lov'd him, friend,
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee, [*Storm continues.*
The grief hath craz'd my wits.—What a night 's this!—
I do beseech your grace,—
Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.—
Noble philosopher, your company.
Edg. Tom 's a-cold.
Glo. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.
Lear. Come, let 's in all.
Kent. This way, my lord.
Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.
Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.
Glo. Take him you on.

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Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words: Hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A room in* GLOSTER'S *castle.*

Enter CORNWALL *and* EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*aside*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persever in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE VI. *A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle.*

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, *and* EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have(50) given way to his impatience:—the gods reward your kindness! [*Exit Gloster.*

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness.—Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon 'em,—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—
Come, sit thou here, most learnèd justicer;—(51) [*To Edgar.*
Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*]—Now, you she foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?
Come o'er the bourn,(52) Bessy, to me,—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—

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Thou robèd man of justice, take thy place;— [*To Edgar.*
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*
Bench by his side:—you are o' the commission,
Sit you too. [*To Kent.*

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!—
False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*aside*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,(53)
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,—
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

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Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?—[*To Edgar.*] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so. We'll go to supper i' the morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not,—his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assurèd loss: take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,(54)
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind. [*To the Fool.*

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt Kent, Gloster, and the Fool, bearing off Lear.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,

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When that which makes me bend makes the king bow,
He childed as I father'd!—Tom, away!
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles(55) thee,
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *A room in* GLOSTER'S *castle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and* Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed.—Seek out the traitor Gloster. [*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister:—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter OSWALD.

How now! where's the king?

Osw. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lords dependants,
Are gone with him toward Dover; where they boast
To have well-armèd friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.

[*Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.*

Go seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

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Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control.—Who's there? the traitor?

Re-enter Servants, *with* GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.
Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.
Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.
Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*
Reg. Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!
Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.
Corn. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find—
[*Regan plucks his beard.*
Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
Reg. So white, and such a traitor!
Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host:
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?
Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.
Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And false.
Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?
Glo. To Dover.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

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Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stellèd fires:
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key,"
All cruels else subscrib'd:—but I shall see
The wingèd vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See't shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.—
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

Glo. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help!—O cruel!—O you gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

First Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog!

First Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*Draws.*

First Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. Cornwall is wounded.*

Reg. Give me thy sword.—A peasant stand up thus!

[*Takes a sword from another Servant, and runs at First Servant behind.*

First Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him.(56)—O! [*Dies.*

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?

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Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!
Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? how look you?
Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm.
[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.—Some of the Servants unbind Gloster, and lead him out.*
Sec. Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.
Third Serv. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.
Sec. Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.
Third Serv. Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!
[*Exeunt severally.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?

Enter GLOSTER, *led by an* Old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O, my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: full oft 'tis seen,
Our means(57) secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—O dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abusèd father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now! Who 's there?

Edg. [*aside*] O gods! Who is't can say, "I am at the worst"?
I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

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Edg. [*aside*] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not
So long as we can say, "This is the worst."
Old Man. Fellow, where goest?
Glo. Is it a beggar-man?
Old Man. Madman and beggar too.
Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,—
They kill us for their sport.
Edg. [*aside*] How should this be?—
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master!
Glo. Is that the naked fellow?
Old Man. Ay, my lord.
Glo. Then, prithee, get thee gone: if, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I'll entreat to lead me.
Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.
Glo. 'Tis the times'[56] plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.
Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*
Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow,—
Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it further. [*Aside.*
Glo. Come hither, fellow.
Edg. [*aside*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.
Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?
Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits:—bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend!—five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of

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dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing,(59)—who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier:—heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confinèd deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before the* Duke of Albany's *palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* EDMUND; OSWALD *meeting them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your master?

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was, "The worse:" of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further. [*To Edm.*
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,

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Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a favour.*
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster!
[*Exit Edmund.*
O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due:
My fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord.
[*Exit.*

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious agèd man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!

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If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity(60) must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumèd helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whiles thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and criest,
"Alack, why does he so?"

Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changèd and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were 't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,(61)
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones:—howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

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Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*aside*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The French camp near Dover.*

Enter KENT *and a* Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Marshal(62) of France, Monsieur La Far.

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Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir;(63) she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove(64)
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day:(65) those happy smilets,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Faith, once or twice she heav'd the name of "father"
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, "Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believ'd!"—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd:(66) then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distressèd Lear's i' the town;
Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

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Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so they are a-foot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, *and* Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter (67) and furrow-weeds,
With hoar-docks, (68) hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer.*]—What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereavèd sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,

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Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A room in* GLOSTER'S *castle.*

Enter REGAN *and* OSWALD.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Osw. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himself in person there?
Osw. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
Osw. No, madam.
Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?
Osw. I know not, lady.
Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.
Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

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Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.
Osw. I may not, madam:
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.
Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.
Osw. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange eyeliads and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.
Osw. I, madam?
Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know 't:
Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's:—you may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I should show
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The country near Dover.*

Enter GLOSTER, *and* EDGAR *dressed like a peasant.*

Glo. When shall I come to the top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.
Glo. Methinks the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep.
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glo. No, truly.

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Edg. Why, then, your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd
But in my garments.
Glo. Methinks you're better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still.—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire,—dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.
Glo. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand:—you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.
Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.
Glo. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:

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If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathèd part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone, sir:—farewell.—
[*Gloster leaps, and falls along.*
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir!—speak!—
Thus might he pass indeed:—yet he revives.—
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life 's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—so.—How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes

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Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the enridgèd sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself,
"Enough, enough," and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,
"The fiend, the fiend:" he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, *fantastically dressed with wild flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature 's above art in that respect.—There 's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do 't.—There 's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril,—with a white beard!—They flattered me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say "ay" and "no" to every thing I said!—"Ay" and "no" too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie,—I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the king?

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Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life.—What was thy cause?—
Adultery?—
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yond simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;—
The fitchew, nor the soilèd horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption;—fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to naught.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a

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heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small(69) vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate(70) sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does(71) pierce it.
None does offend, none,—I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots:—harder, harder:—so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry.—I will preach to thee: mark.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools—This' a good block:—(72)
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put 't in proof;

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And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman, *with* Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is: lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons; (73)
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and (74) laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom. What!
I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that.

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in 't. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit; Attendants follow.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near 's the other army?

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

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Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to(75) fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [*Edgar interposes.*

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An chud ha' been zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder: chill be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no matter vor your foins. [*They fight, and Edgar knocks him down.*

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me:—villain, take my purse:
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;

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And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the English party:—O, untimely death![76] [*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let's see these pockets: the letters[77] that he speaks of
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads*] "Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

"Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant,
"GONERIL."

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will![78]
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke: for him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand:
[*Drum afar off.*

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Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum:
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *A tent in the French camp.* LEAR *on a bed asleep, soft music playing;* Physician, Gentleman, *and others attending.*

Enter CORDELIA *and* KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:
I prithee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be 't so, my good lord.—How does the king? [*To the Physician.*

Phys.(79) Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abusèd nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changèd father!

Phys. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king: he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?(80)

Gent.(81) Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

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Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there!

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave:—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: when did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair daylight?—
I am mightily abus'd.—I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition!

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,

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And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less; (82)
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cor. And so I am, I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.
Cor. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.
Cor. Will't please your highness walk?
Lear. You must bear with me:
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.
[*Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician, and Attendants.*
Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?
Kent. Most certain, sir.
Gent. Who is conductor of his people?
Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloster.

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Gent. They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The camp of the British forces, near Dover.*

Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, *and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: he's full of alteration
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forfended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

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Edm. Fear me not:—
She and the duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY, GONERIL, *and* Soldiers.

Gon. [*aside*] I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.—
Sir, this I heard,—the king is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.

Alb. Let 's, then, determine
With the ancient of war on our proceeding.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle [*aside*].—I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR *disguised.*

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt Edmund, Regan, Goneril, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouchèd there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,

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And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper.
[*Exit Edgar.*

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy 's in view; draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now, then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A field between the two camps.*

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, *and their* Forces; *and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR *and* GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

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Glo. Grace go with you, sir! [*Exit Edgar.*

Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man,—give me thy hand,—away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand; come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all:—come on.

Glo. And that 's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The British camp near Dover.*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *prisoners;* Officers, Soldiers, *&c.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressèd king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

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Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The goujeers(83) shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em starve first.
Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note [*giving a paper*]; go follow them to prison:
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I will do 't. [*Exit.*

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, *and* Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have show'd to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: you have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;

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My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
[*To Edmund.*

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee

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On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent [*pointing to Gon.*].—For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [*throwing down a glove*]; I'll make it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. [*aside*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.

Edm. There's my exchange [*throwing down a glove*]: what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[*Exit Regan, led.*

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*

Her. [*reads*] "If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloster,

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that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence."

Edm. Sound! [*First trumpet.*

Her. Again! [*Second trumpet.*

Her. Again! [*Third trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, *armed, and preceded by a trumpet.*

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.(84)

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?

Edm. Himself:—what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege(85) of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart,—thou art a traitor;
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou "No,"
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay

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By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which,—for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,—
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak!
[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon. This is practice, Gloster:
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir;(86)
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.
[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*

Gon. Say, if I do,—the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for't?

Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [*Exit.*(87)

Alb. Go after her: she 's desperate; govern her.
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
'Tis past, and so am I.—But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let 's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

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Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince, I know't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;—
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly die(88)
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd;
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,—
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!—
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding

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Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him(89) on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman *hastily, with a bloody knife.*

Gent. Help, help, O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!

Alb. Who dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead:—
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*

Enter KENT.

O, is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night:
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?—
[*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*

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See'st thou this object, Kent?

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run!

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit Edgar.*

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her!—Bear him hence awhile.
[*Edmund is borne off.*

Re-enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms;* EDGAR, Officer, *and others following.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack.—She 's gone for ever!—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She 's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

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Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*

Lear. Prithee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she 's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman.—
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same,
Your servant Kent.—Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He 's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too:—he 's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man,—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else:—all 's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain is it
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That 's but a trifle here.—

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You lords and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—you, to your rights;
[*To Edgar and Kent.*
With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!—
Pray you, undo this button:—thank you, sir.—
Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
Look there, look there!— [*Dies.*

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord!—

Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough(90) world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general woe.—Friends of my soul, you twain
[*To Kent and Edgar.*
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me,—I must not say no.

Alb. The weight(91) of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.
[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

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P. 604. (1) "*more than words can wield the matter*," &c.

So the quartos.—The folio has "*more then* word *can*," &c., which is retained by Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier; and by Delius, who defends it by citing *as parallel*, from act iii. sc. 2, "When priests are more *in word than matter*:"—Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier at least, being Englishmen, ought to have *felt* that here the author must have used the plural. (Perhaps in the present passage,—

"Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter," &c.

as also in a later one, p. 623,—

"In rank and not-to-be-endurèd riots. Sir," &c.

the "Sir" ought to stand in a line by itself.)

P. 605. (2) "*What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "*What shall Cordelia* speake? *Loue, and be silent;*" which is retained by Mr. Knight, Mr. Collier, and Delius. ("The quartos," says Mr. Knight, "read 'What shall Cordelia *do?*' This feebler reading destroys the force of the answer, 'Love, and *be silent*'." Now, to my thinking, "the answer" shows most distinctly that the reading of the folio is the wrong one.)

P. 605. (3) "*Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.*"

So the quartos.—The folio omits "*Speak:*" but Lear has concluded his address to Goneril with "*speak* first;" and he afterwards finishes that to Cordelia with "*Speak.*" (In Regan's reply, perhaps the reading of the quartos has the greater propriety of expression,—

"*Sir*, I am made
Of the selfe-same mettle that my sister is," &c.:

compare Goneril's speech,

"*Sir*, I love you more," &c.

and Cordelia's "Nothing, *my lord.*")

P. 605. (4) "*Now, our joy,*
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd; what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak."

The quartos have,

"but *now our ioy,*
Although the last, not least in our deere *loue,*

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What can you say to win *a third, more opulent*
Then your sisters?"

The folio has,

"*Now our Ioy,*
Although our *last* and *least: to whose young loue,*
The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,
Striue to be interest. What can you say, to draw
A third, more opilent then your Sisters? speake,"—

with a flagrant error in the second line, which (instead of correcting it by means of the quartos) Mr. Knight, Mr. Collier, and Delius retain. The two former editors do not tell us how they understand "Although our last and least:" but Delius boldly says that "least" means—smallest, youngest! ("So, in the old anonymous play, King Leir speaking to Mumford;

'to thee last of all;
Not greeted last, 'cause thy desert was small'."

STEEVENS.

"Again in *The Spanish Tragedy*, written before 1593;

'The *third* and *last, not least*, in our account'."

MALONE.)

P. 606. (6) "*good my lord.*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "my good lord:" but compare Cordelia's preceding speech.

P. 606. (6) "*The mysteries of*," &c.

So the second folio.—The quartos have "*The* mistresse *of*," &c.; while the first folio has "*The* miseries *of*," &c.

P. 606. (7) "*Hence, and avoid my sight!*"

"These words are in all the [modern] editions directed to Cordelia, which undoubtedly are addressed to Kent. For in the next words Lear sends for France and Burgundy, in order to tender them his youngest daughter," &c. HEATH.—And compare what Lear afterwards says to Kent, "Out of my sight!" p. 607.—Malone, however, has no doubt that the direction "*To Cordelia*" is right; and he remarks truly enough, that "Kent has hitherto said nothing that could extort even from the choleric king so harsh a sentence," &c.

P. 607. (8) "*Reserve thy state*," &c.

So the folio.—The quartos have "Reuerse *thy* doome," &c.—"I am inclined to think that *reverse thy doom* was Shakespeare's first reading, as more apposite to the present occasion, and that he changed it afterwards to *reserve thy state*, which conduces more to the progress of the action." JOHNSON.

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P. 608. ([9])

"*To come betwixt our sentence and our power*," &c.

In this line the folio has "sentences,"—as, by the same sort of error, it has, p. 605, "To thine and Albanies *issues*," &c.,—and Mr. Knight adheres to it in both places!—Delius also retains and defends "sentences"!

P. 608. ([10])

"*To shield thee from disasters of the world*," &c.

So the folio.—The quartos have "*To shield thee from* diseases [i. e. inconveniences] *of the world*," &c.,—which Malone adopts, insisting that "*disasters*" was introduced by the editor of the folio "in consequence of his not knowing the meaning of the original word:" this is possible: but Malone seems to understand "disasters" in too limited a sense.

P. 609. ([11])

"*That she, who even but now was your best object*," &c.

The quartos have,

"*that she* that *euen but now*
Was your best obiect," &c.

The folio has, "*That she* whom *euen but now, was your obiect*," &c.—(Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads, altogether unnecessarily,—"—— *your* blest *object*," &c.)

P. 609. ([12]) "*Most best, most dearest*," &c.

So the quartos.—The folio has "The *best*, the *deerest*," &c.—(Compare at p. 638, "To take the basest and *most poorest* shape," &c.:—and in the speech preceding the present one we have "To avert your liking a *more worthier* way," &c.)

P. 609. ([13]) "*since what I well intend*," &c.

So the quartos.—The folio has "*since what I* will *intend*," &c.,—as afterwards, p. 617, it has, by the same mistake, "If but as *will* I other accents borrow," &c.: yet here Mr. Knight adheres to the folio; and so does Delius.

P. 610. ([14]) "*It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness*," &c.

In this line the spelling of the quartos is "*murder*," that of the folio "*murther*."—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes,

"*It is no vicious blot*, nor other *foulness*," &c.:

and undoubtedly the original reading is a very suspicious one, though a critic in *Blackwood's Magazine* for Oct. 1853, p. 464, defends it as follows:—"The King of France has just before said,

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'Sure her offence
Must be of such *unnatural* degree
That *monsters it*,'—

that is, that makes a monster of it—it can be nothing short of some crime of the deepest dye—and therefore 'murder' does not seem to be so much out of place in the mouth of Cordelia:"—who had been described by Lear as

"a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers."

P. 610. ([15]) "*Royal king*," &c.

So the folio; and compare, p. 609, "Most *royal majesty*," &c.—The quartos have "*Royall* Lear," &c.

P. 611. ([16]) "*The jewels of our father*," &c.

"As this reading affords sense, though an awkward one, it may stand: and yet *Ye* instead of *The*, a change adopted by former editors, may be justified; it being frequently impossible, in ancient Mss. to distinguish the one word from the customary abbreviation of the other." STEEVENS.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also substitutes "Ye *jewels*," &c.; and, in spite of what may be said to the contrary, I suspect that so the author wrote.

P. 611. ([17]) "*Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides:*
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!"

"So the quartos (excepting that 'cover,' by a very common error, is misprinted *covers*) correctly; and the folio, corruptly, 'at last *with* shame derides'." COLLIER.—But Mr. Knight and Delius have brought back the reading of the folio, "*Who* covers *faults, at last* with *shame derides*,"—understanding "*Who*" as the relative to "*time*," and supposing,—very erroneously, I think,—that the line unaltered will bear the same meaning as it does with Hanmer's alteration, "*Who* cover'd [Mason proposes "covert"] *faults at last* with *shame derides*."—I adhere to the quartos because I feel convinced that "*Who*" refers to people in general,—"Those *who*," &c.:—and it certainly would seem that here, as Henley observes, Cordelia alludes to a passage in Scripture, *Prov.* xxviii. 18, "He that *covereth* his sins shall not *prosper*," &c. As to the "with" of the folio (which, by the by, Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector changes to "*them*"), I can no more account for it, than for hundreds of the other strange things which the folio exhibits.

P. 611. ([18]) "*You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little*," &c.

Here the "*not*" happens to have dropt out of the folio; and accordingly Mr. Knight and Delius, in defiance of common sense, print "—— the observation we have made of it hath been little," &c.

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P. 612. ([19]) "*hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as,*" &c.

So the quartos.—The folio has "sit *together, if our Father carry authority with such* disposition *as,*" &c.; which Mr. Knight gives, though "sit" is a stark misprint. As to "*dispositions*" or "disposition,"—either reading may stand: we have afterwards from the mouth of the present speaker, p. 623,

"and put away
These *dispositions,*" &c.

and p. 625,

"But let his *disposition* have that scope," &c.

P. 612. ([20]) "*Edmund the base*
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper," &c.

The quartos have "*Edmund the base shall* tooth' *legitimate: I grow, I prosper,*" &c.—The folio has,

"*Edmond the base*
Shall to' th' *Legitimate: I grow, I prosper,*" &c.—

Rowe printed "*Shall* to th' *legitimate—I grow, I prosper,*" &c., supposing the sentence to be imperfect,—which it evidently is not.—Theobald reads, "*Shall* be *th' legitimate,*" &c.—Hanmer gives "*Shall* toe *th' legitimate,*" &c.—I have adopted the more probable correction of Edwards.

P. 615. ([21]) "*Tut, I should have been,*" &c.

The folio omits the interjection: but without it the sentence has a baldness. (In all the quartos I have seen it stands "Fut," which seems to be a misprint for "*Tut,*" rather than intended for "Foot" or "'Sfoot."

P. 620. ([22]) "Kent. *Why, fool?*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "Lear. *Why* my Boy?"—the eye of the transcriber or compositor having most probably caught the next speech but one.—Here Mr. Collier and Delius adhere to the folio, and consequently mark the words "Why, for taking one's part that's out of favour" (which they wrongly point, with the folio, "Why? for taking," &c.) as spoken by the Fool *to Lear.* But it is plain that the Fool addresses the king for the first time when he says, "How now, nuncle," &c.

P. 620. ([23]) "*when the lady brach may stand,*" &c.

So the folio.—The quartos have "*when* lady oth'e *brach may stand,*" &c.—This has been altered to "*when the* lady's *brach,*" &c., and to "*when* Lady, the *brach,*" &c.; but unnecessarily. Steevens cites from "the old black-letter Booke of Huntyng," &c., no date,—"and small *ladi popies,*" &c.: and see Nares's *Gloss.* in v. "Brach."

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P. 621. (24) "Lear. *Do.*"

Capell gives this to *Kent.*

P. 624. (25)

"*I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty,*
Knowledge, and reason,
I should be false persuaded I had daughters."

This is only in the quartos, where it stands as prose (for which assuredly the author did not intend it), and is, perhaps, somewhat corrupted. Mr. W. N. Lettsom informs me that the late Mr. Sidney Walker arranged it thus,—

"I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty,
Knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded
[That] I had daughters."

P. 625. (26)

"Lear. *It may be so, my lord.—*
Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!"

So the lines are arranged in the folio.—The quartos give them as prose.—The usual modern regulation is,—

"*Lear.* It may be so, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!"

P. 627. (27) "*Though I condemn not,*" &c.

Qy. "*Though I condemn* it *not,*" &c.?—which I find in most of the modern editions (though none of the old copies, as far as I know, have "it").

P. 630. (28) "*the revenging gods*
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend," &c.

So the quartos.—The folio has "—— *did all* the thunder *bend,*" &c., which Mr. Knight and Delius adopt. Mr. Grant White also (*Shakespeare's Scholar,* &c. p. 424) prefers the latter reading, though he allows that it *may be a misprint*;—which I have not the slightest doubt it is.

P. 630. (29) "*Let him fly far:*
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—dispatch.—The noble duke my master," &c.

If "*And found—dispatch,*" be the right reading, it can only mean, "And when he is found,—to death with him at once!" That here "*dispatch*" cannot be understood as "make haste," is plain from the context (and Gloster has

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already sent attendants in pursuit of Edgar).—Warburton and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector read "*And found*, dispatch'd."

P. 631. (30) "*If they not thought the profits of my death*
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it."

In this passage "*spurs*," which is the reading of the quartos, means, of course, —incitements.—The folio has "—— *potential* spirits," &c.,—which Delius adopts, and defends by what he considers to be a *parallelism* (!),—"As he is very *potent* with such *spirits*," *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2. But here the lection of the folio, "spirits," is as evidently wrong as is its reading "strange," in the commencement of the next speech,—"*O* strange [instead of "*strong*," i. e. determined] *and fastend villaine*,"—which, however, Mr. Knight and Delius prefer.

P. 634. (31)

"Edm. *How now! What's the matter?*
Kent. *With you, goodman boy*," &c.

So the quartos.—The folio has,

"*Bast. How now, what's the matter?* Part.
Kent. With you goodman Boy," &c.

But "Part" is undoubtedly a stage-direction. This is clear from its interfering with the dialogue: Edmund asks "What's the matter?" and Kent immediately replies, "With you [i. e. the matter is with you, I will deal with you], goodman boy," &c.—The stage-direction "Part" is found in other old dramas: e. g.

"*Rich.* Art thou content to breath? [*Fight & part once or twise.*"
A Pleasant Commodie, called Looke about you, 1600, sig. I. 3.

(Here I have let the entrances stand as they are marked in the folio.—The quartos have "*Enter Edmund with his rapier drawne, Glocester, the Duke and Dutchesse.*"—Qy. when the play was acted on our early stage, did all these personages come in together? Did they not enter thus?—

"*Enter Edmund.*

Edm. How now! What's the matter?

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please: come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Servants.

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives," &c.)

P. 634. (32) "*The messengers from our sister and the king.*"

On this line Mr. Collier observes, "All the old copies have 'messengers,' but

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Oswald is the only one upon the stage."—The old copies are quite right:—Oswald is the *messenger* "from our sister," Kent the *messenger* "from the king."

P. 635. (32) "*smooth every passion*
That in the natures of their lords rebel," &c.

See vol. ii. p. 169, note (45).

P. 635. (34) "*Knowing naught*," &c.

A line slightly mutilated.—The usual modern emendation is, "As *knowing naught*," &c.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector reads, "And *knowing naught*," &c.

P. 636. (35) "*Come, bring away the stocks!*
[Stocks brought out."

In the folio the stage-direction "*Stocks brought out*" is placed two lines earlier (as it no doubt stood in the prompter's book, that the stocks might be in readiness); and so it is given by the modern editors, without any regard to the present speech.—Here the quartos have no stage-direction.

P. 636. (36)
"*Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches*," &c.

So Steevens found the line corrected in an old hand on the margin of one of the quartos, which all have "*Is such, as basest and* temnest *wretches*," &c.—This passage, from "His fault is much" to "Are punish'd with" inclusive, is not in the folio (where, in consequence of that omission, the words "The king must take it ill" are altered to "The King *his Master needs* must take it ill").

P. 638. (37) "*Turlygod*," &c.

Mr. Collier, who gives "Turlygood," remarks; "In all the old copies it is printed *Turlygod*, but 'Turlygood' is perhaps a corruption of Thoroughly-good,"—a rather bold conjecture about a name, the very orthography of which is so uncertain.

P. 643. (38) "*Dear daughter, I confess that I am old*, &c.
[Kneeling."

The "[Kneeling" is not in the old eds. (which are generally sparing of stage-directions): but even if the present speech were not sufficient (and I think it is) to show that Lear, *wishing to impress Regan with the utter absurdity of his asking forgiveness of her sister*, drops upon his knees,—the immediately following words of Regan would be decisive on the point,

"Good sir, no more; *these are unsightly tricks*."—

Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector also inserts "*Kneeling*," in accordance with

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what was the stage-practice of his time, just as it is of ours, and as it will no doubt continue to be, in spite of what Delius has said to the contrary.

P. 643. (39) "*To fall and blast her pride!*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "*To fall, and* blister," a mere blunder,—which, however, Mr. Knight finds a reason for preferring.

P. 646. (40)
"*You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!*"

Capell says this line "was to be altered of course [by the modern editors], for having a middle redundancy, and a repetition of which they saw not the meaning; and so its tame conclusion is this, in the four latter moderns —— *give me that patience* which *I need*, &c." *Notes*, &c. vol. i. p. ii. 162. Other alterations have been suggested by Malone, Ritson, Mason, and Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector; nor would I assert, with Capell, that the old text is uncorrupted.

P. 648. (41) "*Thron'd and set high*," &c.

Has been altered, and, I suspect, rightly, to "Throne *and*," &c.

P. 648. (42)
"*Which are to France the spies and speculations*," &c.

Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector alters "*speculations*" to "spectators," which violates the metre.—Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 272) says, "There can be no doubt that it should be *speculators*, as I find it corrected in my second folio; and Mr. Collier, in a supplemental note, has seen that this is most probably the true word." (Johnson too, in his *Dict.* sub v., suggested "speculators.")—But I wonder that Mr. Singer should advocate any change here, since he rejects the alteration, made by Mr. Collier's Corrector and his own, of "*encounters*" to "encounterers," in *Love's Labour's lost*, act v. sc. 2,

"Arm, wenches, arm! *encounters* mounted are," &c.—

where "*encounters*" is used for *encounterers*, as in the present passage "*speculations*" is equivalent to "speculators."

P. 651. (43)
"*That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads*," &c.

Here the spelling of the folio is "*dreadfull* pudder,"—which Mr. Knight retains, observing "this is always modernized into *pother*," &c. But one of the quartos (considerably less "modern" than the folio) has "*dreadfull* powther:" and in *Coriolanus*, act ii. sc. 1, the folio has,

"such a *poother*,
As if that whatsoever God," &c.;

where Mr. Knight prints "such a *pother*."

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P. 652. (44) "*I will look him*," &c.

So the folio. (See vol. iii. p. 658, note (55)).—The quartos have "*I will* seeke *him*," &c.

P. 654. (45)

"*Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.*"

So the quartos.—The folio has "*through the sharpe Hauthorne* blow *the* windes;" which Mr. Knight and Delius adopt, though in the next page Edgar repeats, "Still *through the hawthorn blows the cold wind*,"—a quotation doubtless from some ballad.

P. 654. (46) "*go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*"

So the quartos: and the very same words (which, originally intended to ridicule a passage of *The Spanish Tragedy*, appear to have passed into a sort of proverbial expression) occur in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*. The folio has only "*goe to thy bed and warme thee*;" though, as Capell observes, "the banter's essence is 'cold,' and that word as necessary in this place as the other, for their intentions are like." *Notes*, &c. vol. i. p. ii. 166. (Delius, who, with the folio, omits "*cold*," conjectures that Shakespeare himself may have struck out the word, in order to get rid of the comic turn which it gives to the sentence:—if so, why did not Shakespeare also strike out what Edgar presently says about "eating cow-dung for sallets"? The fact is, the poet has studiously made the assumed madness of Edgar somewhat akin to the comic, that it might contrast the better with the real insanity of Lear.—Elsewhere in this play *passim* Delius has adopted from the quartos a great number of words that are wanting in the folio, without any misgivings that *they* may have been struck out by the author.)

P. 655. (47) "*keep thy word justly*," &c.

The quartos have "*keepe thy* words *iustly*," &c.—The first folio has "*keepe thy* words Iustice," &c.; and the second folio "*keepe thy word*, justice," &c.—Mr. Knight and Delius make out from the first folio the ridiculous reading "*keep thy* word's justice," &c.

P. 656. (48) "*a little fire in a wild field*," &c.

Mr. W. N. Lettsom informs me that here the late Sydney Walker read "—— *in a* wide *field*," &c.; and, on looking into Mr. Collier's one-volume *Shakespeare*, I find that his Ms. Corrector makes the same alteration. But why may not "*wild*" stand in the sense of—desert? (Shakespeare has "forests *wild*," and "*wild* wood," and "*wild* hills.")

P. 656. (49) "*the old*," &c.

Is usually altered to "*the* wild," &c.: but see Farmer's note *ad l.*, and Nares's *Gloss.* in v. "Old."

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P. 659. (50) "*All the power of his wits have given way,*" &c.

See vol. ii. p. 169, note (48).

P. 659. (51) "*learnèd justicer,*" &c.

The quartos have "*learned* iustice," &c.—This portion of the scene, from the preceding speech but one, "*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back" to "False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?" inclusive, is omitted in the folio.

P. 659. (52) "*the bourn,*" &c.

The quartos have "*the* broome," &c.—See the preceding note.

P. 660. (53) "*or lym,*" &c.

The old eds. have "*or* him," &c., and "*or* hym," &c.

P. 661. (54)

"*This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,*" &c.

Here Theobald's very specious alteration of "*sinews*" to "senses" is generally adopted (and without any note by Mr. Knight, who seems to take it for the original reading).—This speech, and all that follows to the end of the scene, excepting "*Glo.* Come, come, away," is omitted in the folio.

P. 662. (55) "*thought defiles thee,*" &c.

The quartos have "thoughts defile *thee,*" &c.—See the preceding note.

P. 664. (56) "*To see some mischief on him.*"

Qy. "—— *on* them" or "—— *on* 'em" (i. e. on Cornwall and Regan)? for "them" and "'em" are often confounded with "*him*" by transcribers and printers: so afterwards in this play, p. 699, the folio has erroneously, "I would have made *him* [the quartos rightly "them"] skip," &c. And compare what the other Servants say at the close of the present scene,—"If *this man* come to good"—"If *she* live long," &c.

P. 666. (57) "*Our means secure us, and our mere defects*
Prove our commodities."

Pope printed "*Our* mean secures *us;*" Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "*Our* wants *secure us,*" &c.; the late Sidney Walker (as Mr. W. N. Lettsom informs me) was confident that the true lection is "*Our* maims *secure us,*" &c.; and Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated,* &c. p. 272) proposes "*Our* needs *secure us,*" &c.—In some remarks on this passage (*Notes and Queries,* vol. xii. p. 98), Mr. Arrowsmith says; "I affirm that not only is *means* or

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meanes the right reading, but *secures* is so likewise; that is, I affirm the correctness of the two first folios in both these words." Now, I, in my turn, "affirm" that neither the first nor the second folio has "secures;" they both agree with the other old eds. in reading "secure."

P. 667. (55) "*'Tis the times' plague, when,*" &c.

According to Delius, here Shakespeare wrote "*'Tis the* time's *plague, when,*" &c.,—which is by no means certain. Compare *Sec. Part of Henry IV.*, "*The times* are wild," &c., act i. sc. 1; "to dignify *the times,*" &c. ibid.; "as *the times* do brawl," &c., act i. sc. 3; "the visage of *the times,*" &c., act ii. sc. 3: *King John*, "*the times* conspire with you," &c., act iii. sc. 4: *The Merchant of Venice*, "the chaff and ruin of *the times,*" &c., act ii. sc. 8.

P. 668. (56) "*of mopping and mowing,*" &c.

The quartos have "*of* mobing, *and* Mohing," &c.—The latter part of this speech, from "five fiends have been" inclusive, is omitted in the folio.

P. 670. (60) "*Humanity must,*" &c.

The quartos have "Humanly *must,*" &c.—This speech, and indeed the greater portion of the present dialogue between Albany and Goneril, is omitted in the folio.

P. 670. (61) "*To let these hands obey my blood,*" &c.

A mutilated line.—Theobald printed "—— *my* boiling *blood,*" &c.—This speech is not in the folio: see the preceding note.

P. 671. (62) "*The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.*"

Here "*Marshal*" is usually altered to "Mareschal" (see vol. iv. p. 92, note (67)); and "*La Far*" to "Le Fer," because there is in *Henry V.* act iv. sc. 4, a common soldier of the latter name, whom Pistol threatens to *fer, firk, and ferret.*—The whole of this scene is omitted in the folio.

P. 672. (63) "*Ay, sir; she,*" &c.

Theobald's correction.—The quartos have "I say *she,*" &c.—See the preceding note.

P. 672. (64) "*sorrow strove,*" &c.

Pope's correction.—The quartos have "*sorrow* streme," &c.—See note (65).

P. 672. (66) "*Were like a better day,*" &c.

The quartos have "—— *a better* way," &c., which, though retained and defended by Delius, cannot be right.—I prefer, on the whole, the reading in the text to the other modern alteration, "—— *a better* May," &c.—See note (62).

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P. 672. ([66]) "*And clamour moisten'd: then*," &c.

The quartos have "—— *moistened* her, *then*," &c.—See note ([62]).

P. 673. ([67]) "*fumiter*," &c.

The quartos have "femiter," &c.; the folio has "Fenitar," &c.

P. 673. ([68]) "*hoar-docks*," &c.

The quartos have "hor-docks," &c.: the folio has "Hardokes," &c.—Perhaps the right reading is "harlocks:" see notes *ad l.* in the *Varior. Shakespeare.*

P. 680. ([69])

"*Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear*," &c.

The quartos have "*through tattered* ragges *small vices*," &c.—The folio has "*Thorough tatter'd cloathes* great *Vices*," &c.

P. 680. ([70]) "*Plate sin with gold*," &c.

Pope's correction (and an obvious one).—The folio has "Place sinnes *with Gold*," &c.—From these words to "accuser's lips" inclusive is only in the folio.

P. 680. ([71]) "*does pierce it.*"

The usual modern reading is "doth *pierce it*,"—which may be preferable on account of the "does" in the next line; but that reading has no earlier authority than the third folio.

P. 680. ([72]) "*This' a good block:—*"

Here I follow Sidney Walker (see his *Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 80) in marking "*This'*" as the contraction of "*This is.*" (Walker, *ibid.* p. 81, observes that the same contraction ought to be introduced in a passage of *The Taming of the Shrew*:—where I introduced it of my own accord, Walker's essay having not yet appeared when I was occupied with that play: see vol. ii. p. 502, note ([18]).)—After these words an interrogation-point or an exclamation-point is usually put, in opposition to the old eds.—Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector substitutes "'Tis *a good* plot:" but see Steevens's note *ad l.*

P. 681. ([73]) "*have surgeons*," &c.

So the folio.—The quartos read "*haue* a chirurgeon," &c.—(Most of the modern editors print silently "*have* a surgeon.")

P. 681. ([74]) "*Ay, and laying autumn's dust.*"

Steevens, "for the sake of metre," printed "*Ay, and* for *laying*," &c.,—Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight silently give the same reading: but qy. is "for" in any of the old eds.?

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P. 682. (75) "*made tame to fortune's blows*," &c.

So the folio.—The quartos have "*made* lame by *fortunes blowes*," &c. (which Malone considers to be the right reading, because in our author's xxxvii^th^ Sonnet we find, "So I, *made lame by fortune's* dearest spite," &c.)

P. 683. (76) "*O, untimely death!*"

Here the old eds. have the word "*death*" twice.

P. 683. (77)

"*Let's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of*
May be my friends."

This is the reading of the folio; and I see no reason for preferring that of the quartos,—

"*lets see* his *pockets*,
These *letters that he speakes of*," &c.

P. 683. (78) "*O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!*"

The quartos have "*O vndistinguisht space of womans* wit:" the first folio has "*Oh* indinguish'd *space of Womans will*;" the second and third folios have "Of indinguish'd *space of Womans will*;" and the fourth folio has "Of *indistinguish'd space of Womans will.*"—The reading of the quartos, except in the last word, is no doubt the right one: and the sense is plain enough, "*undistinguish'd space*" meaning *space whose limits are not to be distinguished.*—Here Mr. Collier's Ms. Corrector makes one of his unhappiest emendations,—"*O*, unextinguish'd blaze *of woman's will!*" and Mr. Singer (*Shakespeare Vindicated*, &c. p. 273) offers a brace of conjectures, which I must take the liberty of saying he ought to have suppressed.

P. 684. (79) "Phys. *Madam, sleeps still.*"

"According to the folio, the two parts of the Doctor and the Gentleman seem to have been combined, and played by the same actor. In the quartos, they are distinct, and have separate prefixes. We have followed the latter, because the scene was, in all probability, so originally written, and because merely the economy of performers seems to have led to the union of the two characters in the folio." COLLIER.—See also Malone's first note on this scene.

P. 684. (80) "*Is he array'd?*"

After these words, Delius inserts, with the folio, the stage-direction "*Enter* LEAR *on* [in] *a chair carried by Servants*;" and he says that "from Cordelia's question it is plain that Lear is not on the stage at the beginning of this scene." But, as Capell long ago observed, "their [the folios'] mode of bringing in Lear was a mere stage-convenience." *Notes*, &c. vol. i. p. ii. p. 181. Cordelia has evidently come with Kent into the chamber where her father is asleep on a bed, the curtains of which conceal him from view; and a subsequent exclamation of the Physician, "Louder the music there!" shows that soft music is playing while he sleeps.

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P. 684. (81) "Gent. *Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep*
We put fresh garments on him.
Phys. *Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;*
I doubt not of his temperance."

One quarto gives the first of these speeches to "*Doct.*" and the second to "*Gent.:*" the other two quartos give the first to "*Doct.*" and the second to "*Kent:*" and the folio gives both to "*Gent.*"—Mr. Collier adheres to the quartos which assign the first speech to "*Doct.*" and the second to "*Kent;*" and remarks that "some modern editors (following Malone) have adopted a course consistent with no authority, by giving the two first lines to the Gentleman, and the two next to the Doctor." But where the old copies are so strangely at variance with each other, some liberty may be allowed to an editor; and the usual modern distribution of these speeches appears to me the only one which is at all satisfactory.

P. 686. (82) "*Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;*
And, to deal plainly," &c.

In this passage the folio alone has the words "*not an hour more nor less.*" Sidney Walker (*Shakespeare's Versification*, &c. p. 156) observes, "They are nonsense, it is true: but are they out of place in the mouth of Lear?" Certainly not.

P. 691. (83) "*The goujeers shall devour them,*" &c.

The quartos have "*The* good *shall,*" &c.—The folio has "*The* good yeares *shall,*" &c.

P. 694. (84) "*Yet am I noble as the adversary*
I come to cope.
Alb. *Which is that adversary?*"

Here most of the modern editors insert, from the quartos, "withal" after "*cope;*" but unnecessarily: compare *Troilus and Cressida*, act ii. sc. 3, "Ajax shall *cope* the best."

P. 694. (85) "*Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,*
My oath, and my profession: I protest," &c.

The quartos have,

"*Behold it is the priuiledge of* my tongue
My oath and profession. I protest," &c.

The folio has,

"*Behold it is* my priuiledge,
The priuiledge of mine Honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest," &c.

by some mistake in the transcript, I presume.

P. 695. (86) "*Hold, sir;*
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—"

Delius says that "*Hold, sir,*" is a command to Edgar to forbear further violence

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on Edmund, and that the next line is addressed to Edmund, to whom Albany hands Goneril's letter found on Oswald. About "the next line" Delius is no doubt right; but (like Malone and Mr. Collier, as shown by the note of the former and the punctuation of the latter) he is quite mistaken about the "*Hold, sir,*" which is also spoken to Edmund,—"*Hold*" being formerly a word commonly used when any one presented any thing to another: compare our author's *Measure for Measure*, "*Hold*, therefore, Angelo," &c. act i. sc. 1; and *Julius Cæsar*, "*Hold*, my hand," &c. act i. sc. 3; "But, *hold thee*, take this garland on thy brow," &c. act v. sc. 3.—The previous exclamation of the Duke, "Save him, save him!" was quite enough to stay the sword of Edgar.

P. 695. ([87]) "Gon. *Ask me not what I know.* [Exit."

So the quartos.—"The folio," as Mr. Collier observes, "having erroneously fixed Goneril's *exit* earlier, transfers 'Ask me not what I know' to Edmund:" and to Edmund both Mr. Knight and Delius assign the words, though they are manifestly those of Goneril in her desperation, and proved by Edmund's next speech not to belong to him.

P. 696. ([88])

"*That we the pain of death would hourly die,*" &c.

So the folio.—The quartos have,

"*that* with *the paine of death*
Would hourely dye," &c.

out of which Malone made the very probable reading, "*That* with *the pain of death* we'd *hourly die,*" &c.

P. 697. ([89]) "*threw him on my father,*" &c.

The quartos have "*threw* me *on my father,*" &c.—This speech and the two next speeches are not in the folio.

P. 700. ([90]) "*this tough world,*" &c.

Pope printed "*this* rough *world,*" &c.

P. 700. ([91]) "*The weight,*" &c.

"This speech from the authority of the old quarto is rightly placed to Albany: in the edition by the players, it is given to Edgar, by whom, I doubt not, it was of custom spoken. And the case was this: he who played Edgar, being a more favourite actor than he who personated Albany, in spite of decorum it was thought proper he should have the last word." THEOBALD.

END OF VOL. V.

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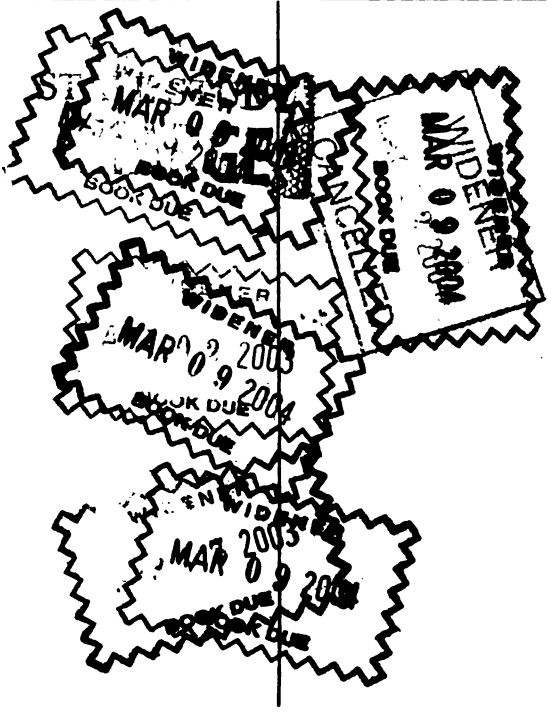

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